THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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MARCH 27, 1915 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

Hit the Line Hard—By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

VALVE-IN-HEAD

Buick

MOTOR CARS

When Buick Owner Meets Buick Owner

The man of the farm verifies the city man's statement. Each has tested the Buick in his own way and the experience of both has proved Buick Power, Endurance, Economy and Comfort.

Fours, Sixes, Roadsters and Touring Cars, $900 to $1650
f. o. b. Factory

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY FLINT MICHIGAN U S A

PIONEER BUILDERS OF VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

Society Brand Clothes

Easter Styles—Not for Old Men

But Who Today Is Old?

IT is more true today than ever before, that men are only as old as they act and look. Men in business—men everywhere—seem to be growing younger instead of older as the years roll by.

Note the men you see Easter morning—note the youthfulness they show.

This is the 1915 trend. We are more progressive in ideas. "Old Fogey," a term once commonly used, is now applied to perhaps one man in ten thousand. And that man is a curiosity.

Youth is Life's jewel—yours to enjoy just as long as you want to keep it. Its value, its attractiveness and sparkle, stay intact, undimmed save when you put it out of sight.

Men throw this jewel away when they *think* in old ways—when they act or *dress* an old man's part.

A. G. Peine's Reasoning When He Designed These Clothes

Mr. A. G. Peine, now designer of Society Brand Clothes, ten years ago fashioned the clothes of New York's smartest dressers.

He made his fame as a designer by linking his artistic ability with a knowledge of human nature.

He knew that men wanted to keep their youth. But tailors, by designing "old" styles for most men emphasized their ages. Men of forty got "forty-year-old styles"—men of sixty were given clothes that said plainly, "These clothes are for an old man." Mr. Peine saw their mistakes and was the first designer to study clothes-psychology.

A. G. Peine's designs never suggested age. They were dignified. No fads. No extremes. His models were always conservative.

But they were *individual*—and they embodied a sprightly *touch of youth*, applied here and there in Peine's masterly manner.

When men saw these clothes on themselves they knew at once—without being able to describe it—what other clothes made by other tailors had lacked.

© A. D. & C.

Note the Men You See Easter Morning "The Easter Frock"

For A. G. Peine had given a dignity to youthfulness in a way that only genius knows.

Now With Us

Today Mr. Peine designs only *Society Brand Clothes* for men who want to keep their youth.

He is a member of this firm and he spends his entire time fashioning our models. His designs cannot be had in any other clothes. And here, with a free rein, he creates his smartest styles.

Here he has every facility—master cutters and tailors to carry out these designs; men developed individually in our shops to work especially for him.

Specialists search the world's markets for fabrics suited to his models.

The entire output of certain designs from some mills is contracted for so Society Brand will not be exactly like any other clothes in any way. The result is incomparable effects—a combination of design, material and finish that can hardly be excelled.

One Merchant

Our slow, careful methods mean a limited output. Society Brand models cannot be made in sufficient numbers to supply clothing stores at random.

So there is never more than one merchant in a town who can offer these designs. But that merchant is carefully selected.

You can get these clothes if you will go to his store. That is easy and convenient if you have his name and address, which we'll send if you don't know it.

If you are a young man in years or in spirit, you will want to wear the A. G. Peine designs, so get this name and address now.

The Spring Style Book—A Masterpiece Sent Free on Request

Write today for our latest Book on Clothes. It contains accurate descriptions and pictures of all the newest spring models by A. G. Peine.

It is the masterpiece of style books, and is the only book printed that shows the genuine A. G. Peine designs—the smartest models he has ever created.

The figures are shown with the San Francisco Fair buildings as backgrounds and some interesting data with regard to the great Exposition is given. Just say, "Send your Book on Clothes." It is free.

Society Brand prices range from twenty dollars to fifty dollars.

Society Brand dress suits from thirty-five to sixty dollars.

No garment is an A. G. Peine model unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

Made in Chicago by

ALFRED DECKER & COHN

MADE IN MONTREAL FOR CANADA BY SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED.

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COLUMBIA RECORDS will play on it!

How much?

All right then—here's a message for you:—

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Columbia Double-Disc Records
Yes, they do play on
your machine!

Columbia Records
are made in two sizes
10 inch Double-Disc
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12 inch Double-Disc

Columbia Records
TRADE MARK
Note the Notes

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Columbia

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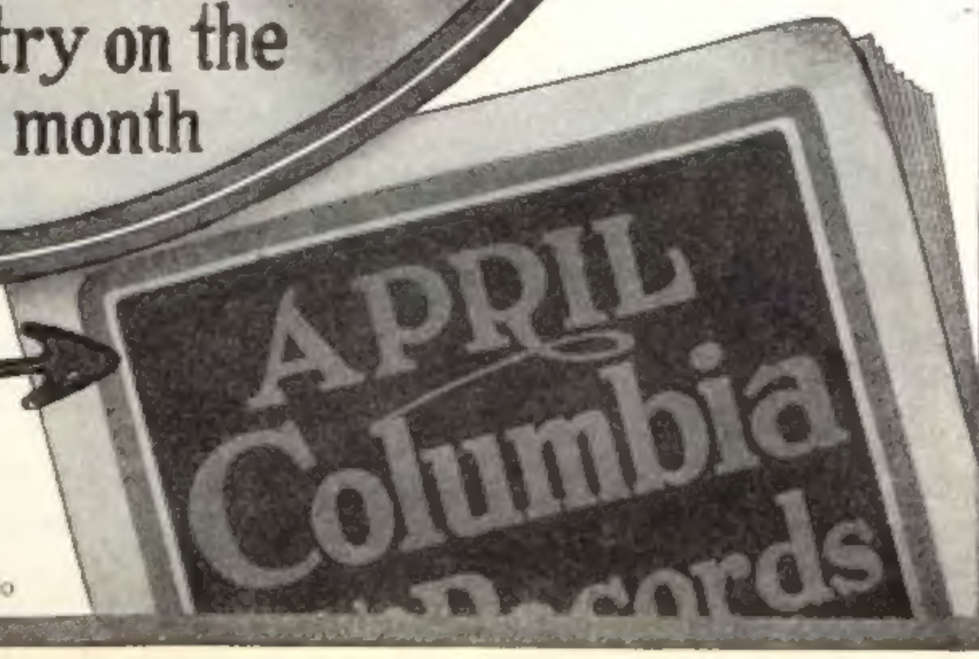

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HIT THE LINE HARD!

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"What Have You Been and Gone and Done? Because a Gentleman Just Offered Me the Highest Market Price for Your Scalp"

NEIGHBOR Jones gazed meditatively from his room in the Saragossa House. An unwelcome guest buzzed empty boastings in his ear. He saw, between narrowed lids, the dazzle of bright tracks, the Saragossa Station, the bright green of irrigated fields beyond, merged to a vague and half-sensed background. The object of his attentive consideration was nearer at hand, by the westmost track—a long, squat warehouse, battered and dingy red. And from this shabby beginning, while the bore droned endlessly on, Neighbor Jones wove romance for his private delight.

The warehouse was decked all about by a wide, high platform. A low-pitched roof reached far out beyond the building to overhang this platform, so that the whole bore a singular resemblance to Noah's Ark of happy memory. A forlorn and forgotten ark: the warped shingles, the peeling, blistered paint, the frayed and splintered planks, were eloquent of past prosperity and of change, neglect and decay.

The gable end was crowded with huge lettering of whitish gray. When those gray letters were white the sign had read:

BROWN, ALMANDARES & COMPANY
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
BEST PRICES
FOR WOOL AND HIDES

Long ago the firm name had been painted out; but the old letters broke dim and ghostly through, persisted stubborn under the paint that would blot them, hid and haunted beyond the letters of a later name:

MARTIN BENNETT

Bennett had been the Company.

Neighbor Jones sprawled largely in his tilted chair, smoking with vast and enviable enjoyment. One hand was pocketed. The other, big, strong, blunt-fingered, tapped on the windowsill a brave tattoo of ringing hoofs—no finicky, mimimy tanbark trot, but steady and measured, a great horse breasting the wind and the rain. To this strong cadence Neighbor Jones trolled a merry stave from the amazing ballad of the Chisholm Trail.

"Foot in the saddle and a hand on the horn;
Best old cowboy ever was born.
Hi, yi—yi—yippy, yippy hi—yi—yi!
Hi—yi—yi—yippy—yippy—yea!—Show me!"

In the lines of the long taper from broad shoulders to booted feet; in the massive broad-browed head; the tawny hair; the square, ruddy-brown face; the narrowed sleepy eyes—in every mold and motion of the man, balanced and poised, there was something lionlike; something one might do well to remark.

But his one companion, the Kansas City Kid, remarked none of those things. The Kansas City Kid was otherwise engrossed—with his own cleverness.

"Oh, I'll show you, all right! There's one born every minute," said the K. C. Kid crisply. "How many hands? Five? Five is right. Second hand for Jones; first hand is the winner. Watch me close!"

He shuffled the cards with a brisk and careless swing, cutting them once, twice, thrice, with flourish and slap; shuffled again and shoved the deck across for a final cut.

"See anything wrong? No? Here we go! Watch!" He dealt five poker hands, face down. "Now then, look! You've got three tens and a pair of trays. First hand has jacks up, opens, stands a raise from you, draws one black jack." Illustrating, the Kid flipped the top card from the deck. It was the spade jack. "Then you bet your fool head off. He should worry! And that's the way they trimmed you—see?"

Neighbor Jones blinked a little and twisted his tawny-gold hair to a peak, retaining unshaded and unchanged his look of sleepy good nature.

"Smooth work!" he said approvingly.

"You're dead right, it's smooth work!" asserted the gratified artist. "Some class to that! Them guys that got yours couldn't do any such work—they was raw! I'm showing you what I got, so you can figure out the surprise party you and me can hand to 'em—see? Say, they pulled a lot of stunts the Old Ladies' Home is wise to back in my town—strippers, short cards, holdouts, cold decks—old stuff! Honest, they make me sick! I can steal the gold out of their teeth and they'll never miss it!"

Jones looked at the man with wonder and with pity. The poor wretch was proud of his sorry accomplishment, displayed it with pleasure, thought himself envied for it. By this shameful skill he had come so far, in the pride and heyday of youth—to such dire shifts, such ebbs and shallows; to empty days, joyless, friendless, without hope of any better morrow. No dupe he had gulled but might grieve for him, cut off, clean aside from all purpose or meaning of life.

"Well?" said the Kid impatiently.

The contemplative gentleman roused himself.

"Someway I don't like this idea of being cheated pretty well." His voice was a mild and regretful drawl. "Never had much use for Beck; but I did think old Scanlon was a square old sport!"

"Square sport! Why, you poor simp, you never had a look in!" sneered the sharper. Then he wrinkled his brows in some perplexity. "What I don't see is why they didn't skin the Eastern chap too. They could 'a' had that gink's wad—that Drake; but they let him down easy. Oh, well, we should worry! It will leave all the more for us."

"For us?" echoed Neighbor, puzzled.

"Sure, Mike! You get hold of a good piece of money and we'll do a brother act. You and me, we ain't never been chummy—they won't tumble. We'll sit in with 'em and string along with 'em till the big money gets out in the open—just holding enough cards to keep in the swim. When I give you the office, go get 'em! I'll slip big ones to Beck and the college Johnny—and the top hand to you, of course—and we'll split fifty-fifty."

Neighbor's mind groped back along the dusty years for a half-forgotten adage.

"If a dog bites you once," he said with halting speech, "shame on him; if you bite a dog—shame on you!"

"Huh? I don't get you."

"Besides," said Neighbor placidly, "you'll be going away now."

"Not me. Saragossa looks good to me."

"You'll be going away," repeated Neighbor patiently, "on the next train—any direction—and never coming back!"

"What?" The Kid jumped up, blazing wrath. "Why, you cheap skate—you quitter! Are you goin' to throw me down? You come-on! You piker ——"

"Boob?" suggested Neighbor kindly. "Mutt? Sucker?"

"You hick! You yellow hound ——"

"Sit down," advised Neighbor quietly.

"You ought to lose your money! For ten cents ——"

"Now, I'll Tell You What You Do," He Said Kindly

"Sit down," said Neighbor more quietly. The pocketed hand produced a dime and slid it across the table. "Go on with that ten-cent job you had on your mind, whatever it was," said Neighbor. "There's the money. Pick it up!"

Weight and inches, the two men evened up fairly well. Also, the ivory butt of a forty-four peeped from the Kid's waistband. But Neighbor's eye was convincing; here was a man who meant the thing he said. The younger man shifted his own eyes uneasily, checked, faltered and sat down.

"Pick up your dime!" said Neighbor. The Kid complied with a mumbling in his throat. "That's right," said Jones. "Now, don't you be too proud to take advice from a yellowhound. First, don't you bother your poor head about me losing my money. My money don't cost me anything," he explained—"I work for it. Next, about Beck—I'll sleep on this matter and look it over from all sides. No hurry. If I'm not just pleased with Beck for cheating me I'll adjust the matter with him—but I'll not cheat him. I never try to beat a man at his own game. Toddle along, now. I hear a train coming. By-by!"

"It's a freight. I'll go on the five-o'clock passenger—not before."

"Oh, yes, you will!" said Jones confidently. "You've only accused Beck of cheating, but you've proved it on yourself. The boys won't like it. It is best to leave me thus, dear—best for you and best for me." His eyes wandered to the window and rested calculatingly on the Fowler cottonwood across the street. It was a historic tree; Joel Fowler had been hanged thereon by disapproving friends.

The Kid caught the glance and the unspoken allusion; sweat beaded his forehead.

"Aw, lemme wait for the passenger!" he protested. "I gotta go up to the Windsor to pay what I owe and get my suit case."

Neighbor rose.

"There, there! Don't you fret," he said, patting the other man's shoulder kindly. "Give me the money. I'll pay your bill and keep the suit case. You just run along."

"Good lord, man! Those clothes cost me ——".

"Now, now! Never mind—that's all right—everything's all right!" said Neighbor soothingly. "We're just about of a size." He nudged the Kid's ribs with a confidential elbow. "Sly old dog! You had some of my money too, didn't you? Yes; and I'll keep that cunning little gun of yours as a souvenir." The last remark came after—not before—Neighbor's acquisition of the cunning little gun. "Come on, my boy, we'll mosey along over to the station. Here's our hats, on the bed."

He linked his arm with the victim's: he sang with a joyous and martial note:

"Hark! From the tombs a doleful sound;
Maryland, my Maryland!
My love lies buried underground;
Maryland, my Maryland!"

It was nearing two P. M. when Mr. Jones, after speeding the parting Kid, made his way uptown. Upstairs was the word in his thought. Saragossa is built that way. Let Saragossa Mountain, close and great and golden, stand for the house; the town will then be the front steps. The first step is Venice, in the lush green of the valley—railroad buildings, coal chute, ferryman, warehouses, two 8th-class hotels, and a few farmhouses, all on stilts, being a few feet above the Rio Grande at low water and a few feet under it at high water. Whence the name, Venice.

On the first rising ground to the westward is the business quarter, as close to the railroad as safety permits. A step up comes to a sheltered, sunny terrace and to the Old Town—the Mexican village dating back to before the great uprising of 1680. Another, a steep and high step, rose to the residence section, on a strip of yellow mesa; for Saragossa has water piped from the high hills, so please you, and is not confined to the lowlands, like most of her New Mexican sisters. Still above, on the fifth and last step, smelter and mining town clung to a yellow-brown slope reached by a spur of railroad looping in a long bowknot from the valley below.

Above all, sheer and steep, circling about, sheltering, brooding, hung Saragossa Mountain, rose and gold in midday or morning sun; blue and rose-edged when the long shadows thrust eastward stealthily, steadily—crept like kittens at play, or like them fell off, down those old, old steps.

Something of all this Neighbor saw and put into thoughts—not into words. Saw, too, all beyond and all about, the vast and sun-drenched land of all colors and all shapes—valley and plain and mesa, shelf and slope and curve, and bend and broken ridge and hill; great ranges against the turquoise sky, near or far, or far beyond belief, saw-toothed or wall-straight or rounded—every one precisely unlike any other visible mountain or any other possible mountain. By this cause his step was sprightly and glad, his eye bright, his chin well up—a very sincere way of thanking God.

Now, as he swung along the street, he voiced these thoughts in a little hymn of praise. At least it sounded like a hymn of praise as he sang it to a healthy and manful tune, resonant, ringing, reverberant:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair—
Maryland, my Maryland!"

On three sides of the shaded plaza business was housed in modern comfort. In sharp contrast, all along the north, sprawled an unbroken, staring huddle of haphazard buildings—frame, brick and adobe, tall and squat jumbled together, broad fronted or pinched. At the riverward corner, massive, ill-kept but dominant still, was a great structure of graystone once the luckless home of Brown and Almandares.

Squalid, faded and time-stained, like Falstaff's rabble of recruits, this long row struck sinister to the eye. Any stranger, seeing what blight had fallen ominous and threatening all about him, seeing on door after door the same repeated name, might well guess the whole ugly story. For this long, forlorn row housed Bennett's General Stores. Bennett sold everything but tunnels.

Here was Neighbor's nearest errand. After a little delay he was shown into the great man's private office.

Bennett turned slowly in his revolving chair; a tall spare man, with a thin straggle of sandy hair and a sharp, narrow face, close-shaved; which might have been a pleasant face but for a pinched and cruel mouth, a mean, pinched nose, and a shifty eye.

Here arose a curious contradiction. The man had held the whip hand for years, his conscious manner was overbearing and arrogant, but his eyes betrayed him, and all the unconscious lines of his face were slinking and furtive. He now wore an austere frown.

"Mr. Jones, I hear you have been gambling."

"Oh, *sí!*" said Mr. Jones; and he made those simple words convey enthusiasm, brightness and joy.

"And—but, also, what do you suppose I hear about you? Give you three guesses."

"What!" Bennett gasped incredulously; he crashed his fist down on the desk. "How about that mortgage?"

Jones beamed triumphant.

"You see? You don't like it yourself—meddlin', pryin' and loose talk."

"I'll fix you! This'll be the worst day's work you ever did—trying to get smart with me!"

"Percival Pulcifer, will you kindly retain your rompers?" said Neighbor with eminent cheerfulness. "Now hark and heed! You did not ask me to sit down. You are not a nice old man. I do not like you much. Don't you touch that bell! . . . I shall now sit down. Smoke? No? Well, I'll roll one."

Rolling one with tender care, Neighbor cocked a pleasant but rather impish eye on the seething financier and blithely prattled on:

"Allow me to say, Mr. Banker, that you are overlooking one point: You have a mortgage on my cattle, but you haven't got any mortgage on me. Got that—clear?"

"Use Your Own Judgment; the Last Time I Tried to Show a Man Up He Worked My Face Over"

The banker gurgled, black faced and choking. "I'll ruin you! I'll smash you!"

"Percival Pulcifer Peterkin Pool!"

For some reason, not at first easily apparent, these harmless words, which Jones syllabled with great firmness, made the banker writhe. He was wonted to hate—but ridicule was new to him and it hurt.

"You might at least show some respect for my gray hairs," he interrupted indignantly.

"Oh, dye your gray hairs!" said Neighbor simply. "Damn your old gray hairs! Shoot, if you must, that old gray head! You're an old gray-headed scoundrel—that's what you are!"

"Of course," observed the gray-haired one, gathering himself together, "you will be ready with the money on the nail?"

"Now you're talking sense!" cried Neighbor warmly. "Now you're getting down to facts." He threw back his head and sang with great heartiness and zest:

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day;
Maryland, my Maryland!
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
Maryland, my Maryland!"

Clerks beyond the glass partition turned startled faces that way. In that gloomy, haunted counting room, used only to the tones of meekness or despair, the echoes rolled thunderous:

"When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ——"

"Will I have the money? *Quien sabe?* If I don't the brand is yours—party of the first part, his heirs, executors and assigns forever—nary a whimper from this corner. If I knew for certain I'd tell you, for you have a plain right to know that; but that first line of talk was just sickening drivel.

"If you held a mortgage on a man's stuff, would that give you any right to go snoopin' round and compel him to get in a poker game—hey? Would that look nice? Whaddy you mean, then—how dast you, then—try to tell me not to play poker—meddling in my private affairs? How dare you? Shame-y! Shame-y! S-s-sh!"

"Jones," said the other thickly, "I think the devil himself is in you to-day. You poor, headstrong fool! I sent for you to do you a kindness."

Jones rose anxiously.

"You must be sick! Shall I call a doctor?"

"Well, I did; but you make it hard for me."

"Yes, yes! And you not used to doing kind things, either!" said Jones sympathetically. "Go on. We're all with you. Give it a name."

Bennett paced up and down, clasping his hands behind his back.

"You know I have a cattle ranch out Luna way? Ever been there?"

"Not any. I stick to the east side. Saragossa is my furthest west; and, as you know, I've never been here before. But don't let me interrupt. You were working yourself up to a kindness."

Bennett flinched at his careless contempt, but he forced himself to go on.

"I was intending to offer you a job as my foreman."

Neighbor sat down with an air of relief.

"You don't need no doctor. It's yourself you're trying to be kind to. Go on with your talk. For a starter—what would I do with my own cattle?"

"Sell, get a friend to run them; let them out on shares. You wouldn't need to worry about the mortgage. It could stand over—you'll be getting good money. And," said the financier diffidently, spacing the words and dropping his voice to tones singularly flat and even, "if—everything—went—all—right, the—mortgage—might—be—canceled."

"Yes? How jolly! But what's the matter with the west-side cowmen? Can't you get some of the V T waddies? Should think you'd rather use home talent."

Bennett resumed his measured pacing. At the end of each beat he turned, always away from Neighbor's eyes, so that he marked out a distinct figure eight. Other men, unhappy debtors, had walked that narrow space, many of them; perhaps none so fiend-ridden as he who now tracked back and forth. The jeers of this uncringing debtor galled him to the quick, yet his purpose drove him on.

"We have been having a little trouble on the ranch. For many reasons I do not think it wise to get a local man." He coughed gently, and went on, in the same low and listless manner of speech he had used in his hint about the mortgage: "Trouble was between my boys and the Quinliven outfit — the Double Dee — about one of my watering places. I have no legal title, but the spring is mine by all the customs of the country. There was some shooting, I believe. No one was hurt, fortunately, but there is hard feeling. I must put a stop to it. For his part in the deplorable affair I let my foreman go—Tom Garst. Know him?"

"Sure!"

"So I thought I would get you for the place."

"Me being a notorious peacemaker and cheekturner, suffering long, and kind, not easily provoked—yes, yes!"

"Quinliven himself would be willing to let the matter drop, I think; but young Roger Drake—why, you know young Drake—he was one of your poker party!"

"The college lad—yes."

"Nephew of Old Drake, Quinliven's partner, who died a month or two ago," continued Bennett, sedulously avoiding Neighbor's eye. "Young Drake is hotheaded; says he's going to hold that spring anyhow. He—will—require—careful—handling." Again that slow, significant spacing of the words.

As lifelessly Neighbor answered: "And—if—I—handle—him—carefully; if—everything—turns—out—all—right, the—mortgage—will—be—canceled?"

"Yes," said Bennett. He busied himself at his desk.

In a startled silence Neighbor rose, fold after fold, interminable and slow. He fumbled for matches, pipe and tobacco; thoughtfully, thoroughly, he constructed a smoke. Then he raised his eyes. Many a hard Ulysses-year had passed over him, this old Neighbor; but his eyes were clear and unstained yet. They now observed Mr. Bennett attentively.

"Sorry," said Neighbor Jones. "I haven't got a thing fit to wear." At the door he turned. "Now, I'll tell you what you do," he said kindly. He spread out his left hand and drew a diagram down the palm: "You go to hell and take the first turn to the left!"

II

DUCKY DRAKE—Roger Olcott Drake, Second—dawdled over a four-o'clock breakfast. He was in bathrobe and slippers, his feet on a second chair; the morning paper was propped before him and the low western sun peeped through his windows.

The room 'phone rang. "Hel-lo-o! Gentleman to see Mr. Drake—shall we show him up?" . . . "Use your own judgment; the last time I tried to show a man up he worked my face over." Bring him up, the telephone meant. Mr. Drake desired particulars: "What is the gentleman's silly name?" . . . "Jones! Cowpunch; six or seven feet up; incredibly sober!" . . . "Sure, Moike! Bring him along! Say, send some good smokes, will you?—and some swipes. What's that? What do I mean—swipes? Beer, you idiot—beer!"

A clear eye, bright and black; a clean, fresh-colored skin; a frank and pleasant face—that was Ducky. He met his visitor at the door.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Neighbor—welcome to our well-known midst! Weather! Chair! How's every little thing? You look chirpy enough. Shan't I have breakfast sent up for you?"

"No, thank you; I got up at noon. You can give me a little help, though."

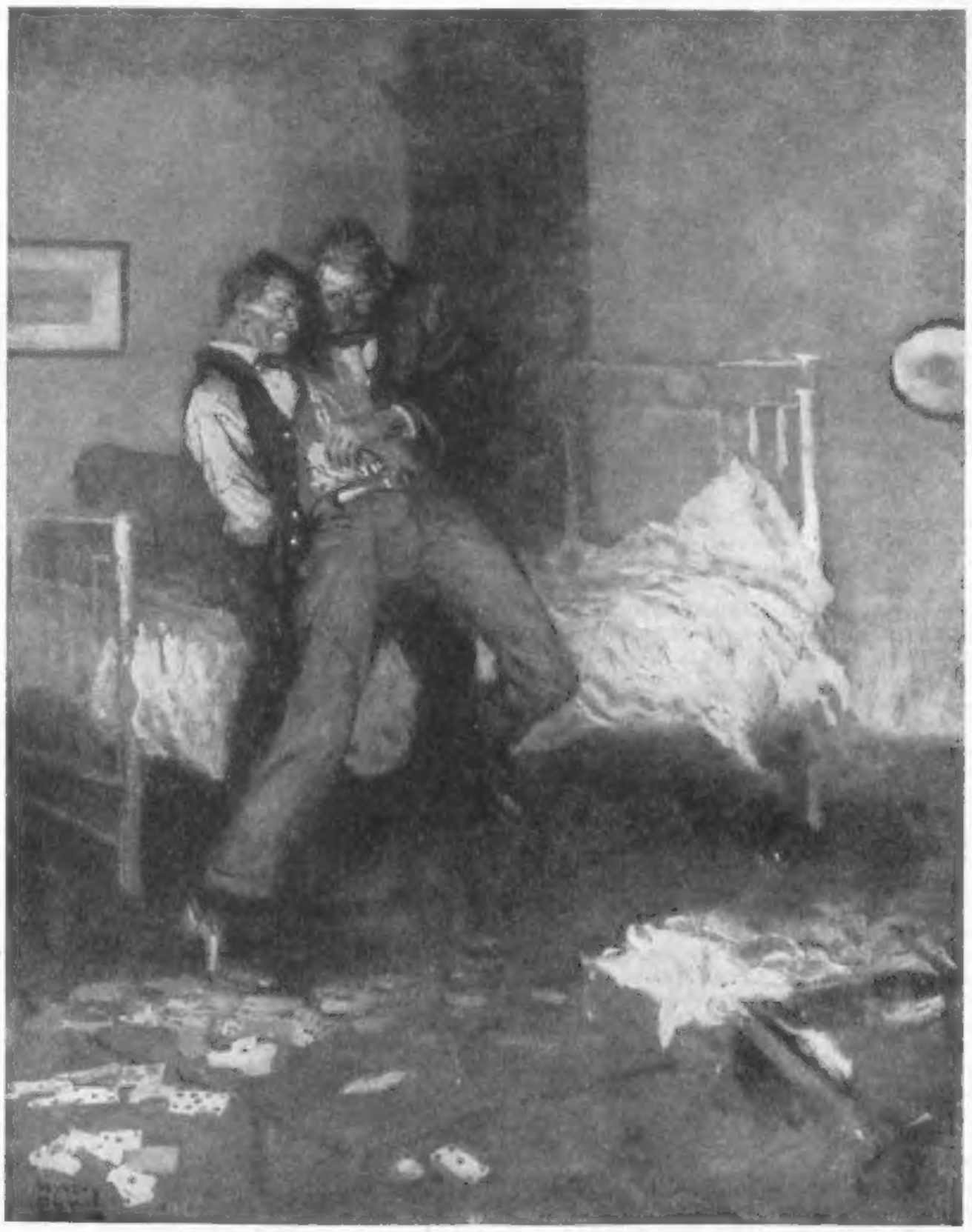
"Put it on the table, George. That's all." George, known in private life as Gregorio, departed, and Ducky turned to his guest. "Whaddy you mean—help?" he demanded, grinning sympathetically. "Did they put the kibosh on you good and proper after I quit last night?" He pushed the cigars over and began operations with a corkscrew.

"Oh, no—nothing like that. I want some advice."

"Advice? This is the right shop." Roger struck a Pecksniff pose, waved the corkscrew aloft, and declaimed grandly: "Put your eggs in one basket. Get on the wagon. Hitch your wagon to a star. Mind your step! When in doubt, play trumps. Be sure you're ahead and then go right home."

"Not advice, exactly—information."

"Oh!" said Ducky. "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points; the woman who hesitations is lost; a cobb in the club is worth two in the bush; lead-pencil signatures are good in law; hospitality is the thief of time; absinth makes the heart grow fonder."



"Yes; and I'll Keep That Cunning Little Gun of Yours as a Souvenir"

Neighbor shoved a bottle of beer into his host's hand.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink! Let me explain: What I want is to ask some questions—about words, and so on. You're a college Johnny, ain't you?"

"Booze Arts, Harvard," said Ducky. "Not graduated yet."

"Man staying here in the Windsor with you—was staying here, gone now—used a lot of words I don't quite savvy." Neighbor leaned forward, blinking earnestly: "What is the precise distinction between a mutt, a simp, a gink and a boob? And what did he mean by saying all the time, 'I should worry!'?"

Ducky placed the tips of his fingers accurately together, and held his head on one side, birdwise, pursing his lips precisely:

"The phrase 'I should worry' is derived from the Hebrew verb to bibble, meaning to worry—I should bibble; you should bibble; he or she should bibble. Plural: We should bibble; ye should bibble; they should bibble.

"Mutt, simp, gink and boob are scientific terms employed rather indiscriminately by philosophers of an idealistic tendency. Broadly speaking, the words denote one whose speech, manner, education, habits or clothes differ in any respect from your own; categorically, a thinker whose opinions and ideals do not correspond in every particular with your own. Exactly equivalent terms are—in religion, heretic or infidel; in politics, demagogue, blatherskite."

"Thank you," said Neighbor humbly. "Myself, I understood him to mean almost the same thing as a sucker; because this fellow—it was the K. C. Kid, that sat on your left—he spoke of you and me being mutts and simps, and all them things; and at the same time he said we'd been swindled, cheated or skinned in that little poker game."

Ducky used a hasty expression.

"That alley-goat could sure stack the cards. He showed me that," said Neighbor, and related the painful story of the K. C. Kid's flitting.

"We are the victims of the highly accomplished fact," said Roger. "We can't very well squeal; but can they do this to us with the well-known impunity?"

"No," said Neighbor; "they cannot. I'll make a note of it. We'll not squeal and we'll not cheat; but we'll give 'em their come-uppances someway. I do not, as a general thing, hold myself up for the admiration of the good and wise; but I must say that I've always got what I went after if I wanted it hard enough."

"'Don't flinch; don't foul; hit the line hard!'" said Roger. The words snapped like a lash.

"Who said that? He did? Good for him once! And I want this, hard. When I get my auger in I'll give it another twist for you, Mr. Ducky, in case you are not here. You haven't lost much, anyhow. That's funny too! Huh! Our tinhorn friend noticed that. Seems like they didn't want to rob you; and yet your wool was enough sight longer'n mine. I don't get the idea. I like to understand things as I go along."

"I won away quite a wad, all right; but you might say I wasn't a loser at all compared to what I was two or three nights ago. I was certain-lee in bad!" Ducky performed a hospitable rite. "Well, we'll have to give up poker at Beck's. Here's how!"

"That brings me up to the main point," said Neighbor casually. "What have you been and gone and done? Because a gentleman just offered me the highest market price for your scalp."

"What?"

"He wanted me to abate you—to abolish you—to beef you—to murder you! Don't be so dumb! So I thought I'd drop in and get your views."

"What's the joke?"

"It's no joke. This *hombre* sure wants you killed off. You'll save time by taking that for proved. And," said Neighbor wistfully, "I needed the money too."

"But who—who ——"

"Not at all," said Jones. "Why—why? You tell me why; why, first, and see how well it fits in with Who, who. I have the answer, but I don't know the riddle."

"Oi, yoi, yoi!" Young Drake sat up with a sudden alertness and stared hard at his visitor. "It's Uncle Ducky's money—that's why—I'll bet a cooky!"

"Not with me, you won't," said Neighbor; "for if your Uncle Ducky left any worldly goods the gentleman that offers a bounty for you is the very man to covet those goods. Just how getting you killed would bring him in anything I don't almost see."

"That's just it!" cried Roger Drake. "He's got the money now—or somebody has; I haven't. I'm trying to find it."

"Son," said Neighbor judicially, "this sounds real thrillin'. Tell it to me."

Young Drake hesitated.

"No offense, Mr. Jones; but I have been strongly advised to say nothing." Neighbor nodded eagerly.

"Yes, yes! Mystery; sorcery; silence; wisdom! 'But how do you know I'm honest?' says the lad in the story. 'Why,' says the other chap, 'didn't you just tell me so?' Well, I'm honest. Go on! Also curious. That's why I want to be told; but here is why you should want to tell me: If we were back in New York town you'd understand

(Continued on Page 33)

OUR TOWN IN WARTIME

Four Scenes—By George A. Birmingham

DRAWING BY IRMA HENEMAN

Their Sons and Their Daughters' Husbands—All the Young Men of the Village—are Going or Gone

I

THIS is the town hall of a provincial town. Some five hundred men and women have packed themselves into it. The gas jets flare and hiss. The air, though we have opened all the windows that will open, is hot and stuffy. The platform is decked with flags—surely a very strange collection of flags!

In the middle is the Union Jack; that, at least, we know. The French tricolor is there and the Belgian flag. There is a flag that we assume to be Russian, but feel some uncertainty about. There is the Japanese flag—unmistakably meant to be Japanese, whether it is what they actually fly or not. There are two other flags. We hope—no one knows—these represent Servia and Montenegro.

The vicar stands on the platform and reads out a list of names. We cheer and cheer again. We set the flags quivering with our cheers. We ought to cheer, for what he reads is the list of the names of those who have gone from this town—gone as sailors in great battleships—only a few of these, for this is an inland town; gone as gunners, troopers, marching privates, dispatch riders, airmen, transport drivers, surgeons. It is a long list to come from a town of no more than four thousand inhabitants; but it should be longer still. This is why we are here to-night—that the list should be made still longer.

After the vicar has done, the man who has been sent down to us from London mounts the platform. He talks to us. We cheer the things he says. He makes great play over the German Chancellor's scoff at the "scrap of paper." He pours out eloquent invective on the names of Treitschke and Nietzsche. We understand more or less about the scrap of paper. The idea of honor has somehow survived among us, in spite of the marvelous progress of the last fifty years; though it is the last thing most of us would think of talking about in ordinary life. Still, we understand.

We take our lecturer's words for all that is or may be written on that scrap of paper, and we cheer. Treitschke and Nietzsche represent nothing to us—nothing at all; but their names have an atrocious sound and we believe them capable of any iniquity. It is good to hear this orator from London belaboring them. We cheer and sweat.

After the lecturer comes the choir. The vicar's wife strikes chords on the piano. Men and women sing. The tune is new to us; but we are sure it is a worthy tune, in which it is proper to rejoice. It is, we learn later, the national anthem of Belgium. The vicar's wife strikes more chords and our choir sings the Marseillaise. The spirit of the thing is strange to us. We do not understand and never will understand the abandon of its enthusiasm, its gayety at the thought of blood and death.

After the Marseillaise the choir, hot but smiling, gives us the Russian national anthem, music wholly incomprehensible to singers and audience alike. Here in an English provincial town, what have we to do with the yearning after eternity, the mystic fatalism, the solemnity of this Slav tune, written, surely, by a musician who felt himself to be one of the world's elect company of Christs crucified?

After it we have the English God Save the King! That, at least, we know; and, rising to our feet, we shout it. It is significant, I think, that this tune is played and sung more than any other in England now. It lacks the note of swaggering self-confidence that distinguishes Rule, Britannia! There is none of the martial ardor in it that makes The British Grenadiers a splendid marching tune.

It is not, I am told, great music. It is certainly inferior to the French and far inferior to the Russian tune, but there is a certain steadfastness about it. The men who find in it an expression of their souls do not see very-far-off things, but they see plainly the duties near at hand. And this seems to be the essential point about England's attitude. Somehow this strange new trial—this war—has come, and somehow Englishmen are going to see it through.

Our orator's words had their effect perhaps. The choir's singing certainly moved us to some emotion. But I am inclined to think that the list the vicar read had most to do with the success of the meeting—for it was a success. Next time he reads a list it will be a much longer one.

"Tommy Byles is driving a motor out there, is he? Good man, Tommy! Jack Smith is in the trenches. By Jove! I played cricket with Jack Smith last summer. Caught and bowled he was. I caught him."

It is Billy Jackson who is speaking. In ordinary times Billy Jackson sets type in our printer's shop. To-morrow he will go through the door of the recruiting office. I do not know that the story of the scrap of paper and the thought of England's honor have wrought much on him. I am sure that neither now nor at any other time will he bother his head about the philosophies of Treitschke and Nietzsche; but he remembers Tommy Byles and Jack Smith, and he is a boy of some spirit.

"Hang it all!" he says. "I suppose I've got to see it through along with the rest."

II

THE laneway that leads past the white signpost to the village street lies shining in the August sunlight. In the copse beyond the hedgerow the nuts are beginning to swell in their green sheaths; the blackberries are turning red. The crabapples and acorns are visible among the leaves. I hear the clicking of the mowing machine in Farmer Colethorpe's wheat field. A hen pheasant scuttles across the lane. Two great horses, heavy, docile beasts, stand, wet to their hairy fetlocks, in the shallow pond. Surely never anywhere was peace more evident!

I pass into the village. No doubt there are a thousand villages like it scattered over the south of England; but is there one like it anywhere else in the world? Of late years we have all felt the curious charm of these old English cottages, and we try to build them, or dwellings like them, elsewhere. We always fail. We make steep-hooded dormer windows, quaint porches, flat-timbered fronts, angles and corners in unexpected places. We cover roofs with red tiles, weathering them beforehand—even picking out old tiles, with lichen on them, to assist the illusion. We achieve a sense of fussiness; but these English rural masons created an atmosphere of calm.

Above the red roofs rises the square tower of the parish church. The world is full of churches; and I suppose every one of them expresses some community's conception of God—sometimes a noble conception, sometimes mean enough. Men have thought of Him as majestic and built for Him majestically; or mysterious, and reared shadowy arches to His glory; or conceived of Him as the Chairman of a Heavenly Land Development Company, and built Him comfortable business premises.

English village people have—or in the past had—a way of thinking about God that was all their own; and their churches express it. They must have thought of Him as dwelling familiarly among them, sharing their common life as Christ did the marriage feast in Cana. The God of the English country parish churches is a God of peace brooding almost visibly—certainly sensibly—over the peaceful English landscape.

Charlie Hartrick is standing at the door of the post office. He has been standing there all day. Yesterday he was in London. He took with him letters of recommendation from the squire. He hung about the corridors of the War Office, his heart set on obtaining a commission in the army. To-day he waits for news. They have promised to let him know whether he is accepted and is to go to fight.

We have all known Charlie Hartrick for years—a nice boy with no vice or harm in him, but a singular inability in examination halls. Now he sees his chance of getting the coveted commission, of going soldiering. He shakes me by the hand and talks with nervous eagerness about the war. In the end, as things turned out, he got his commission and went to France. We heard no more of him until we heard that he was dead. It is war!

The squire, white-headed, ruddy of face, a portly man, comes down from the Manor House. He has a telegram, sent by some friend of his in London. He sticks it up in the window of the post office, so that all may read it. It tells of the sinking of two German battleships. Now, after months of experience, we know Rumor for the lying jade she is, and we believe nothing that does not bear the official stamp; but in those days we used to believe news from almost any source.

We gather round the squire's telegram and read it. Old Mudge, the blacksmith, is beside my shoulder. Snell leaves his cobbling and crosses the street. There are a dozen others. They show no special exultation. No one cheers. No one sings. These men take the news of success as they took the first news of the coming of war—with a certain stolid bewilderment. Their sons and their daughters' husbands—all the young men of the village—are going or gone.

Life has suddenly broken from its old moorings. Nothing is as it was six weeks ago—except the trees, the fields, the houses, and the quiet church. They remain. Their very steadfastness amid the whirl of change seems to increase the puzzle of it all. The instinct of duty is in these men—of duty leading to immeasurable sacrifice; but I do not think they understand. Who does?

The squire takes me by the arm and leads me off. He says what he has said a dozen times before:

"It had to come! Sooner or later, it had to come. We shut our eyes to it. We didn't want to see it. But it was coming all the time. Now we'll have to see it through. This year or next year—what does it matter? The thing was inevitable."

Why? The squire does not care to ask. Does he ask why floods came last autumn at harvest time? Or why the lightning struck the south wing of the Manor House three years ago? It is not his way to probe into remote causes. It is for him to meet the thing that is and see it through. He is better educated than Mudge or Snell. He has a wider outlook on life than those young men who have gone to join the colors, whose work is now being done by others; but in reality he sees little more than they do. The war has come. Perhaps it had to come. He thinks so. At all events he and the others must face it.

III

NUMBER 157, Clarice Gardens. Who or what was Clarice? The name suggests to me the heroine of one of those tales of high life that housemaids read or are supposed to read. Clarice wore diamonds and pearls like a pigeon's egg, and silk that rustled. Clarice was waited on by ten tall footmen in baronial halls. Clarice lay stretched in luxurious ease under her ancestral oaks. Clarice married a duke.

Somebody with imagination but no sense of decency gave her name to this interminable sordid street. There are two hundred houses in it, all the same—exactly the same to look at from the outside; all incredibly mean, without any beauty that we should desire them; deprived even of the boon of individuality which Nature grants to the humblest of her creatures; distinguishable by numbers but not otherwise.

I looked for 157, Clarice Gardens. Gardens! Clarice is bad enough. It, at all events, suggests an aspiration after meretricious vulgarity not wholly out of keeping with the street. But Gardens! No flowers grow here or have grown here for centuries, or ever in the future can grow here. Ill-set pavements, garbage, soiled things, the worthless offal of human life, are here—not flowers.

I come on 157, Clarice Gardens. I refer to the list in my hand: "Higgins—Mrs. Maud Ethel; two boys; one girl—infant." With this information impressed on my mind, I inquire for Mrs. Higgins. I find that she has one room in Number 157. I make my way up the rickety stairs. Mrs. Higgins greets me. She has the one girl—infant—in her arms. The two boys—I guess them to be four and three years old—are playing with seven small stones, two pieces of broken glass, and a tiny paper flag—a union jack, the banner of the empire on which the sun can never set.

Across the room, from wall to wall, is stretched a cord, and on it are hanging garments, tattered and poor but lately washed—an infant's garments, most of them; the boys' shirts; some tiny socks, and—— Mrs. Higgins does more washing for her children than for herself.

"My man, 'e worked for Smith & Singer—carter, 'e was. Oh, yes! 'E's gone. Very suddenlike 'e went. Yes; 'e was a reservist, so 'e 'ad to go. Don't know where he is. Ow could I? My man never was much of a one for writing."

I ask questions—questions that I must ask, though they seem to me intolerable impertinences. Mrs. Higgins does not seem to share my view. She produces her marriage certificate, proof that she is legally wedded to Higgins, once a private in the Fusiliers, lately carter in the employ of Messrs. Smith & Singer; now, since the call has come, once more a private in the Fusiliers.

Mrs. Higgins pays five shillings a week rent for this room. Mrs. Higgins has no pawn tickets; has not, so far, been forced to pawn things. Mrs. Higgins is not in debt. The rent is paid to date. I see the collector's pass book, duly receipted. Mrs. Higgins does not go out to work—cannot. The fact is obvious enough. Is there not a babe in her arms?

"Smith & Singer, they acted decent, so they did. I'm drawing 'alf my man's wages till such time as the separation allowance is paid—ten-and-sixpence, that is. And there was a lady round last week; a nice lady she were."

I know about the lady. It is, in a sense, as the lady's deputy that I am here. I have no doubt the lady was nice to Mrs. Higgins. Small wonder! She has furs, that lady, of great price; and good clothes; and drives here and there in a motor car. Her little boys have fine toys to play with. Her baby girl is warm and sweet. The width of the broad gulf between riches and poverty separates the lady from Mrs. Higgins. But her man is gone, too, as Mrs. Higgins' man has gone—to answer the same call, to make the same sacrifice—

The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

It rests with the lady now to see that Mrs. Higgins does not go hungry, or her children wilt and pine. And the lady recognizes the claim. The call came to the men and they answered it. Shall the women do less?

After a while I go away. I have a lot of information about Mrs. Higgins noted down. It will be digested, precised, and entered in ledgers by a keen-eyed young woman in an office, a trained social worker, a priestess of the Goddess Method. She is altogether invaluable in this time of sudden stress—she, with her experience, her system, her knowledge. Mrs. Higgins will be given a place in a card index. She will have a little card all to herself:

"Higgins—Maud Ethel; 157, Clarice Gardens—2 b., 1 g.—S. S. F. A."

So the thing runs—a human document reduced to an algebraic formula—"2 b., 1 g." These are the boys who play with stones and broken glass, and the infant in the woman's arms—living souls. A mother bore them and suffered pangs. Behind the motherhood was love for a man—the great romance that lifts the drabbest life out of the dust; that makes even of Clarice Gardens a new Eden, mystic, wonderful. S. S. F. A. stands for Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association.

The more fortunate women—our lady with the furs among them—take it on themselves to bear part of the burden of the poorer. Their men are brothers in arms. The women will be sisters in anxiety and sorrow. Mrs. Higgins' man, "'e 'ad to go." No less compelling was the claim on his officer. The S. S. F. A. and the card index—bare, emotionless initials—express the fact that love and community in suffering have joined together women—soldiers' wives, both of them—whose lots might otherwise have lain leagues apart.

IV

THIS is the dining room of a London club. After the fashion of such places, there is a score or more of little tables, each with its white cloth, its single shaded candle, its cover—is not cover the old word for the arrangement of a diner's knives and forks and spoons?—laid for one. Being fellow members of a club, these Englishmen must keep as far away from each other as possible, and each of them wants to dine alone.

To-night it is not possible for everybody to dine alone, because the room is unusually full. I find that I must share my table with somebody who is a stranger to me. We eye each other and I see that he is an elderly man, white-haired, prosperous. We do not speak.

Most of the other tables are occupied by men in uniform. Strange waiters, to whom we are not accustomed, move about the room. The men we knew—all the younger ones of them—have gone, as those on whom they used to wait a month ago have gone or are going.

At the next table to ours sits one of the men in uniform. With a jerk of his head he summons a waiter to his side. Something is wrong with his food or the wine in the bottle at his elbow. He growls a complaint. It is scandalous that here, in his club, he should be given inferior wine or chicken somewhat overcooked. My companion speaks unexpectedly.

"Langley's off to-morrow morning," he says, "with a draft. Got very short notice."

I gather that the man who has grumbled about his dinner is Langley. He is going to take somebody's place at the front—somebody who perhaps will not return; going to fill a gap, taking men with him to fill gaps.

"There was always a lot of cavalry swagger about Langley," says my companion.

I can believe it. If Langley returns there will be a good deal of cavalry swagger about him still. He will grumble about his dinner and his wine on the very first night he gets back to the club, as he is grumbling now.

Meantime out there, where he fills the gap, Langley will go hungry and be very tired, and get covered with mud from head to foot, and obscene vermin will prey on him; and I suppose he will not complain. Nor, I imagine, will any pain—the desperate pain of shrapnel wounds and thirst—find him lacking in endurance.

I look at Langley. He seems a bored, blasé man. I cannot imagine him carried beyond himself by any excitement; but Langley will hold on and go on. The cavalry swagger will pull him through. Langley is no D'Artagnan. He is not one of those who

—— follow fortune, riding post;
Fame for his spur and beauty for his guide.

But he will get there or, without making any particular fuss about it, die in the attempt.

"They've been asking for it for years," said my companion. "Now they've got it."

I understand that he is speaking of the Germans—not of Langley and the other men with cavalry swagger. They probably have not been asking for anything in particular except a decent dinner. But the Germans——

"It's a horrible business!" I said.

My companion shrugged his shoulders while he answered me.

"Of course! I was in Brussels a week after it broke out. I heard things—saw things. But what's the use of talking about them? They wanted it—have been wanting it ever since 1870. It had to come. Knocks everything to pieces. Sets Europe back fifty years. But of course we've got to see it through."

"The breach of the neutrality of Belgium ——" I said.

(Concluded on Page 69)

Creeping Nearer

GETTING INTO OIL

By WILL PAYNE

THE earliest oil explorations on the globe, of which there is any record, occurred about eight miles from the center of Los Angeles on the right-hand side of Wilshire Boulevard as you drive out from the city. You come to a clump of trees surrounding a brownish and uninviting pool. Beyond it is an ancient whitewashed shed, with a great many pairs of gloves drying on a line in front of it. On one side stands a frame cabin of pioneer type—the old Hancock house—and, a few rods beyond that, oil was discovered a thousand centuries or so before the more celebrated performance in Pennsylvania.

There are now on this venerable oil field several pits in which workmen, under the direction of the University of California, are tenderly excavating bones of prehistoric animals. A tarry fluid oozes down the sides of the pits. The soil is hard and greasy, being heavily impregnated with oil—hence the gloves worn by the workmen, an extensive washing of which hangs on the line before the shed to which the bones are carried for cleaning and sorting.

From the pits have been taken the skeleton of an elephant fifteen feet high, skeletal remains of mastodon, camel, horse, bison, saber-toothed tiger, wolf, lion, giant sloth, and some sixty species of birds. It is the biggest deposit of bones of the Pleistocene Age yet discovered. The finds are so rich that the university, I hear, intends to set up a sort of bones exchange, trading its surplus specimens to other museums for specimens it lacks.

You may imagine two bespectacled professors sitting down to swap Pleistocene horses, each gravely averring that his beast is sound in wind and not afraid of automobiles. In the pits, any day, you may see a workman chiseling out the thigh of a giant sloth or digging up the skull of a saber-toothed tiger; while, in the shed, boxes of ancient jaws, shins and forearms are stacked up, as though such objects were as common as old shoes. Doctor Merriam calculates that several thousand animals must have been embedded there.

The finds are on the edge of La Brea Rancho, part of a slightly undulating plain rimmed by mountainous hills. Going out to the pits, you step over a rubbery puddle of asphalt that has oozed from the ground. In the morning following a cool night it is hard enough to bear a man's weight, but on a warm day the foot sinks into it as into mud. In such puddles, to this day, birds and other small animals are frequently trapped. Venturing on the gluey stuff, they sink into it and cannot get out. It is still a common experience in the oil country that ducks and geese will alight after dark on a pool of oil, mistaking it for water.

The Infancy of the Oil Business

THE oil immediately soaks their wings and they are caught like flies on sticky paper. But the tarry ooze at La Brea is much thicker than oil.

Back in that Pleistocene time there were evidently many largish pools of asphalt on La Brea. In some of them birds and other small beasts were doubtless trapped, just as their descendants are to-day. Over others water may have stood, so that a thirsty camel, horse or bison cheerfully waded out to get a drink and was mired.

This would account easily enough for the presence of the first adventurers in oil. Having got in—like so many adventurers of a later age—they tried in vain to get out.

Their plight and the complaints they made over it doubtless attracted adventurers of a less innocent sort—for example the wolf and the saber-toothed tiger—which went in with a pious intention of eating the pioneers, and were themselves entrapped.

This theory is fairly proved by the quantity of bones of carnivorous animals found in the pits. The asphalt pools must have been great animal traps, because in places the excavators have found bones in vast numbers and varieties, a large proportion of them being remains of flesh eaters.

General View of Oil Wells, Summerland, California

As to when these fatal oil explorations occurred, venturesome persons fix an approximate date of 200,000 B. C.; but the conservative decline to commit themselves to any given number of centuries. It is clear, however, that oil was a cause of great trouble from the beginning.

In Mother Earth's uneasy shifting of her clothes the asphalt pools—with bird and beast, hunter and prey, embedded in them—were slowly covered many feet thick; then slowly uncovered, until the present level of the ground is only a little above what it was when Brother Horse and Brother Saber-Tooth had their unpleasant adventures in petroleum. And in due time the same seepages of sticky, ill-smelling stuff at which a giant sloth had sniffed were observed by historic creatures wearing clothes. In the seventeenth century California Indians made a limited use of asphalt in roofing some of the old Missions.

It is said that in 1855 one Andreas Pico distilled petroleum for use in the San Fernando Mission, near Los Angeles. In 1864 Josiah Stanford and others were attracted by seepages from exposed sands at the foot of the mountain near Santa Paula, and ran a tunnel into the hill to intercept the oil-bearing stratum. In 1866 Thomas Scott drilled an oil well in Ventura County. The extent of this incidental exploration may be judged from the fact that the state's production in 1875 is put at three thousand barrels.

Then Lloyd Tevis turned an eye on California oil. Mr. Tevis was a brother-in-law of J. B. Haggin, the copper magnate, and considerable of a magnate himself, having been associated with Haggin and Senator Hearst—father of William Randolph—in mining. He organized the Pacific Coast Oil Company, in which Mr. Scofield, later president of the Standard Oil Company of California, was interested. They drilled for oil in Pico Cañon, near the village of Newhall, north of Los Angeles, and got some good little wells, building a tiny pipe line over to Newhall and setting up a small refinery there.

A man who was then engaged with the Pacific Coast Oil Company had formerly been employed in the Pennsylvania field by Lyman Stewart and W. L. Hardison, independent operators there on a modest scale. He went back to Pennsylvania and described to Mr. Stewart the possibilities of oil on the Coast.

Mr. Stewart was dissatisfied with conditions in Pennsylvania, where the puissant hand, now commonly referred to as Number Twenty-six Broadway, already rested heavily. It appears that, though Standard Oil had not actually done anything to Mr. Stewart, he perceived that it possessed ample opportunity to do something if it so willed. In April, 1883, therefore, he made a journey to the Coast, the upshot of which was a contract, between Stewart and Hardison of the one part and the Pacific Coast Oil Company of the other, whereby the former were to drill for oil on lands controlled by the latter and receive a portion of the market price of the oil produced. Mr. Hardison thereupon gathered up a carload of good drillers and tool dressers, and a couple of carloads of approved appliances, and shipped them to California.

Messrs. Stewart and Hardison drilled with diligence, but without success, until they came practically to the end of their resources and faced the unpleasant possibility of having to ship themselves back to Pennsylvania empty-handed; but there was one location Mr. Stewart thought well of that they had not tried. As a last throw they drilled there and got a good well—the Star—which recouped their losses. Difficulties between the two parties to the contract presently developed, however; so Messrs. Stewart and Hardison struck out for themselves over at Santa Paula, where Josiah Stanford had tunneled into the side of the mountain years before. They got oil there and prospered.

A Romantic Figure in Oil History

A NUMBER of people with money, residing in Pasadena and elsewhere, became interested with them, until there were three little companies, with a more or less common ownership. The three were consolidated in the Union Oil Company, and from about that time the beginning of the oil industry on an important scale is commonly dated.

The Union is still the big independent factor on the Coast. Lyman Stewart was president of it until recently, when he retired from active business at an advanced age, being succeeded by his son, William L. Stewart. The elder Stewart has always been deeply interested in the church, rivaling in that respect his great oil competitor, the chief of the Standard.

The actual scale of the industry in the early days of the Union now seems small enough. In those days the business consisted mostly of finding oil and shipping it to Los Angeles, to be used in the crude state for fuel. Coal even now is worth about eight dollars a ton there. A cheap substitute for it was heartily welcomed in the growing little city, and the going price was two dollars a barrel. The haul from Santa Paula was short. The small market expanded rapidly enough to absorb the expanding supply. There seemed room for everybody, and the business of supplying crude petroleum for local use as fuel in and round Los Angeles appeared to be established on an enduring basis. This was about 1890, when the output of the state was about three hundred thousand barrels.

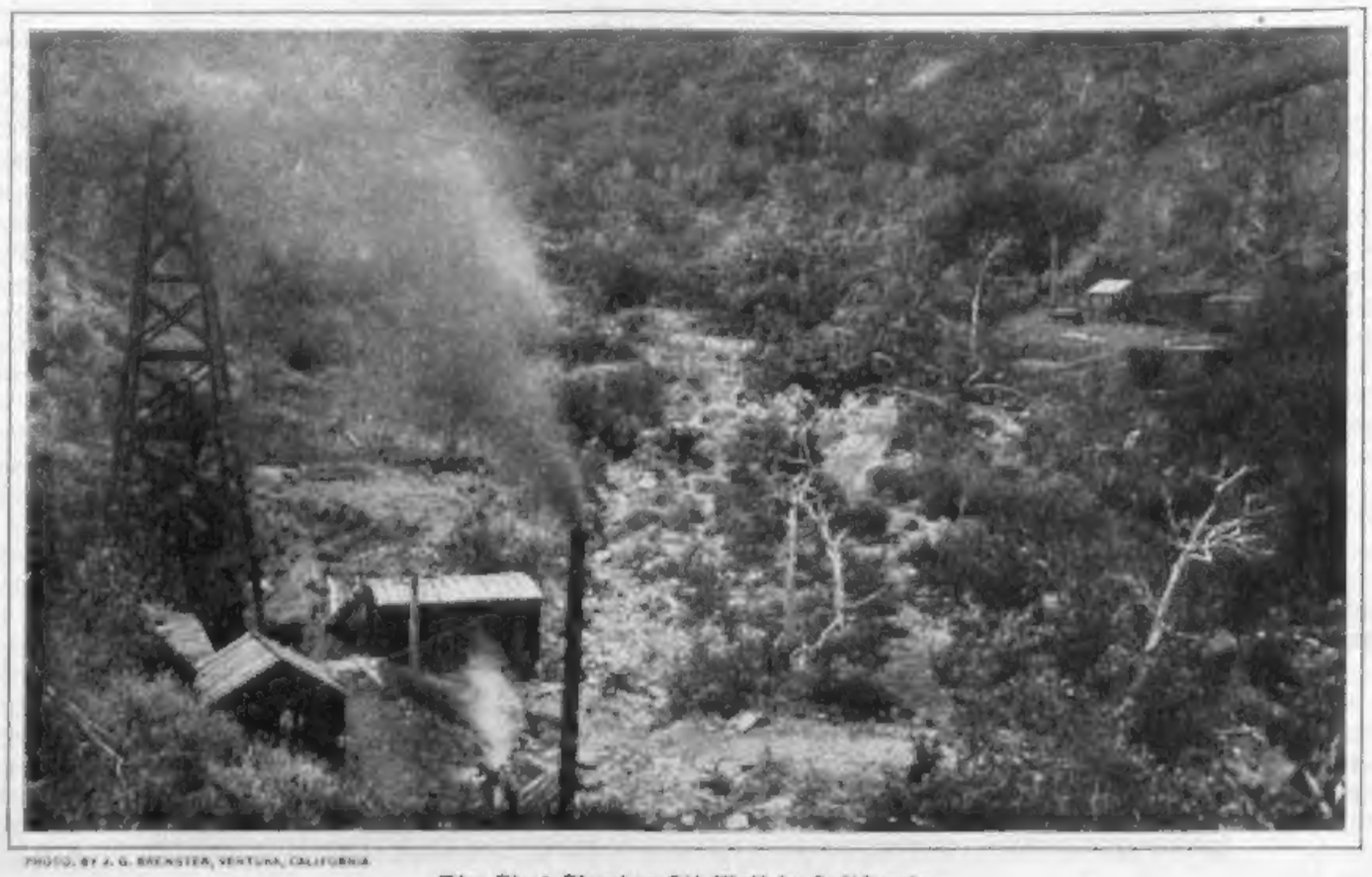


PHOTO. BY J. G. BRANSTEN, VENTURA, CALIFORNIA

The First Flowing Oil Well in California

Then, in 1892, oil was found right in the city of Los Angeles, which marks the entrance of the one thoroughly romantic figure in the California petroleum industry namely, E. L. Doheny, now one of the most opulent residents of the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Doheny was born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1858, and was graduated from the public high school there in 1872. From the first, certain peculiarities seem to have marked him in the crowd of oil prospectors—to wit: he spoke correct English and wore clothes as nearly correct as his means permitted.

It is related that at his first appearance in Bakersfield—after a season of reverses—his trousers, though faded, were neatly pressed, and he wore kid gloves, with a rip in them carefully sewed up. Bothering to have one's trousers pressed and the rip in one's gloves sewed up was considered, in that time and place, evidence of a peculiar taste. Also, he neither drank nor smoked. It is said he was once a Populist and is still proud of it, in spite of his many millions—possibly indicating that he would rather do his own thinking than have it done for him by the second assistant cashier of the Third National Bank.

I hear of Mr. Doheny as engaged in Government surveying in Kansas immediately after leaving the high school; then, at the age of twenty, in the Black Hills, searching for gold and being chased away by the same Government he had surveyed for, because he was on Indian territory. He went to Colorado, still looking for gold, and, with three others, set out on burros from Silverton, in that state, for Arizona, presently landing in Prescott.

For fourteen years more he hunted gold in Arizona and New Mexico, during that time falling in with C. A. Canfield, who became his lifelong associate. How little gold the prospectors found is indicated by the story that one day they stood in front of a Santa Fé Railroad eating house and debated as to how they should invest their total capital, consisting of one dime. Sandwiches were ten cents apiece, and the only thing they could find for a dime that was divisible by two was a large bunch of muscat grapes—with which judicious investment they retired to the shady side of the eating house and made a meal. In the intervals of looking for gold, Doheny studied enough law to be admitted to the bar.

Hand-Dipped Wells

STILL looking for gold, Doheny and Canfield went to San Bernardino County, California, prospecting in the hot and extensive deserts thereabout. At the end of two fruitless years the prospectors were rather discouraged—which appears to have been about their first and last experience with that state of mind. It could not have lasted long, however, for in 1892 they were searching for oil in Los Angeles. As an oil man puts it: "Doheny and Canfield developed this field with shovels in their own hands."

Personally wielding that useful implement at the corner of Patton and West State Streets on November 4, 1892, Mr. Doheny uncovered a small but steady flow of oil. The wells in Los Angeles are very shallow. The early ones were dug by hand and the oil dipped up. Mr. Doheny and his associate presently had sixty-nine of them, while other prospectors were busily digging.

Running ahead of the story a bit, I may say that after this first success Mr. Doheny met with reverses, but recouped tremendously when the Kern River field came in; and from that time on he entered other fields, with phenomenal success. His latest ventures have been in Mexico, where he controls oil property of amazing richness. C. A. Canfield's estate was recently appraised for the state inheritance tax at eight million dollars, and competent judges agree that the appraisal was exceedingly conservative. Mr. Doheny's wealth is supposed to be several times that sum.

Beginning in 1892, then, there was a big supply of oil right in the chief market, with practically no expense for piping, storing, and so on. Naturally the price of oil ran down from two dollars to twenty-five cents a barrel, and the California petroleum industry was up against the first manifestation of its ever-recurring trouble. As the freight charge on oil from Santa Paula to Los Angeles was twenty-five cents a barrel—equal to the whole selling price—the Union was shut out of the market until it also got some Los Angeles wells. There were then forty or more separate concerns, bidding against one another for the patronage of a really small and badly overstocked market, with prices down to cost of production or less.

Such was the first phase of the California petroleum industry. The second phase was marked by the coming in of the Kern River field, which vastly increased the supply of oil; but, contrary to usual experience, this great increase in supply had the effect of raising prices, because it enormously widened the market.

Pipe Line Pumping Station in Desert

As early as 1884 the Union Oil Company borrowed an old locomotive from the Santa Fé and took it up to Santa Paula, where, after much labor, it was finally equipped with a successful oil-burning apparatus. It was an interesting experiment, but led to no immediately important results, because there was then no such supply of oil in sight as would warrant a railroad in going to the expense of fitting its engines to burn that fuel.

Oil-Wells in the Heart of Los Angeles

Oil-Burning Locomotives

THE coming in of the Kern River field, however, insured a great supply of oil and thus made oil practically available as fuel for big users who would not have gone to the expense of adopting it unless they were assured of a big supply. The entrance of these big users into the market created a demand that fairly overtook supply; so the effect was to raise the price. A good part of the credit for getting the railroads to use oil as fuel, by the way, is commonly given to Mr. Doheny. A railroad man alleges that he "simply pestered 'em into it"—to their own great profit.

It is an interesting near-coincidence that oil was struck in the Bakersfield region in 1899, and in 1900 the Standard entered the California field by purchasing the Pacific Coast Oil Company. The Bakersfield discovery, in short, put California oil fairly into the world game.

Bakersfield in the southern part of the vast San Joaquin Valley, used to be the metropolis of a big sheep-and-cattle country, with a little fruit and grain farming and a bit of mining off to one side. Experienced residents still reckon—in the same sort of embarrassed pride with which a sedate, middle-aged gentleman, in congenial company, may recite his college sprees—that it was once just about the toughest town on earth. Saloons, gaming establishments and dance halls were its most conspicuous features. At the edge of the smart, beautifully paved present city still stand two solid blocks of one-story wooden shacks, which were formerly scenes of that sort of Pleistocene revelry that figures largely in real and bogus cowboy fiction. The shacks are all deserted now, with thick dust on the sills of their locked doors, and rough boards over their broken windows—a dilapidated and disreputable monument to a past régime.

In the days when Bakersfield's most famous industry was entertaining cowboys and miners with a month's pay in their pockets and a month's thirst in their throats, it may have had three or four thousand inhabitants. Those days began to pass only fifteen years ago, with the coming of oil, when the entertainment of prospective investors required a very different setting of the scene.

Driving about a mile north of the town over a fine asphalt road, you come to a high bluff overlooking the valley of the Kern River. A quite charming bit of scenery it is, too, with the river, fringed by scrub timber, leading through the narrow valley. Just about where river and

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Pipe Line, San Pedro

THE LAND JUST OVER YONDER

"An' When They Find Him It's the Buzzards That P'int Him Out"

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

TOYIABE TOM JENNINGS was a desert rat, which in California and Nevada is the term applied to a certain well-defined type of whimsical old ne'er-do-well obsessed with the belief that he is a prospector. Why such an individual should be called a desert rat is not quite clear, unless it be that, like the rat, he spends much of his life in a hole, avoids mankind, is shy almost to the point of being furtive, and appears always to be engaged in a solution of the grub problem. However, if one be not inclined to conversational hair-splitting the term "prospector" will do as well as the colloquial designation, for the reason that the desert rat is the prospector gone to seed.

Our particular desert rat, Toyiabe Tom Jennings, might have been termed a metallurgical hobo on a perennial camping trip. He really believed he was searching for gold and other precious minerals, because he had started out in his youth with that intention. After he passed the half-century mark, however, he ceased to bring to the search the same vital enthusiasm that had sent him forth on his wanderings, although from force of habit he continued to go through the motions until with the passage of years he deceived himself. This was because the wilderness of mountain and desert had wrought a mystic spell upon him, stripping from him the veneer of civilization he had brought from the districts where it is a misdemeanor to discharge firearms within one hundred yards of a residence, and substituting therefor something of its own tremendous inconsequence. What if he didn't find the gold he sought? The search was at least exhilarating—and did not the ravens feed Elijah? Why worry?

It is said of men who have attained to Toyiabe's state of mind that the desert has "gotten" them. When, where, how or why this spell of the silence had gripped him Toyiabe could not have told one. He only knew that when he left the desert he could hear it calling, calling, calling always—and he always went back. Most men seek happiness in wealth and worldly place, but Toyiabe found his in the silence and perfect peace of the Great Outdoors. A bankrupt from January to December, he could never by any possibility be brought to a realization of his financial status, for a man is never a bankrupt with millions in sight. Toyiabe was merely hard up. Dreamer of fantastic dreams, failure could never awaken him, for sunrise and sunset painted his landscapes with gold, while ever before him the little goblins of the waste marched, turning anon to beckon and point the road to The Land Just Over Yonder, for there lay his El Dorado.

Toyiabe's tragedy of existence was no different from that of his fellows; hence he did not realize that he was doomed to a sorry end, because the end comes so gradually. As he grew older, the world—his world—grew colder. Each succeeding year, when misfortune pressed and the need of a grubstake became more and more imminent, he found men more skeptical than ever. Toyiabe had a suspicion of these conditions occasionally, but like a true optimist he cussed a little harder and decided thereafter that he was holding his own. And when, despite his cussing and reiterated promises of "striking a lulu-bird" next year, black moods of depression settled upon him and he longed for human society, he solved the problem by taking unto himself a partner. For one must have a partner who will listen respectfully to one's tales of fortunes in prospect, agree with one, dream with one, suffer with one, and rejoice with one when the water is reached at last; when the tarps are spread upon the ground and the coffeepot is bubbling; when the stars come out and the mountains squat like grim guardians of one's destiny, brooding away off there in the soft hush of the desert night; when the little voices of the waste begin to whisper—for it is good to have a partner then. Thrice beloved is he who can walk with the desert rat and stand this acid test of friendship, for he endears himself by the most powerful of human attractions, the great gift of sympathy.

Billy Boy Would Admit to Nothing More Reprehensible Than Falling in Love

Since he was a desert rat Toyiabe chose for his partner another desert rat, for it is an immutable law of nature that birds of a feather shall flock together. All desert rats travel in pairs. Leaning upon each other, they journey cheerfully toward The Land Just Over Yonder, calm in the knowledge that at the rainbow's end the surviving partner will locate the final claim and do the assessment work for the other a hole six feet long, three feet wide and six feet perpendicular.

Up to the time he was fifty years old Toyiabe had not felt any particular hankering for a partner. He acquired Bill King by accident, lost him the same way, found him again by accident, lost him—— But why relate in a line a tale of "finders keepers, losers weepers"? Let us, like Toyiabe Tom Jennings, make the start and then keep on going to the finish.

When Toyiabe was about fifty years old he foregathered with Bill King, who was twenty-three, and at their very first meeting some vagrant sense of paternity denied moved Toyiabe to rechristen his youthful partner. He called him Billy Boy. At the time, Billy Boy was sadly in need of a change of climate. His health demanded it. A child of the cow country, he had ridden a Nevada range in Humboldt County at forty dollars a month until he discovered he might earn a hundred as a forest ranger. Thereupon in some mysterious manner he passed a civil-service examination and was told off to patrol the Toquima Forest Reserve, which in addition to a few million acres of scrubby fir and piñon pine on the slopes of the Toquima Range includes also a few leagues of most excellent desert. He furnished his own horse and gun, and accompanied by a friendly collie dog and a little pack mule bearing his bed and board he commenced his gypsying. So the Open Country got Billy Boy, and when it catches them young that way it does a first-class job. Billy Boy could hear the little voices before he was twenty-three, about which time he had an argument with a Basque shepherd who couldn't produce the documents entitling him to graze his woolies on the Government reserve.

It was not a long-drawn-out argument. The Basque decided it would be far easier to remove Billy Boy than the sheep, so from ambush he potted Billy Boy through the right shoulder at three hundred yards. The bullet lifted the ranger out of his saddle, and when he struck the ground he had the good sense to lie perfectly still. The Basque watched for five minutes, concluded he had done a thorough

job and neglected to investigate and make certain, thus lending some color to the oft-repeated statement that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. Imagine his surprise when Billy Boy came crawling into the sheep camp at dawn. He saw Billy Boy first, too, and drew a nice head on him, but he had forgotten to remove the empty shell from the night before and Billy Boy beat him to the second shot.

Toyiabe Tom Jennings, passing that way on his life-long pilgrimage, came to the sheep camp to bargain for a haunch of mutton, for he was somewhat weary of bacon and canned goods. After he had made Billy Boy comfortable and rounded up the latter's horse and pack mule, he buried the Basque, in the performance of which corporal work of mercy he uncovered a pocket that netted him thirteen hundred dollars. Then he put carbolic salve, his great cure-all, on Billy Boy's wound, bandaged it with Billy Boy's shirt tail, and levied liberally on the flock of the deceased for mutton broth for his patient. Within a week three other Basques appeared, seeking the shepherd of the masterless flock, and Toyiabe explained very politely that his partner had slain the missing one—and why. Then they questioned his right to a sheep he was skinning, and he said Billy Boy was entitled to exemplary damages; and since the Basques did not know what exemplary damages were they retired across the cañon and commenced shooting at Toyiabe Tom, who helped himself to Billy Boy's rifle and sprang behind a rock, where he held his own until dark. Then while the collie dog watched he packed the stock, broke camp and got out of that country. He tied Billy Boy in his saddle and held him there until they reached Round Mountain, where a doctor relieved him, and when Billy Boy was well a coroner's jury exonerated him. Toyiabe had by that time spent his thirteen hundred dollars in riotous living, grub and a new pair of overalls, and was beginning to hear the little voices calling once more. However, he had taken a fancy to Billy Boy, and suggested that the boy's old beat in the Toquima Reserve was no longer tenable.

"Billy Boy," he declared, "'tain't wise to go back. If some of them Basques don't get you, at least three o' their sperrits'll ha'nt you, so you better throw in with me an' go prospectin'."

Billy Boy agreed, and they "threw in" together. And as fate would have it they made better than good wages that year, and the gold fever claimed Billy Boy for the term of his natural life.

Despite the disparity in their ages they were ideal partners. Their natures dovetailed perfectly. Toyiabe, having crossed the summit of life and started down the other side, loved Billy Boy for his youth. On his part Billy Boy could never forget the picture of Toyiabe cementing his loyalty in the smoke. He always addressed Toyiabe affectionately as "Ol' Timer."

The partnership lasted five happy years, and then they made their strike at Cinnibar and put a city on the map of Nevada. Subsequently they sold their claim for half a million dollars, and then Billy Boy went crazy. At least Toyiabe in his charity called it that, although Billy Boy would admit to nothing more reprehensible than falling in love with a handsome young lady whose maternal grandmother had been a full-blooded Washoe squaw.

Now Toyiabe was possessed of a certain prejudice against the North American Indian for the reason that his father had been scalped by a Sioux. Also he had known many half-breeds in his day—Mexicans and Indians—and he had never known a good one. To Toyiabe's primitive way of thinking Billy Boy's girl was a squaw, and according to his code a squaw man was in the same social category with rattlesnakes and ore thieves. Hence he felt he had a duty to perform, and a few days after Billy Boy announced his engagement he took the boy aside for a talk.

At first he confined his argument to eugenics. He said he had once known a mule skinner down at Ludlow who had married just such a slashing fine quarter-bred girl as Billy Boy's, only she was a Shoshone. They had had a child which by some perverse freak of nature had harked back to first principles and was the spit'in' image of the late Sitting Bull. Moreover, he had grown up to be a bad Indian. And when Billy Boy laughed at him, Toyiabe flew into a rage, and warned Billy Boy that as one of the founders of the camp his social position would be jeopardized by an alliance with the lady of his choice.

"Why, she's prettier'n a sunset," Billy Boy declared; "an' if there's a white girl in this camp with half her style an' git-up, I've got to be shown. She can play the piano an' sing like an angel, and —— Oh, hell's bells, Toyiabe, I'm almost twenty-eight year old an' I'm plumb tired o' traipsin' around the country. I want to settle down, an' if you're wise you'll snaffle out a girl an' do likewise."

"Well, when I do," Toyiabe snarled, "I won't pick no squaw, an' you can take the short end o' that bet an' play it to the limit."

"She ain't a squaw," Billy Boy retorted hotly. "She's three-quarters white, an' she's too durned good for any white man."

Toyiabe hooted. "Is an octoroon a nigger?" he demanded.

"Of course," Billy Boy replied innocently.

"Then a quarter-bred Washoe girl is an Injun, an' a female Injun is a squaw, an' a man that takes up with a squaw is a squaw man, an' a squaw man—well, Billy Boy, I shore hope I don't have to tell you what a squaw man is?"

"An' I'd never thought I'd see the day I'd have to tell you what you are," Billy Boy answered quietly. "Toyiabe, you're an interferin' ol' fool, an' don't you talk to me no more about my private affairs. I'm free, white an' twenty-one, an' I reckon I can play my own hand without any pointers from you."

It is quite possible that, ridiculous as it may sound, Toyiabe was a little bit jealous, for he loved Billy Boy like a son. Also he was human, and therefore prone to hurt the thing he loved. Said he:

"Well, Billy Boy, have it yore own way. I only got one thing to say an' then I'm through for keeps—these mixed bloods ain't got no moral sense. You keep yore eye on this good-lookin' young squaw o' yourn or some low white man'll steal her from you when you ain't lookin'."

Billy Boy trembled with the scourge of that blunt statement, and for one brief instant there was murder in his glance. Then he saw the picture of Toyiabe behind the rocks arguing with the Basque shepherds, and his hand came away from his gun.

"All right, Toyiabe," he said in a hard, cold voice. "You've had yore say an' now you're through for keeps"; and he turned and walked away. Toyiabe didn't sleep that night, and in the morning he sought out Billy Boy and apologized. Billy Boy merely looked at him coolly and turned his back on him, and Toyiabe thought his old heart was going to break. To keep it from breaking he went down to the Blue Bird, haunt of Terpsichore and Bacchus, and ordered wine for everybody, for a man gets lonely without his partner and Toyiabe wanted the Blue Bird sirens to sing to him and drown the little voices that kept calling to him: "Get out of this camp, Toyiabe. You can't stay in the same camp with Billy Boy when he ain't speakin' to you. Get a new partner an' drift."

And Toyiabe's agonized soul cried out in answer: "I can't drift. I'm rich. I must stay till my money is gone."

He did. He had many friends and his quarter of a million dollars was dissipated within a year, every day of which Billy Boy passed him by with averted face. And when Toyiabe was down to his last five hundred dollars he outfitted himself and a gentle, kindly, burned little gnome of a man, a desert mystic, by name Hassyampa Jim Titus, and together they had fared forth to The Land Just Over Yonder.

II

FOR the second time in ten years Toyiabe Tom Jennings was minus a partner. Hassyampa Jim Titus had just perished of blood poisoning in the Painted Hills.

The old man had seemed to realize that he was headed for the New Jerusalem and appeared to be rather glad of it, for, as he remarked an hour before he grew delirious, he had lived a happy life in which he had wronged neither man, woman nor child, and inasmuch as he was about a thousand years old anyhow the only respectable thing he could do would be to "kick the bucket"—which was a philosophy born of forty years in the silence. Death had walked with him too often and too far, and Hassyampa knew that horror for the fraud he is.

However, Toyiabe had to sit and listen to Hassyampa's prattling after the old man went loco—and it was all about a woman! From the little that Toyiabe could gather she had broken his heart, yet for forty years she had remained enshrined in the fragments. Toyiabe had never loved a woman and he found it a little hard to comprehend.

When he passed, Toyiabe wrapped him in his soiled old gray-woolen blankets and installed him in his last dry camp; a true desert rat, he gave Hassyampa haven in their abandoned prospect hole. Then he cut some cactus and threw it on the grave in order that coyotes might not disturb old Hassyampa's dreaming, and with the accomplishment of this final rite of friendship he packed the burros and headed back to civilization, for the desert was very lonely now, and he wanted another partner.

For the Second Time in Ten Years Toyiabe Tom Jennings Was Minus a Partner

As we have intimated previously, much communing with Nature had made a philosopher of Toyiabe Tom Jennings; hence the parched earth above Jim Titus, though famished with thirst, drank not of Toyiabe's tears. When he was ready to leave he looked wistfully toward the cactus heap and said aloud: "Good-by, pardner." Then he clucked to the jacks and pushed on down Jawbone Cañon and out into the hot dry expanse of Big Smoky Valley, where the heat shimmers in the beautiful blue haze and the twister breezes make the dust devils dance among the stunted sage. Far to the southwest, where the yellow soil of Big Smoky merged with the red oxides and black hematite of a mountain range, lay Cinnibar, two sleeps distant, and thither he was bound.

He had left Cinnibar in the days when it was still a rough-and-ready mining camp, while now, although it was

scarcely four years old, it was the county seat of Cinnabar County. This fact added to the interest Toyiabe felt in the camp—for so he still persisted in calling this city of fifteen thousand inhabitants when its outlying houses commenced to loom up out of the haze that has given to this desert valley the significant name it bears. Particularly was he interested in a large building that stood on the outskirts of the camp. He could see this building while yet he was fifteen miles from Cinnibar, for in that atmosphere it did not appear to be more than three miles distant, and the sight of it induced mild speculation anent the camp and gave him surcease from the poignant stab of loneliness that had been his since Hassyampa Jim Titus had died. He wondered if Cinnibar had forgotten him in the two years he had been away, although the thought brought to his leathery countenance a little grim, cryptic smile. It did not seem possible that they could forget him so soon. He had been too picturesque a public character for that!

With the thought of Cinnibar came a revival of his interest in Billy Boy. Was the lad a father now, and had the child reverted to type? Had Billy Boy conserved his share of their one big strike, or had he, like Toyiabe, frittered it away? If perchance he should meet Billy Boy in Cinnibar to-night, would the latter speak to him for old sake's sake, or should he, Toyiabe, speak first and ask Billy Boy to have a little drink? If he asked the boy to have a drink the invitation might appear perfunctory, whereas if Billy Boy was asked to have a "little" drink—— Well, somehow that would be different.

Toyiabe rehearsed aloud to the horned toads and lizards the exact wording of his speech and the inflection he would employ if, when he and Billy Boy met, the latter's glance had lost a measure of its hostility. He planned to say: "Why, hel-lo, Billy Boy! Well! Well! Well! Ain't seen you for a month o' Sundays. How've you been anyhow, you young walloper? Come an' have a little drink with yore ol' Tom-pardner, Billy Boy."

In the event that Billy Boy should accept they would discuss many things and have numerous little drinks—but not too much—and at parting Toyiabe would say: "Well, I guess I'll have to drift. See you again, Billy Boy, an' in the meantime give my love to the missus." And that should be all of his apology. It appeared to Toyiabe that this remark would cover a multitude of sad explanations and embarrassing memories and that nothing further would be necessary, for after all Billy Boy had one great virtue even if he was a squ—— Well, he had the virtue of being able to understand without a diagram and directions for using.

Toyiabe's point of view on women had not changed materially since he and Billy Boy parted. Indeed, the delirious babblings of Hassyampa Jim Titus kept recurring to him as he trudged toward Cinnibar, and strengthened his preconceived notion that if a man was to accomplish things in this busy world he should beware of entangling alliances. On the contrary, however, those same delirious babblings had opened Toyiabe's eyes to something of which he had hitherto been in ignorance, and that was love. A woman had broken Hassyampa's heart forty years agone, and he had forgiven her and loved her until death. Toyiabe would not have believed hitherto that any man could possibly have cared that much. The sublimity of Hassyampa's simple abnegation awed him, and caused him to compare it with his own inflexible code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. If he had ever loved a woman that way and she had hurt him wantonly he would have hated her; and then quite suddenly he asked himself this question: "If I had loved a woman as Billy Boy loved that Washoe girl, and Billy Boy had spoken of her—that way, what would I have done?" Toyiabe found himself unable to answer that question to his own satisfaction, but from his self-examination he emerged with a clearer understanding of the terrible hurt he had dealt Billy Boy when he struck at the girl across the lad's shoulder.

"I'll go to Dan Briscoe," he declared aloud, "an' tell Dan all about it, an' ask him to write me a high-class letter of apology to Billy Boy. Then I'll wait a couple o' days for Billy Boy to think it over, an' we'll see if we can't get together again. That course is a heap more dignified an' polite than bracin' right up an' takin' a chance he speaks to me."

Dan Briscoe was the editor and proprietor of the Cinnibar Expositor, and between him and Toyiabe a warm friendship existed. In the zenith of his glory as a mining camp Croesus, Toyiabe had staked Briscoe to sufficient capital to start the Expositor; indeed, the editor still owed him two thousand dollars on the original loan of five thousand.

Out of the haze of Big Smoky the houses grew more and more distinct, and presently Toyiabe saw that the large

"They're Goin' to Take Me Down to Carson Fri-Day—and Hang Me for Killin' a Skunk—That Wasn't Worth—the Powder"

building that had first attracted his attention was not a public library as he had supposed. For there was a severity of outline about this building, standing there on the edge of the camp with the desert snarling at its very walls, that marked it as an architectural outcast, and presently Toyiabe knew that gray stone pile for what it was—the Cinnibar County jail.

By the time he had reached the outskirts of the camp the sun was casting long, level beams across Big Smoky, softening the diabolical perspective of the Painted Hills, banishing the heat haze, and working its spell of enchantment on the desert by metamorphosing it from a vast, aching desolation to a beautiful country that called to at least one human being to come forth and revel with it in the borrowed grandeur. For as Toyiabe debouched from the desert and passed within a block of the jail he saw a man clinging to the gratings at an upstairs window—a man who thrust his arm through the bars and waved it, the while he shouted to the old desert rat:

"He-y-y-y, pardner! Where you from?"

Only a countryman will shout that way to a perfect stranger a block distant; and without pausing to reason why the knowledge came to him Toyiabe knew that the man behind the bars was one of his own people.

"Hello there, neighbor!" he called back cheerily. "I'm from the Painted Hills."

"Seen anything o' Toyiabe Tom Jennings an' Jim Titus out there?" the prisoner shouted, and Toyiabe thought he detected an expectant, hopeful ring in the man's voice.

"Now, I wonder who that misfortunate can be," Toyiabe reflected. "He don't recognize me on account o' my whiskers an' bein' so far off. That's what comes o' losin' Billy Boy. He allers would make me shave." Aloud he said: "Yep, I seen 'em. Hassyampa's dead—blood poison. Know him?"

"A little. But how about Toyiabe?"

"Same ol' wuthless character. He's fair to middlin'."

"He'll be comin' back to Cinnibar for another pardner, won't he?"

"I reckon he will, neighbor. A feller's got to have a pardner."

"Say, if you meet up with Toyiabe, will you tell him somethin' for me?"

"Sure shot. What'll it be?"

"Tell him Billy Boy'd like to see him."

Toyiabe's heart leaped with a joy that was almost pain. "I mos' certainly will do that, neighbor," he shouted, after a brief pause of astonishment. "Drat the luck!" he added to himself. "If it wasn't so blamed embarrassin' to have to meet a friend in the calaboose I reckon I'd climb up an' kiss that feller. I guess I'd better not let on who I am." So, in order to close the conversation without appearing discourteous, he yelled:

"So long, neighbor. I'm right thirsty an' headed for water."

"I never knew this country to have such a hot fall," the other answered. "Here it is the first of October an' you'd think it was July."

"It's right nippy layin' out nights."

"I bet it is. But it's great to lay out nights when it's nippy. When you wake up about three o'clock in the mornin' an' the fire's about out, an' you crawl out cussin' an' put more sage on the coals—eh, pardner, pretty fine, eh?"

"I see you been there," Toyiabe shouted back, and turned the corner into Silver Avenue, where he promptly forgot the man at the jail window in his amazement at the growth of the town. Where once they had sold water by the barrel and only a millionaire could afford a daily bath, they now had a public watering trough in front of the Blue Bird, while across the town, ten blocks distant, the cupola of the new courthouse towered above office buildings and a false-fronted frame shanty.

"I knew she was comin' right along when I see that big new jail an' the feller lookin' out the winder," Toyiabe soliloquized, "but I'll be swindled if I looked for anything like this. Yes, sir, Cinnibar's shore a hummer."

His burros broke into a trot, braying with pleasurable anticipation as they smelled the water in the Blue Bird trough. Toyiabe followed stiffly and drank from the faucet at one end of the trough; then, straightening up, meditatively he wiped the glistening drops from his long gray beard and gazed upon the entrance to the Blue Bird. From within came the notes of a piano, hard-driven and sadly in need of tuning. A man with a nasal tenor was singing a syncopated melody descriptive of the charms of his baby doll; above the lilting chorus Toyiabe detected the incessant ring of cash registers, the crash of pool balls and the falsetto laughter of a Blue Bird siren.

He had planned to make a characteristic entrance to the Blue Bird and invite all hands to step up and name their poison; yet now that he stood just outside the door the place had no attraction for him.

"That feller in the jail winder has plumb spoiled my home-comin'," he murmured. "That noise is too durned noisy for me. Crack along, jacks, an' we'll hive up somewhere an' scoff."

In the rear of the office of the Cinnibar Expositor he found an inclosed lot, into which he drove his burros and unpacked. Then he went uptown, purchased half a sack of rolled barley, with which he fed the famished little beasts, and, this primal duty performed, sought a cheap neighboring restaurant and dined himself. At about half past seven he dropped in on Dan Briscoe.

The editor blessed the returned prodigal, for news was scarce that night and Hassyampa Jim and Toyiabe Tom were each worth a column—the former because he had died, and the latter because he had once owned a half interest in a now famous mine and had helped put Cinnibar on the map.

"You'll write up a nice piece about Hassyampa an' print it on the front page, won't you, Dan?" Toyiabe pleaded.

"Naturally," Dan Briscoe answered. "What are your plans, Toyiabe?"

"I dunno, Dan. I reckoned, if it was convenient, you might manage to keep me in spendin' money for a year on the balance of that ol' loan ——"

"You shall have the entire amount, principal and interest, to-morrow morning, Toyiabe. I'd have sent it long ago had I known your post-office address."

"Thanks, Dan, but I don't charge my friends no interest on an accommodation loan. You just let me have the principal, if it's convenient, an' I'll be happy. Speakin' o' my plans, however, I reckon I'll just be quietlike an' set around with people a while. If I could get some kind of a job here in Cinnibar I'd try to behave myself like a pet fawn. After a man passes the sixty mark, Dan, he gets kinder tame, you know."

"What kind of a job would you like, Toyiabe?"

"Oh, I dunno, Dan. Somethin' dignified—timekeeper in a mine or a soft political snap. I'm not particular."

Dan Briscoe's face lighted with a brilliant inspiration. "Toyiabe," he cried, "how would you like to be sheriff of Cinnibar County?"

"Would a cat eat liver?"

"Then," Dan Briscoe declared, "I'll try to land the office for you. We elected Pat Cadogan last November, but he died a week ago, and the County Commissioners meet to-night to appoint his successor for the unexpired term.

There are five commissioners, four of whom are deadlocked over two candidates, with the fifth and deciding vote on the fence. There isn't a man in Cinnibar County that isn't your friend, and if I go up there right away and spring your name as a compromise candidate ——"

He seized his hat and rushed out, leaving Toyiabe alone in his sanctum, where the old man spent the succeeding two hours reading old copies of the Expositor. Shortly after ten o'clock Dan Briscoe came whooping in.

"Well, I put you over, Toyiabe," he announced; "and you take the oath of office to-morrow afternoon."

"How—how did you do it?" Toyiabe sputtered.

"Oh, I'm something of a political boss, Toyiabe, and it doesn't do a man in Cinnibar County politics any good to have the Expositor knocking him. You got three out of the five votes."

Toyiabe, surprised and delighted, attempted to express his gratitude, but Dan Briscoe shouldered him good-naturedly out of his den. "One good turn deserves another, Toyiabe," he declared. "Shut up and get out of here, I have work to do."

So Toyiabe went out in the lot and leaned across the back of a burro and smoked and meditated, and resolved to settle down now and prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the great commonwealth of Cinnibar. As he spread his tarpaulin in the sand and rolled himself up in his blankets he rejoiced that he had been the recipient of this honor at the hands of the people on the eve of his reunion with Billy Boy.

III

TOYIABE did not formally take over the office of sheriff the next day, for what with the acquisition of a shave, a haircut, a bath, store clothes and congratulations without number, the day was almost gone before he had filed his bonds and taken the oath of office. He merely had time for a brief visit to the jail with Dan Briscoe, who introduced him to his deputies, jailers and other attachés of the office.

When he reported for duty next morning, however, it was characteristic of him to do so before sunrise, for Toyiabe had been rising at the first streak of dawn for the greater portion of his life, and he had not been in politics sufficiently long to have acquired the ten-till-four habit. Early as he was, however, the chief deputy was there before him.

"Hello," Toyiabe greeted him, "I didn't know you slept at the jail."

"I do not," the other replied, "but I had to get down early this morning. I've got to take Washoe William down to the state penitentiary at Carson City to be hung, and the train leaves at eight-thirty. That is," he added, wondering what Toyiabe's early arrival might portend, "unless you figure on taking him down yourself."

"I hadn't heard about him," Toyiabe replied, "an' I guess, if he's goin' to be hung, I don't care to have anything to do with him. Ridin' from Cinnibar to Carson City with a condemned man is a duty I ain't anxious to perform, son. Two days in such gloomy society would give me the fidgits, so you'd better 'tend to it. But before you light out, tell me who's that feller in the second-story cell in the wing facin' out on Big Smoky."

"You mean the fellow that stands at the window all the time?"

"I reckon that's the correct description."

"That's Washoe William. From daylight to dark he's at that window, and sometimes when it's dark the other prisoners tell me they can hear him tussling with the bars. Then when he's all worn out he cries like a kid until he falls asleep. He's the fellow that killed the county assessor."

"I want to see this Washoe William," Toyiabe replied, "so I'd be obliged, son, if you was to lead me to his cell an' give me the key to it. I want to have a little private talk with him."

"Certainly," the deputy replied, and two minutes later Toyiabe found himself inserting the big steel key in the door of Washoe William's cell. As he stepped inside he saw that the prisoner was in his old place at the window, his face pressed against the bars the while his yearning gaze wandered out over Big Smoky. For it was sunrise on the desert, and the sunrise, like the sunset, decks the waste in transient glory. The night shadows still hung in the cañons of the distant Painted Hills, but the oxide crests were aflame with the day that as yet was scarcely born. From Cinnibar across Big Smoky a white ribbon of trail wound into the eastern horizon, and down this trail the dawn light was sweeping like the herald of a great celestial spectacle. Through the open window filtered a breath of air, and it had in it the tang of early fall and the fragrant odor of sage. From afar came the cadence of a coyote complaint, and as Toyiabe locked the cell door behind him he saw Washoe William's big hands reach up and grip the bars and shake them, while from his big breast escaped a sigh that was half a sob.

"Mornin', pardner," Toyiabe saluted him. "I'm the new sheriff, Tom Jennings—Toyiabe Tom, the feller you was askin' about the other night ——"

The prisoner whirled from the window, and in the haggard wretch before him Toyiabe recognized the loved partner of happier days, and he understood now why they called him Washoe William!

"Billy Boy!" he cried, and rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Ol' Timer!" Billy Boy replied in a choking voice, and then Toyiabe's arms were round him and the boy was sobbing out the agony of his broken heart on the sheriff's shoulder.

Now when one partner goes to pieces that way it is up to the other to keep his head, and in this emergency Toyiabe kept his. He spoke no word, but held Billy Boy to his heart and let him weep. And after a long time Billy Boy said:

"Ol' Timer, I thought you wasn't ever goin' to come until too late. They're goin' to take me down to Carson to-day—and hang me for killin' a skunk—that wasn't worth—the powder. Yes, Ol' Timer, they're goin' to hang yore—Billy-pardner ——"

Toyiabe Tom Jennings' jaws came together in a queer twisted smile.

"I'm damned if they're goin' to," he retorted. "I got two thousand dollars Dan Briscoe paid me yesterday, an' I can borrow a thousand more, now that I'm sheriff, an' we'll fight this thing, Billy Boy. We'll carry it to the Supreme Court ——"

"It's been carried, Ol' Timer," Billy Boy answered hopelessly. "The high court turned me down day before yesterday an' the judge has ordered 'em to take me to the penitentiary. I swing in three weeks."

Still again Toyiabe smiled his queer twisted smile. He shook his head. They weren't going to hang his Billy Boy; not much, they weren't.

"They app'inted me sheriff to fill Pat Cadogan's unexpired term, Billy Boy," he said. "I s'pose"—and the queer

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THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

By Edward Mott Woolley

THE directors of the company held a meeting to devise some way of checking the ruinous losses. Only two of the ten factories had shown any profit for a year. The executives were quarreling among themselves and unloading responsibility.

"What we need," said one of the big stockholders, "is a man who has enough brute force to lash these fellows into line. This business needs a brute to run it."

They went out and tried to find a brute of the right caliber; but they could not locate one. Little brutes at from five to ten thousand dollars a year were plentiful; but a big brute, who could pull down ten times that salary, was not available. So the directors held another meeting.

"Let's go to the other extreme," somebody suggested, "and get a diplomat and organizer."

They went out again and hunted all up and down the byways of business, and presently they found a man who looked good to them. He was about the smoothest proposition in sight—a gentleman; a strategist; a man with a philosophy pretty much his own. He was the head of a smaller business, which he had built up by thoroughly original methods, and to get him required a very tempting offer. He wanted something like a million dollars in stock and a salary of a hundred thousand dollars a year.

The directors held several meetings before they came round to this stupendous proposal. Some of them still favored the brute idea; but finally they signed an agreement with the diplomat. And they called him Chairman of the Board.

The company already had a president, who possessed rather autocratic powers; but he was not what men call an organizer. He was pretty strong as a manufacturer, but weak in the art of manipulating men. The company retained him as the manufacturing head, but the Chairman of the Board stepped in above him; in fact, the chairman had *carte blanche* to go ahead and introduce his own philosophy of handling the organization.

The first thing the chairman did was to wire invitations to some twenty-odd executives throughout the country to take dinner with him in New York. At this dinner he outlined his new policy.

"This company," he said, "is going to abolish its military form of government and adopt a broader scheme of things. Gentlemen, you are going to govern yourselves."

This was the diplomat's way of putting it. In reality his plan of government is a rigid show-me policy, with the curse taken off. It is a system of government by committees. Under the leadership of the Chairman of the Board the company, which manufactures a variety of building equipment, has shown amazing growth, until to-day its plants number between thirty and forty and its ramifications reach round the world.

Those who do not know the chairman well are sometimes inclined to regard him as a figurehead in the company, and a man of comparative idleness. Ordinarily he breakfasts at nine in his suite at an uptown hotel. Then, if the going is not too icy, he takes a horseback ride in Central Park. About eleven he may be expected at his office. He goes to lunch at one-thirty and is likely to return at three. In the evening, if he has no dinner on hand, he is often at the theater. And in summer he is away for weeks at a time.

It is said of the chairman that seldom does he give an arbitrary order or trouble himself to discipline an executive. He is one of the best-humored and most accessible of men. If you have any business at all with him his secretary takes you in, and you find him sitting at an empty desk, apparently with nothing to do. If you linger too long, however, he gets up, offers you a glad hand and a winning smile, and says to you: "I am sorry that an engagement calls me away. Come in any time."

Then he goes into the next room, where he has another desk and another box of cigars.

The philosophy of the chairman is that the highest form of business management is not sweat, haste and worry, but quiet mental effort, devoted to the shrewd chess play of men. He believes that a policy of strategy, diplomacy and incentive will go ten times as far as military autocracy in business. He is neither a manufacturer nor a sales manager himself; but, without apparent effort, he moves the forces that sway a great organization. With true diplomacy he pits man against man—yet keeps them friends.

Most of the chairman's human manipulations are accomplished through his committee system, of which the Executive Committee is the most important. Most of the other committees are subsidiary bodies, with investigating powers—not executive. The subsidiary committees get the facts and report to the Executive Committee. This is how the chairman's scheme works out:

In Denver the company had a fiery manager who, for a year, had been in a feud with the company's manager at Omaha. The Denver manager had gone down into Oklahoma and made sales, though Oklahoma was in Omaha's territory. Denver argued that, since the buildings into which the equipment went were owned in Denver, the sales belonged to Denver. Omaha retaliated by going after sales in Denver territory.

One result was duplicated selling expense. At the time the chairman took hold the battle was on.

"I'd like to have you take dinner with me in New York," he wired each of these men.

When they reached New York they found quite a little banquet on. Dinners have always been a strong point with the chairman; but at this particular dinner there were several men who had quarrels with one another, and at first it looked as though the whole affair would be a grouch. It finished, however, with much bonhomie.

Out of a Manufacturing Committee came a Cost Committee, and out of that a Subcommittee on the Cost of Selling. Thus the chairman was beginning to get in his fine work. The job of the Subcommittee on the Cost of Selling was to investigate and report on ways of reducing this factor, and to show up each district in comparative statements. It was the old story of the deadly parallel. The manager from Denver and the manager from Omaha were both made members. It was up to them to stop fighting and get down to tacks.

Besides, why should men fight and be bad friends when they had the opportunity, by being good, of attending the delightful dinners of the Chairman of the Board? There are seldom any vacant places. The R. S. V. P. gets an affirmative by wire, at day rates.

Since the chairman came into the business the whole organization has been strong on dinners and the railroad fares have been heavy; but the expense seems to have been a productive one. Every dinner and every fare probably has hammered down the cost of manufacturing or selling, or resulted in some new product or policy.

If the full history of the various committees could be written the record would be one of the most extraordinary documents of business. Perhaps most spectacular of all

the chapters would be the story of the Cost Committee and its subsidiary committees. These have been the chairman's favorites. The heads of these committees are his protégés and are frequently his guests in New York or at summer or winter resorts.

On one occasion he called a general meeting of the chairmen of all committees connected with Costs of Manufacturing, to be held in Chicago on a midsummer day. On arriving in that city the members were taken to a chartered yacht, which proceeded to a Northern Michigan resort, with the chairman himself as host.

At the business meetings up there in the northern country the chairman presented an elaborate comparative statement of the costs of loading and unloading the raw material and finished products of the company. Every plant was shown up in magnified detail. There was an astonishing disparity of figures.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "we shall meet next winter in Florida and receive reports as to the reasons for this fluctuating scale of loading and unloading costs, together with recommendations for the reduction of such costs to a common level."

The reports were turned in the following February at Palm Beach. They reflected one of the most exhaustive studies ever made into the subject of handling costs. I have it on good authority that this study resulted in a saving of more than a million dollars a year through improved machinery and standardized methods. All the weak spots were exposed and contrasted with the strong spots—which is typically the method of the chairman. This scheme of things extends, you see, to the men themselves. The strong men loom up and dwarf the weaker ones, who are forced to fight in self-preservation.

Out of one of the chairman's dinners grew a Subcommittee on Wood Products and another on Metal Products. The company's output comprises both materials.

Now naturally you would expect a Committee on Metal Products to be made up wholly of men from the metal branches of the industry; but the chairman had a different viewpoint on organization. Into the Metal Committee he injected some wood experts, and into the Wood Committee he put some metal experts. He went farther, and into both committees he put men from the accounting department and from other branches of the business.

Mixed Committees

THE philosophy of this was explained to me by the chairman himself:

"Ideas come from all sorts of sources. Take a department store, for instance. When I was in a strictly mercantile business I discovered a man in the accounting department who for many years had been nurturing a vague idea for a truck-routing system down in the packing room. In all that time he had never even mentioned it to anybody connected with the packing room, though he had discussed the plan with his fellow bookkeepers. They were not interested in the packing room and they forgot what he said to them about as fast as he said it. But when I conceived the idea of a committee system of management I picked that bookkeeper for a member of the Packing and Delivery Committee—and it was then that his scheme first came to light.

"Eventually it revolutionized our whole plan of handling goods in the packing room. If I were running a department store to-day I should have a Committee on Delivery, and I should certainly put somebody on it from the accounting department; and I should have a Committee on Accounting, and likely as not one of the members would be from the delivery department. Then I should have a Committee on Women's and Children's Goods, and one on Men's and Boys' Goods; and they would trade members.

"Take the ordinary business, and you find the men in the different branches of it walking round and round in their own little circles. Did you ever know a manager of toys who took any interest in the millinery? Did you ever know the hardware man to go to the manager of women's suits with daily thoughts on dresses? Can you remember a manager of shoes who cared anything about books?

"Well, let me tell you what happened in our Committee on Metal Products. I put on that committee one of our auditors—a man who all his life had worked with figures—not with metal or wood. But, as it happened, he was just far enough removed from both to have an independent squint.

"'Gentlemen,' he said one day, 'we might use very economically some sort of composition as a substitute for metal in this and that product.' And he named certain rollers, handles, valves, bearings, and so on, things used in our equipment of buildings.

"The metal experts on the committee scoffed and said the thing was quite impossible. But it was not! We proceeded to develop such a composition on the order of the Executive Committee, which, you see, got the report of the Committee on Metal Products. And we lowered the cost of our product materially and sacrificed nothing in quality."

Another committee, or in reality a subcommittee of the executive body, is the Committee on Inventions.

This Study Resulted in a Saving of More Than a Million Dollars a Year

Formerly each of the company's factories had done its inventing independently. A mechanic in the St. Louis plant might have an idea of value to the Buffalo plant, but of no particular value to his own factory in St. Louis. He might even develop a machine or an appliance, and then, finding that it roused no interest, drop it. This sort of thing happened repeatedly.

When the Committee on Inventions was formed each factory head became a member of it. This committee meets periodically, commonly in New York, with one of the famous dinners of the chairman to inaugurate its sessions. Next day, at the business session in the general offices of the company, each committeeman reports on the various inventions of his particular plant—the records of such inventions having been preserved in detail through a system that includes foremen and superintendents and provides rewards.

This scheme of inventions works both ways—from the mechanics up to the Executive Committee, and from the Executive Committee down to the mechanics. The company once had a technical problem that involved the hardening of a fireproofing material in such a way as to avoid brittleness. The Committee on Inventions put the proposition up to each member, and each member in turn put it up to the men in his own plant. From the company's plant in Texas came a suggestion that resulted in the solution—a mere matter of changing the temperature under compression.

It is the chairman's scheme to make the New York headquarters a clearing house for the brains of the whole organization; and his job is to manage the clearing house. The actual brainwork of manufacturing and selling must be done by the men down the line. He sits in his office and pulls the strings that operate his kings, queens, bishops, knights and pawns.

At one of the banquets the chairman announced the formation of a Location Committee, to investigate the matter of existing and possible factory sites, and to report on the removal or abandonment of some of the plants. Five factory heads were named for this committee. Then up rose one of them, somewhat antagonistic to the chairman, who was then new in power.

"This committee may be very nice for the company," he said; "but if we work honestly some of the five committeemen may have to recommend the abandonment of their own plants."

"When I was a boy," replied the chairman, "I worked in a stock room. I was one of five stock boys, and our principal difficulty lay in keeping busy and fooling the boss. There was just about work enough for three boys; but the head boy, with devilish ingenuity, kept the younger boys on the scoot—moving goods back and forth, repiling them and duplicating motions. He was afraid to run that stock room on an efficiency plan lest his own job, being the highest paid, be imperiled. He kept on inventing ways to create work until the boss hired a sixth boy."

The Dream Bunch

"THIS company isn't built on that principle. The men who work out economies are not the ones who will lose their jobs. We need them in the extension of the business. We'll freeze out the others."

The Location Committee, aided by half a dozen subcommittees, made very extensive reports; and a regrouping of the plants reduced the number from ten to seven. It transpired that one of the members of the Location Committee did actually recommend the abolishment of the plant of which he had been the head. Instead of suffering from it, he was taken to New York and made a member of the general staff, and afterward was put in charge of the development of a new group of factories.

I saw some of the reports of the Location Committee. Many of them comprised exhaustive studies of raw material and transportation, each of these subjects being handled by a subcommittee. One report was a summary of rental conditions and showed, among other things, that by having operative headquarters in a certain city the office rental could be reduced a dollar and a half a square foot. Another report showed how four hundred clerks could be dropped.

The moral effect of the work of the Location Committee was very great. It showed the organization the uselessness of opposing investigation, and demonstrated that the men who helped it along would have more consideration from the company than those who tried to conceal things. Scores of minor workers who had to be let out temporarily were afterward reëmployed on the strength of the help they gave the Location Committee. The chairman made it clear that he would stand by all men who furthered the interests of the company. That is one secret of his strength.

One of the most interesting of the investigating bodies is the Future Business Committee. They call it the Dream Bunch.

"What will this company be doing five, ten, twenty years from now?" the chairman asks.

The Dream Bunch journeys into the future and answers him. Tendencies are analyzed, future statistics tabulated and opportunities dissected. This has led to the acquirement of factory facilities, raw material and fuel.

This committee, too, has a policy of scrutinizing everything produced by the Committee on Inventions, and looking at it in the light of the future. Now and then some invention suggests a new product and helps the company

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THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

NO MAN KNOWS

"Great Scott! She Was the Girl Whose Initials I Carved on the Big Beech Tree in Babson's Lot!"

GEORGE HENRY GUNN has two pale eyes of an aquarium color; Judge Antrim says he always expects to see a goldfish in one or the other of those globes. And yet, in the Back Room Club of the Phœnix Hotel, in Bodbank, Gunn is the expert on Love.

Some of George's hair is gray and some is the original faded yellow. It is hard to tell which is which; there is not much of either.

He is the ex-superintendent of the Bodbank Public Schools, the author of several privately published books, a perambulating compendium of useless facts, and the verbal historian of that region of Illinois. He can stand in the cemetery, which overlooks the Mississippi River, running like a flow of glucose through the Corn Belt, and, in starched cuffs with noisy links which rattle and clink, can point out to the doubting stranger the glories of the Middle West and the agricultural country in the midst of which the hopeful city of Bodbank grows optimistic or pessimistic overnight; or, turning to the graves, can punctuate with a thin, pale finger the genealogy of the living and the dead.

So it is true that there is more about Bodbank under little old George Henry Gunn's thin gray and pale yellow hair than in any dome on which Marcellus Fassett, who runs the Twentieth Century Barber Shop, has ever put his comb and shears.

No one in the whole growing population of Bodbank, however, knows why the Back Room Club of canny old Bodbankers has allowed the undersized, pathetic pedagogue, with his square-toed shoes, pedantic style, and cautious, well-considered choice of words, to claim a scholarship in the lore of women or establish himself as Professor Emeritus of Love.

Rufus P. Holland, ancient human dumpling and proprietor of the Phœnix Hotel, says:

"No sane witness would testify that there is anything about George H. touching on or appertaining to Cupid. Once in a while Fate makes, among them brigades of imitations, one real bachelor, who is so naturally a bachelor that he is not able to tell how he does it himself. Nobody knows how Gunn knows about what he knows. Anyone ought to expect that an expert in love has learned his trade, engaged in research, investigated the inner machinery, viewed the ground, taken surveys and measurements, and held some laboratory experiments. But I'll bet my last dollar that George Henry G. never sent a valentine or preserved a hair ribbon, played post office or hired a runabout at the livery stable, hid a photograph or plucked petals, cut a dime ring or allowed a woman to say 'It's me!' without correcting her. You'd no more expect to find the schoolmaster in love than a reformer in office."

One evening the wind was blowing the shutters on the old Phœnix Hotel, and even the warm air within the Back Room breathed by the little group of First Citizens smelled of snow.

"That breeze sounds like getting out of a hot tub in a cold bathroom," said Doctor Reeve with a shudder of affectation.

Gunn took off his glasses; he never used his eyes and mouth together. Furthermore, he always played with the black silk cord when he talked, which made all his conversation carry the atmosphere of the rostrum. He cast a professional glance at the little group to be sure they could be trusted with a confidential matter, then cleared his throat as one about to begin a travelogue.

Lecturers succeed according to their beards—not to have a Vandyke is to argue one's self unknown; but Gunn, having no Vandyke, did the best he could. In the most informal conversations he talked as though he not only had a Vandyke but held a pointer as well. If he said "Good morning" the person addressed received the idea that a picture was about to be thrown on a screen.

Now, however, Gunn asserted something extraordinary; with a voice modulated so that notice was served that the matter was to be between friends. He said:

"Never do I hear a cold wind like that without wondering why she did it."

"I did not catch the name," said Dame, the Illinois Apple King, letting the ashes from a Bodbank Guards Cigar fall down his waistcoat. He knew very well he had heard every word, but he desired to render first aid to a narrative.

"Victoria Rae," said Gunn.

"She has changed it?"

"Alas, some years ago!" the schoolmaster said with a sigh.

He went on:

At the A. T. S. Convention in 1893 I read a paper entitled The Child, the Preceptor and the Home, which attracted favorable notice and led to my induction as principal of the Bodbank High School. In that office I first learned something of Victoria Rae, who was then in the bloom—I choose the word carefully—in the bloom of sixteen.

Had I been interrogated as to the healthiest child in the school I should have named Victoria. Had I been asked as to which was endowed with the most active mind I should have answered: "Victoria." And if anyone had inquired which girl had the greatest capacity for creating mischief I should have exhibited the deportment record of Victoria.

She was an unusual young lady, dangerously endowed with gifts of beauty and promise; and it was she who discovered that by turning on a gas jet and putting one's lips over the burner and blowing persistently the illuminating medium could be driven out of the schoolhouse, the pipes filled with human breath, which cannot be ignited, and the schoolhouse left in darkness in the late-afternoon winter sessions.

This genius sprang from strange sources. Her maternal parent was a plain Southern woman whose husband was said to have left her in Nashville, Tennessee, two days after he speculated in the awesome experiment of marriage. Mrs. Rae had the agency for an Akron manufacturing-oculist concern and went about in a buggy, fitting glasses to farmers' wives whose vision had been perfect until the day Mrs. Rae drove into the yard and took out her eye-test diagrams.

Poor woman! She believed she was doing a great service in earning a scant living for herself and Victoria; but when even that failed to lighten the sickly-brown color of her life, she could fall back on the glorious fact that Victoria did not inherit pesky moles.

At sixteen, Victoria was a willowy, sinewy colt, unconscious of being feminine, and falling out of apple trees; at twenty, without attaching much importance to her possession, she had learned in front of the mirror, or by the reflection of herself that she saw in the faces of men—even of men much older than she—the feminine power she could wield.

She lived in a one-story cottage on Sanford Street. The parlor was in need of new wall paper and had a gloomy clock; behind it, through a door that was warped so that it would not shut, was the kitchen, where water escaping from old plumbing dripped noisily and eternally into an iron sink. However, in Bodbank there was no young man who had not sat or yearned to sit on those chairs, covered with haircloth, the broken ends of which thrust up their invisible stings.

No place in town had so many mosquitoes as Victoria's porch. No gate in the city had so much mud in front of it in wet weather—nor so much dust in dry spells. Victoria was not considered among Bodbank's best people, and the extra-best young ladies were heard to say that Victoria must be taking some unfair advantage of them, such as kisses. But, in spite of what was said, more boots were taken off by unmarried men at home with the mud or the dust of Sanford Street on them than any other kind; and more mosquito bites were borne in her name than by the memory of Job.

Weighing the data carefully one came to the conclusion that Victoria was a desirable girl. Her figure was entrancing; but she also had a wholesome, sympathetic mind. The brown hair about her ears curled silkily in a way to engage one's fancy; but she also could carry on a conversation with a man of forty and acquit herself prettily. She had even, white teeth; but she also had at that time a regard for the opinion of the neighbors. She had a laugh so rare that it sounded like silver, gold and platinum; but she also had a seriousness that made a young man wish he had always done differently. She could sing like a bird—her greatest accomplishment—but she also could neglect her practice and her lessons like a girl who feels that grand opera will learn to swallow its chagrin if she never draws a fabulous honorarium for vocal effort.

"It is hard to describe her effect on me," said Joseph Ayer, than whom no other man has so much record of flirtations. "I am an old hand, George; but if you ever had the hose played in your face in an August scorcher when you have had no drink since morning and have been running to a fire, you'd understand. It is a kind of delightful confusion."

Such a person at that time was Victoria Rae.

The best young ladies were wrong. They are usually wrong. Men did not stop to want to kiss Victoria; they rushed past that and wanted to marry her. It is an

observation I have often made, to which youthful females pay but little attention, that kisses are usually asked for by those who come into the store intending to spend nothing. Victoria may have given a good-natured kiss here and there; but it was because she was generous and not because she was a fool.

Until one spring evening, however, at a time when she had been out of the high school nearly two years, my knowledge of Victoria was the knowledge of long-distance hearsay.

I have lived for a good many years alone in the second story of Mrs. Adams' house across from the spot where Enoch Sands was murdered. The smoke from my old pipe has descended into the widow's domain, and the accursed odor of cauliflower and sweet, simmering pickles has risen to mine.

A Great Mountain of Dishes Was Crying Out to be Washed and Put Away for the Many Thousandth Time

For some time this was a reciprocity of nasal irritation; and, at last, after saying many things we did not mean, I suggested that I order the carpenters to board up the inside stairs and that I build stairs to my rooms on the outside of the house. Except for the fact that she covers those external steps with tomatoes to ripen in the sunlight and to yield so willingly to the surprised foot after dark, the arrangement is satisfactory. It gives me a separate entrance and prevents my being wakened by the outcries the widow loosens when she is in her nightmares.

It was nearly midnight on that spring evening when I heard soft footsteps coming up my stairs. I had been reading under my lamp and listening to the Hylodes, which you know under the name of tree toads, peeping the coming of the summer down on the banks of the Mississippi. It was startling to have so late a visitor. Not until I opened my screen door did I see it was a man, coming into the light with a smiling face.

"Odzods!" said I. "It is Joel Rood!"

He knocked the volume of Boswell's Life of Johnson out of my hand and squeezed my fingers in his wild young grip.

Sometimes we pedagogues, who teach only to be hated by our beneficiaries, draw the affection of an individual scholar here and there. Six years before, Joel had been one of them; and after his family moved away from Bodbank, and he had gone to college, he wrote me kind and thankful letters from time to time. He was the species of man who does not soon forget. You shall see.

"What are you doing in Bodbank?" I asked. "I understood you were on railroad construction work near Denver. So you came to-night?"

"Old scenes called me back," said he.

"You must have been viewing the city with pleasure on this night of impenetrable darkness," I said ironically.

"And old faces," he said.

I looked at his own. It was a handsome countenance, finely molded, but full of vitality and mischief reflecting the activity of his mind. He was brown with the outdoor life of an engineer; he was stalwart, tall and restless with his youth—a fine figure of a lad.

"And young faces," he added.

"More than one?" I asked.

He laughed and told me that he did not mean more than one, and the one was that of Victoria Rae.

"So you have been up there?"

"The mosquitoes were terrible!" he said proudly.

"Tell me what brought you back to Bodbank?"

He had finished his work in Colorado and was going to South America, where railroads were to be built in Brazil. In Denver he had met a young Norcross, who had been expelled some years before from the Bodbank High School. Norcross came to visit him, and in the top tray of his trunk was a B. H. S. Annual, which fell open and attracted Rood's attention.

When he had come to the picture of Victoria Rae he asked Norcross for her name. "Great Scott!" he had said. "She was the girl whose initials I carved on the big beech tree in Babson's lot!" And he had laughed; but later he had gone back to look at the picture. He said the half-tone appeared to want to part its lips and speak to him, as though it had a message. I often wonder what he would have done had he known what that message was to be.

"She haunted me," he said. "I am glad I came back. She is a wonderful woman. She was glad to see me. I'll be in Bodbank several days, I think."

He looked about and yawned, and pointed to my old lounge.

"Let me sleep there," he said.

At that moment he appeared as a healthy young animal. Eager for love and power, on the scent of success, brimming over with good nature, grateful for life, he was filled with the strange inspiration that Victoria could pour into a man. And he slept like a log. The next morning he went off with a laugh; and though he stayed not only several days but several weeks in Bodbank I did not talk with him soon again.

The leaves came out on the trees of our streets; and the mud of the level, Illinois country roads, which lay out the region in huge squares, dried with the hotter suns, and to my ears came the tongues of the gossips saying that Joel was courting Victoria.

"He better hurry!" said Mrs. Adams to me. "He better use the snatch-and-run method. He better be demonstrative and impatient. He better let her know he wants her. A new broom sweeps clean, but it's got to sweep when it's new."

I looked up the street at Joel and the girl strolling side by side—twenty and twenty-five. She had taken off her hat and was swinging it by the ribbons; and he hit at the maple leaves, which drooped toward their heads, with the palm of his brown hand. It was a pretty picture, and I often recall it when I am thinking of what has become of both of them.

"No need to hurry," said I.

Mrs. Adams leaned over the top rail of the garden fence and shook her head.

"Sometimes older men make stronger cases," she said. "You don't know anything about love; you've never been married, same as me. The man to worry about when you're thinking of Victoria is that old Spalding."

"Angus Spalding!" I said.

"Yes, sir—Angus Spalding."

Everybody in Bodbank knew Gus Spalding. He grew up in Bodbank. He had gone away to be a commercial traveler and had sown enough wild oats to perplex a harvesting machine. When he had sown all he had he came back, with a record in salesmanship that began with large machinery orders and ended with a cake of soap. He loafed round and strolled round Bodbank. No one knew where he got his good clothes. He had a weakness for equipment. He had a watch chain with a pair of nail scissors on one end and a patent pencil on the other. He carried a little comb in his upper waistcoat pocket. He had a keyring loaded with keys, though the only lock we believed he ever approached was on the front door of his boarding house. He wore elastic bands to keep his shirt sleeves up; his suspenders were embroidered; his shoes were always in the latest extreme style and yet were always shabby looking and needing polish. His ties were made up with flaps to go under the corners of his collar; so that once at the railroad station when he was making one of his low, courtly bows, it fell off and bounced round on the platform.

There was nothing bad about the big and rather pudgy Angus. He talked of his "days"—as he called them—in large terms. He loved to speak of the fast-going men with whom he claimed a past association. He conjured with the names of race-track celebrities and notorious rounders as though he were conjuring with the names of the good and great; and, what is more, he made an impression. But he could not any longer afford to be bad. Badness had beaten him. He admitted the decisive defeat. And he took up a neutral position between goodness and badness. He justified his past, but with his soft and flabby white hand raised; he told of the wisdom of goodness, and this served to project dignity into his future.

"Yesterday a man saw Spalding in my store and heard him talk about several hundred thousand dollars," said Goldman, the Tobacconist, who knows all Bodbank secrets, can name the women in town who smoke cigarettes—and likes to do it. "The man wanted to know what Spalding did for a living. I told him it was a mystery; for sometimes he has as much as seventy-five cents or two dollars, and a dime and a nickel."

The fact was, Spalding scraped along in a marvelous manner. So well did he succeed that many sane people believed him when he said he was a promoter. When persons hear that a man is a promoter it sounds as though he not only is but has been a promoter. No one thinks of a promoter who has promoted, is promoting and will promote nothing. The title is taken at face value, full of the magic secret affluence. A promoter is thought to be a man whose profits come in larger lumps the longer he is obliged to wait. Next to saying that you are an inventor it is the height of wariness to say that you are a promoter.

In those days Spalding could talk glibly through his thick lips about "schemes." He had "propositions." He spoke of "construction estimates." He grouped his plans, he said, according to whether they were "industrials" or "public services." He spoke of "authorized and issued shares." He said he had "a little deal on." Figures rolled round on his tongue and fell off in strings of six. He talked of small fortunes with an air of carelessness.

His one virtue was that when he was not too lazy he could be entertaining. He had the faculty of making commonplace incidents of the humdrum life of the world amusing and laughable. And without any more sincerity than that with which he deluded himself he could take toward the weak and the helpless a tender, fatherly attitude. He could make one think he had borne great suffering and was a brother with all sufferers. When there were no sufferers present he would create imaginary sufferers, and tell about them, and pronounce his good-natured

"I Said I Had Shown My Good Faith by Being Willing to Give Up the Only Woman I Had Ever Loved"

benediction over them with an eloquent motion of a hand that was never quite dirty and never quite clean.

To Victoria he showed his best side: his good nature; his best waistcoats; his conversion from sin; his new tie; his salesmanlike facility of conversation, which made the younger men seem stiff and expressionless dummies. Casually he dropped dazzling showers of suggestions about his prospects. The money did not attract Victoria; it was the bigness of the personality that could deal with the world in so large a way.

There was nothing callow or silly in what he said to her. He was different from the others. He was either addressing her entertainingly, with a facile brilliancy, or offering her a tribute of wisdom which appeared as coming from a mind of distinction. He never did any love-making, except to tell her that if he had some girl like herself his life would be so much more a credit. He made love circuitously; he was traveling toward forty years, and he was a fox. One evening he gave her a prayer book that he said had belonged to his mother!

At last Joel Rood came to me again, as suddenly and as unexpectedly as on the night he had arrived in Bodbank. This time it was at noon.

He was white; his strong mouth was firm; distress unweighable was in his eyes. The sunlight made it the more evident.

"I am going," he said bitterly. "You'll never see me in Bodbank again. She is the only woman I've ever loved. Give me your hand. Not a word! Good-by!"

That was many years ago.

Victoria Rae married Angus Spalding and Bodbank made but little comment.

"If she had crushed her foot they'd have sent her flowers and talked about the shame of it for a week," said Goldman, the Tobacconist. "When a woman ruins her life they are a dumb lot. The worst of it is, they don't always know she has done it. There are few human beings who can tell a good from a bad cigar, and fewer who can tell a good from a worthless man. I see by the Pilot that they had a small but pretty wedding, and have gone to Hot Springs for a brief honeymoon."

The newly-married couple went to live in the same little cottage with Victoria's mother, who had sold eyeglasses until a stroke of paralysis had left her stone-blind and a helpless invalid. Every day about noontime Gus made a round of the tobacco stores, the pharmacies and the doorsteps of the Bodbank National Bank and the Bodbank Trust Company; he always talked of a "proposition for a big deal," and of a syndicate with which he was quarreling about terms, and always complained because Bodbank had an "unprogressive spirit," so that it was hard to "overcome inertia and get anything buttoned up."

Every night he protested about the mosquitoes and the mud in front of the Sanford Street cottage. He scratched his ankles and looked down dismally at the unpolished shoes of extreme style, and sometimes told the neighbors that he was living in a way that was uncomfortable to him and in a measure humiliating; but that it was necessary for him and Vixie, as he called her, to "stick there as long as the old lady lived."

At last Mrs. Rae stared up with her sightless eyes at the ceiling of her bedroom; and when Victoria came out of the kitchen, where she had been preparing dinner, she knew by the astonishing stillness that something besides blindness had now extinguished her mother's vision.

Doctor Reeve told me about it.

"When I got there I found Victoria—very pale and beautiful—at the bottom of the bed, trying to realize," said he; "but Spalding was in the kitchen in front of the dinner his wife had set before him. And he had piled a great spoonful of mashed potatoes on his plate, and filled his mouth with it so he could not speak; but he waved his hand at me."

The death of Victoria's mother, however, did not result in their seeking other quarters. I was on the board of assessors, and the Collector told me late in the season that, for the first time in all its history, the taxes on the Rae cottage had not been paid.

"Victoria laughed when I went there about it," he told me. "She tried to laugh. Finally she said it was just an oversight. That was a month ago."

"Have they been paid?" I asked him.

"No," he said.

Gus, however, began to have an interest in the little place. He had developed backaches, which on some days kept him from "going down town to work." He worked during the second summer on a fence round the house and lot. Lumber was necessary, and he ordered it from Davidson's yard on the Levee.

A year afterward Victoria paid the bill after a threat of an attachment on her piano. I do not know where she got the money.

She wanted to keep the piano because she wished to keep her voice. Her singing was her one pride, which would be hard for outside circumstances to humble; and though, as Mrs. Adams said, Victoria could do more washing and ironing without spoiling her hands, and more cooking and scrubbing without spoiling her face, than any other woman in Bodbank, she always found time for practice. And many a farmer who had not driven into Bodbank to attend church for years clucked a horse or drove a motor car up to the Second Church to hear her clear soprano.

The Increase in Expenses Prevented the Hiring of a Servant; Victoria Undertook to Do All the Work

"I've just driven a well out on my place," said Bennett Evans. "And call me a liar if the water ain't just as clear and sweet as Vic Spalding's voice!"

"Speaking of her," said Fassett, the barber, laying down the copy of the Sporting Mirror, "I notice she grows better-looking all the time and dresses poorer, and Gus grows poorer-looking all the time and dresses better."

This was true. Gus was able to look well because he went down town less and less.

"He isn't hard on either clothes or shoes," Mrs. Adams told me. "Two or three times a week he walks down Gray Street toward Main, looking as though he was one of our best citizens; but at home he certainly does like to read the newspaper in his stocking feet, and put on old things and lay round. He dresses up for the folks that don't care how he looks, and then goes home and looks like a last year's bird's nest when his wife can see, and she is the only one who cares. She is crazy to have him look tidy."

I reflected that it is possible to tell when a wife is wondering how much of a mistake she made when she was married; one of those times is when a certain kind of wife goes round telling everybody how happy she is, and what a fine fellow her husband has proved to be. She means well. Some persons might think she was trying to deceive the neighbors. That is not it. She is trying to deceive herself. Victoria tried this method.

I do not see how it could have been successful. She must have known that Gus was good for nothing. She had been ambitious socially and it must have been displeasing to her to see him fall back into slouchy habits, such as chewing a toothpick when her friends came to call. She must have noticed that fewer and fewer people came, until Gus could count on no one's dropping in during an evening and, therefore, feel safe in taking off his shoes. She must have known that her husband was becoming more and more a parasite, in spite of the fact that she could boast that he was affectionate and patient, and had fine conversational ideals of life and conduct.

She had been brought up to abhor the dishonor of debt, and during the first few years, when her church singing yielded only an inadequate income, and when the almost endless patience of the grocer, the plumber, the doctor and the butcher was being exhibited in giving Gus credit, which he piled up into a mountain of claims, it must have been bitter to her to hear Gus talk glibly to a creditor about deals that would soon yield him a handsome profit—"deals"—which she had learned to know were sickeningly unreal.

I recall that I went to Chicago one winter, and was waiting near the station for my train when I saw coming toward me Mrs. Emmett, of the Emmett Grocery Supply House. At my nod she stopped to talk with me about a daughter who was in my care at the school; but as we conversed my eyes centered on a necklace she wore—an old gold chain, curiously fashioned, to which was attached a pendant of lapis lazuli.

There could not have been more than one of those examples of the ancient jewelers' art in all the world. And that one example had been brought to Bodbank from Tennessee by Mrs. Rae. She had given it to Victoria on her sixteenth birthday; and Victoria had worn it proudly, and no doubt had intended to keep it forever.

I knew that Mrs. Emmett wore it now because she was the wife of Mr. Emmett, and because Mr. Emmett was the owner of the Emmett Grocery and Supply House, and because the Emmett Grocery and Supply House was where the Spaldings had had "that little account." The chain of causes spoke of Victoria's humiliation; of credit refused; of gossips' tongues—perhaps of lonely tears.

I wondered what would become of a beautiful woman driven so desperately. I made an unspoken guess.

"I am the one, and the only one, who sees her eyes red," said Mrs. Adams. "And I cannot understand how she puts on such a brave face for the others. I can't see how she pretends to like the way Gus calls her 'My little Vixie!' and the way he talks to the first one who will listen, and before everybody, about 'My wonderful dear little pal!' and the way he acts, as though he was some tower of strength watching over a defenseless, weak and delicate creature. But she puts on the brave face just the same.

"She looks like last year's styles and seems happy about it. She has to blush every time she meets a tradesman on the street, but it does not seem to rob her of her beauty sleep. She works like a dog to get Gus his meals and to wash his clothes; and yet she sings. She has seen all her friends shy away; but she talks about her social duties in Bodbank. And in spite of everything she grows more and more beautiful."

It was true. Not only would half of Bodbank have voted her the finest character in the city, but a big majority would have elected her as our most distinguished-appearing and beautiful woman. Her figure had filled out, without the loss of any of her vivacity and grace; her eyes had grown expressive, without any dimming of their clear youth; her mouth was more tender, but it had kept its pink flexibility. She had retained the powdery softness of her skin and the lights still played in her brown hair. She had managed to add to her ability to see clearly life and men and things and books, and to be able to talk of them so that anyone would be glad to listen to her quiet and fascinating comments.

When at last she had to shoulder the entire burden of the childless family she did it in masterly fashion. Her voice was in its full development; and with it she went out into the world and succeeded in earning something more than a Bodbank living. A musical bureau in Chicago sent her out on trips with a quartet; and as time passed

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THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

V

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THERE was a babel of voices as the long train came to a standstill in the harbor station at Ostend. Selingman with characteristic forcefulness pushed his way down the narrow corridor, driving before him passengers of less weight and pertinacity, until finally he reached the platform itself. Norgate, who had followed meekly in his wake, stood listening for a moment to the confused streams of explanations. He understood well enough what had happened, but with Selingman at his elbow he assumed an air of noncomprehension.

"It is extraordinary!" Selingman exclaimed. "Never do I choose this route but I am visited with some mishap. You hear what has happened?"

"Fellow's trying to tell me," Norgate replied, "but his Flemish is worse to understand than German."

"The steamer," Selingman announced, "has met with an accident entering the harbor. There will be a delay of at least six hours, possibly more. It is most annoying. My appointments in London have been fixed for days."

"Bad luck!" Norgate murmured.

"You do not seem much distressed."

"Why should I be? I really came this way because I was not sure whether I should not stay here for a few days."

"That is all very well for you," Selingman declared as they followed their porters into the shed; "but I am a man of affairs. For me it is different. My business goes by clockwork. All is regulated by rule, with precision and punctuality. Now I shall be many hours behind my schedule. I shall be compelled to alter my appointments—I who pride myself always upon altering nothing. But behold, one must make the best of things! What a sunshine! What a sea! We shall meet without a doubt upon the Plage. I have friends here and I must seek them. *Au revoir*, my young traveling companion. To the good fortune!"

They drifted apart, and Norgate, having made arrangements about his luggage, strolled through the town and on to the promenade. It was early for the full season at Ostend, but the sands were already crowded with an immense throng of children and holiday-makers. The hotels were all open, and streams of people were passing backward and forward along the front. Norgate, who had no wish to meet acquaintances, passed the first period of his enforced wait a little wearily. He took a taxicab and drove as far as Knocke. Here he strolled across the links and threw himself down finally among a little wave of sandy hillocks close to the sea.

The silence and some remains of the sleepiness of the previous night soon began to have their natural effect. He closed his eyes and began to doze. When he awoke curiously enough it was a familiar voice that first fell upon his ears. He turned his head cautiously. Seated not a dozen yards away from him was a tall thin man with a bag of golf clubs by his side. He was listening with an air of engrossed attention to his companion's impressive remarks. Norgate, raising himself upon his elbow, no longer had any doubts. The man stretched upon his back on the sand, partly hidden from sight by a little grass-grown undulation, was his late traveling companion.

"You do well, my dear Marquis, believe me!" the latter exclaimed. "Property in Belgium is valuable to-day. Take my advice and sell. There are so many places where one may live, where the climate is better for a man of your constitution."

"That is all very well," his companion replied querulously, "but remember that Belgium after all is my country. My château and estates came to me by inheritance. Notwithstanding the frequent intermarriages of my family with the aristocracy of your country, I am still a Belgian."

"Ah, but my dear friend," Selingman protested, "you are more than a Belgian, more than a man of local nationality. You are a citizen of the world of intelligence. You are able to see the truth. The days are coming when small states may exist no longer without the all-protecting arm of a more powerful country. I say no more than this. The position of Belgium is artificial. Of her own will, or of necessity, she must soon become merged in the onward flow of mightier nations."

"You Talk All the Time to Mademoiselle l'Américaine. But for Me it is Dull"

"What about Holland then?"

"Holland too," Selingman continued, "knows the truth. She knows very well that the limit of her days as an independent kingdom is almost reached. The power that has absorbed the states of Prussia into one mighty empire pauses only to take breath. There are many signs ——"

"But my worthy friend," the other man interrupted irritably, "you must take into consideration the fact that Belgium is in a different position. Our existence as a separate kingdom might certainly be threatened by Germany, but all that has been foreseen. Our neutrality is guaranteed. Your country has pledged its honor to maintain it, side by side with France and England. What have we to fear then?"

"You have to fear, Marquis," Selingman replied ponderously, "the inevitable laws that direct the progress of nations. Treaties solemnly subscribed to in one generation become worthless as time passes and conditions change."

"But I do not understand you there!" the other man exclaimed. "What you say sounds to me like a reflection upon the honor of your country. Do you mean to insinuate that she would possibly—that she would ever for a moment contemplate breaking her pledged and sealed word?"

"My friend," Selingman pronounced dryly, "the path of honor and glory, the onward progress of a mighty, struggling nation, carrying in its hand culture and civilization, might demand even such a sacrifice. Germany recognizes and is profoundly imbued with the splendor of her own ideals, the matchlessness of her own culture. She feels justified in spreading herself out wherever she can find an outlet—at any cost, mind—because the end must be good."

There was a moment's silence. Then the tall man stood up.

"If you came out to find me, my friend Selingman, to bring me this warning, I suppose I should consider myself your debtor. As a matter of fact I do not. You have inspired me with nameless misgivings. Your voice sounds in my ears like the voice of an ugly fate. I am, as you have often reminded me, half German, and I have shown my friendship for Germany many times. Unlike most of the aristocracy of my country I look more often northward than toward the south. But I tell you frankly that there are limits to my Germanism. I will play no more golf. I will walk with you to the clubhouse."

"Not all that I have to say," Selingman went on, "is yet said. This opportunity of meeting you is too precious to be wasted. Come, as we walk there are certain questions I wish to put to you."

They passed within a few feet of where Norgate was lying. He closed his eyes and held his breath. It was not until their figures were almost specks in the distance that he rose cautiously to his feet. He made his way back to the clubhouse by another angle, gained his taxicab unobserved and drove back to Ostend.

Toward evening Norgate strolled into one of the cosmopolitan bars at the back of the Casino. The first person he saw as he handed over his hat to a waiter was Selingman, comfortably settled upon a cushioned seat with a young lady at either side of him. He at once summoned Norgate to his table.

"An *apéritif*," he insisted. "Come, you must not refuse me. In two hours we start, and must tear ourselves away from this wonderful atmosphere. In atmosphere, mesdemoiselles," he added, bowing to the right and to the left, "all is included."

"It is not," Norgate admitted, "an invitation to be disregarded. On the other hand, I have already an appetite."

Selingman thundered out an order.

"Here," he remarked, "we dwell for a few brief moments in Bohemia. I do not introduce you. You sit down and join us and you are one of us. That you speak only English counts for nothing. Mademoiselle Alice here is American. Now tell us at once, how have you spent this afternoon? You have bathed, perhaps, or walked upon the sands?"

Norgate was on the point of speaking of his excursion to Knocke, but was conscious of Selingman's curiously intent gaze. The spirit of duplicity seemed to grow upon him.

"I walked for a little way," he said. "Afterward I lay upon the sands and slept. When I found that the steamer was still further delayed I had a bath. That was half an hour ago. I asked a man whom I met on the promenade where one might dine lightly but well, in traveling clothes, and he sent me here—and here, for my good fortune, I am."

"It is a pity that monsieur does not speak French," one of Selingman's companions murmured.

"But, mademoiselle," Norgate protested, "I have spoken French all my life. Herr Selingman here has misunderstood me. It is German of which I am ignorant."

The young lady, who immediately introduced herself as Mademoiselle Henriette, turned to Selingman.

"We dine here all together, my friend, is it not so?" she begged. "He will not be in the way, and for myself I am *triste*. You talk all the time to Mademoiselle l'Américaine, perhaps because she is the friend of some one in whom you are interested. But for me it is dull. Monsieur l'Anglais shall talk with me, and you may hear all the secrets that Alice has to tell. We," she murmured, looking up at Norgate, "will speak of other things, is it not so?"

For a moment Selingman hesitated. Norgate would have moved on with a little farewell nod, but Selingman's companions were insistent.

"It shall be a *partie carrée*," they both declared, almost in unison.

"You need have no fear," Mademoiselle Henriette continued: "I will talk all the time to monsieur. He shall tell me his name and we shall be very great friends. I am not interested in the things of which they talk, those others. You shall tell me of London, monsieur, and how you live there."

"Join us by all means," Selingman invited.

"On condition that you dine with me," Norgate insisted as he took up the menu.

"Impossible!" Selingman declared firmly.

"Oh, it matters nothing," Mademoiselle Henriette exclaimed, "so long as we dine."

"So long," Mademoiselle Alice interposed, "as we have this brief glimpse of Mr. Selingman, let us make the best of it. We see him only because of an accident. I think we must be very nice to him and persuade him to take us to London to-night."

Selingman's shake of the head was final.

"Dear young ladies," he said, "it was delightful to find you here. I came upon the chance; I admit, but who in Ostend would not be here between six and eight? We dine, we walk down to the quay, and if you will you shall wave your hands and wish us *bon voyage*. But London just now is sad. It is here you may live the life the good Lord sends, where the sun shines all the time and the sea laps the sands like a great blue lake, and you, mesdemoiselles, can wear those wonderful costumes and charm all hearts. There is nothing like that for you in London."

They ate dinner and walked afterward down to the quay. Mademoiselle Henriette lingered behind with Norgate.

"Let them go on," she whispered; "they have much to talk about. It is but a short distance and your steamer will not start before ten. We can walk slowly and listen to the music. You are not in a hurry, monsieur, to depart? Your stay here is too short already."

Norgate's reply, although gallant enough, was a little vague. He was watching Selingman and his companion. They were talking together with undoubted seriousness.

"Who is Mr. Selingman?" he inquired. "I know him only as a traveling companion."

Mademoiselle Henriette extended her hands. She shrugged her little shoulders and looked with wide-open eyes up into her companion's grave face.

"But who indeed can answer that question?" she exclaimed. "Twice he has been here for flying visits. Once Alice has seen him in Berlin. He is, I believe, a very wealthy manufacturer there. He crosses often to England. He has money and he is always gay."

"And Mademoiselle Alice?"

"Who knows?" was the somewhat pointless reply. "She came from America. She arrived here this season with Monsieur le Général."

"What general?" Norgate asked. "A Belgian?"

"But, no," his companion corrected. "All the world knows that Alice is the friend of General le Foys, chief of the staff in Paris. He is a very great soldier. He spends eleven months working and one month here."

"And she is also," Norgate observed meditatively, "the friend of Herr Selingman. Tell me, mademoiselle, what do you suppose those two are talking of now? See how close their heads are together. I don't think that Herr Selingman is a Don Juan."

"They speak perhaps of serious matters," his companion surmised; "but who can tell? Besides, is it for us to waste our few moments wondering? You will come back to Ostend, monsieur?"

Norgate looked back at the streaming curve of lights flashing across the dark waters.

"One never knows," he answered.

"That is what Monsieur Selingman himself says," she remarked with a little sigh. "'Enjoy your Ostend to-day, little ones,' he told us when he first met us this evening. 'One never knows how long these days will last.' So, monsieur, we must indeed part here?"

They had all come to a standstill at the gangway of the steamer. Selingman had apparently finished his conversation with his companion. He hurried Norgate off, and they waved their hands from the deck as a few minutes later the steamer glided away.

"A most delightful interlude," Selingman declared. "I have thoroughly enjoyed these few hours. I trust that every time this steamer meets with a little accident it will be at this time of the year and when I am on my way to England."

"You seem to have friends everywhere," Norgate observed as he lit a cigar.

"Young ladies, yes," Selingman admitted. "It chanced that they were both well known to me. But who else?"

"It is something," Norgate replied, "to find charming young ladies in a strange place to dine with one."

Selingman smiled broadly.

"If we traveled together often, my young friend," he said, "you would discover that I have friends everywhere. If I have nothing else to do I go out and make a friend. Then when I revisit that place it loses its coldness. There is some one there to welcome me. Look steadily in that direction, a few points to the left of the bow. In two hours' time you will see the lights of your country. I have friends there, too, who will welcome me. Meantime, I go below to sleep. You have a cabin?"

Norgate shook his head.

"I shall doze on deck for a little time," he said.

"It is well for me that it is calm," Selingman acknowledged. "I do not love the sea. Shall we part for a little time? If we meet not at Dover, then in London, my young friend. London is the greatest city in the world, but it is the smallest place in Europe. One cannot move in the places one knows of without meeting one's friends."

"Until we meet in London then," Norgate replied as he settled himself down in his chair.

VI

NORGATE spent an utterly fruitless morning on the day after his arrival in London. After a lengthy but entirely unsatisfactory visit to the Foreign Office, he presented himself round midday at Scotland Yard.

"I should like," he announced, "to see the chief commissioner of the police."

The official to whom he addressed his request eyed him tolerantly.

"Have you by any chance an appointment?" he asked.

"None," Norgate admitted. "I arrived from the Continent only this morning."

The policeman shook his head slowly.

"It is quite impossible, sir," he said, "to see Sir Philip without an appointment. Your best course is to write and state your business, and his secretary will then fix a time for you to call."

"Very much obliged to you, I'm sure," Norgate replied. "However, my business is urgent, and if I can't see Sir Philip Morse kindly allow me to see some one else in authority."

Norgate took a seat in a barely-furnished waiting room and picked up a copy of The Times. In about twenty minutes he was told that a Mr. Tyritt would see him, and was promptly shown into the presence of that gentleman. Mr. Tyritt was a burly and black-bearded gentleman of something more than middle age. He glanced down at Norgate's card in a somewhat puzzled manner, and motioned him to a seat.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he inquired. "Sir Philip is very much engaged for the next few days, but perhaps you can tell me your business."

"I have just arrived from Berlin," Norgate explained. "Would you care to possess a complete list of German spies in this country?"

Mr. Tyritt's face was not one capable of showing the most profound emotion. Nevertheless, he seemed a little taken aback.

"A list of German spies?" he repeated. "Dear me, that sounds very interesting!"

He took up Norgate's card and glanced at it. The action was in its way significant.

"You probably don't know who I am," Norgate continued. "I have been in the diplomatic service for eight years. Until a few days ago I was attached to the Embassy in Berlin."

Mr. Tyritt was somewhat impressed by the statement.

"Have you any objection to telling me how you became possessed of this information?"

"None whatever," was the prompt reply. "You shall hear the whole story."

Norgate then told, as briefly as possible, of his meeting with Selingman, their conversation, and the subsequent happenings, including the interview which he had overheard on the golf links at Knocke. When he had finished there was a brief silence.

"Sounds rather like a page out of a novel, doesn't it, Mr. Norgate?" the police official remarked at last.

"It may," Norgate assented dryly. "I can't help what it sounds like. It happens to be the exact truth."

"I do not for a moment doubt it," the other declared politely. "I believe, indeed, that there are a large number of Germans working in this country who are continually collecting and forwarding to Berlin commercial and political reports. Speaking on behalf of my department, however, Mr. Norgate," he went on, "this briefly is our position: In the neighborhood of our naval bases, our dockyards, our military aëroplane sheds, and in other directions that I need not specify, we keep the most scrupulous and exacting watch. We even, as of course you are aware, employ decoy spies ourselves who work in conjunction with our friends at Whitehall. Our system is a rigorous one and our supervision of it unceasing. But—and this is a big 'but,' Mr. Norgate—in other directions, so far as regards the country generally, that is to say, we do not take the subject of German spies seriously. I may almost say that we have no anxiety concerning their capacity for mischief."

"Those are the views of your department?" Norgate asked.

"So far as I may be said to represent it they are," Mr. Tyritt

"Dear Lady, You Repay Me in One Moment for All the Weariness of My Exile"

assented. "I will venture to say that there are many thousands of letters a year which leave this country, addressed to Germany, purporting to contain information of the most important nature, which might just as well be published in the newspapers. We ought to know, because at different times we have opened a good many of them."

"Forgive me if I press this point," Norgate begged. "Do you consider that because a vast amount of useless information is naturally sent, that fact lessens the danger as a whole? If only one letter in a thousand contains vital information, isn't that sufficient to raise the subject to a more serious level?"

Mr. Tyritt crossed his legs. His tone still indicated the slight tolerance of the man convinced beforehand of the soundness of his position.

"For the last twelve years," he announced—"ever since I came into office, in fact—this bogey of German spies has been costing the nation something like fifty thousand pounds a year. It is only lately that we have come to take that broader view of the situation which I am endeavoring to—to—may I say enunciate? Germans over in this country, especially those in comparatively menial positions, such as barbers and waiters, are necessary to us industrially. So long as they earn their living reputably, conform to our laws and pay our taxes, they are welcome here. We do not wish to disturb them unnecessarily. We wish instead to offer them the full protection of the country in which they have chosen to do productive work."

"Very interesting," Norgate remarked. "I have heard this point of view before. Once I thought it common sense. To-day I think it academic piffle. Even if we leave the Germans engaged in the inland towns out of the discussion for a moment, do you realize, I wonder, that there isn't any seaport in England that hasn't its sprinkling of Germans engaged in the occupations of which you speak?"

"And in a general way," Mr. Tyritt assented, smiling, "they are perfectly welcome to write home to their friends and relations each week and tell them everything they see happening about them, everything they know about us."

Norgate rose reluctantly to his feet.

"I won't trouble you any longer," he decided. "I presume that if I make a few investigations on my own account, and bring you absolute proof that any one of these people whose names are upon my list is in traitorous communication with Germany, you will view the matter differently?"

"Without a doubt," Mr. Tyritt promised. "Is that your list? Will you allow me to glance through it?"

"I brought it here to leave in your hands," Norgate replied, passing it over. "Your attitude, however, seems to render that course useless."

Mr. Tyritt adjusted his eyeglasses and glanced benevolently at the document. Then a sharp ejaculation broke from his lips. As his eyes wandered down the paper his first expression of incredulity gave way slowly to one of suppressed amusement.

"Why, Mr. Norgate," he exclaimed as he laid it down, "do you mean seriously to accuse these people of being engaged in any sort of league against us?"

"Most certainly I do," Norgate answered with conviction.

"But the thing is ridiculous!" Mr. Tyritt declared. "There are names here of princes, of bankers, of society women, many of them wholly and entirely English, some of them household names. You expect me to believe that these people are all linked together in what amounts to a conspiracy to further the cause of Germany at the expense of the country in which they live, to which they belong?"

Norgate picked up his hat.

"I expect you to believe nothing, Mr. Tyritt," he said dryly. "Sorry I troubled you."

"Not at all," Mr. Tyritt protested, the slight irritation passing from his manner. "Such a visit as yours is an agreeable break in my routine work. I feel as though I might be a character in a great modern romance. The names of your amateur criminals are still tingling in my memory."

Norgate turned back from the door.

"Remember them if you can, Mr. Tyritt," he advised. "You may have cause to some day."

VII

NORGATE sat upon the leather-stuffed fender of a fashionable mixed bridge club in the neighborhood of Berkeley Square, exchanging greetings with such of the members as were disposed to find time for social amenities.

A smartly dressed woman of dark complexion and slightly foreign appearance, who had just cut out of a rubber, came over and seated herself by his side.

"So you are really back again!" she murmured. "It scarcely seems possible."

"I am just beginning to realize it myself," he replied. "You haven't altered, Bertha."

"My dear man," she protested, "you did not expect me to age in a month, did you? It can scarcely be more than that since you left for Berlin. Are you not back again sooner than you expected?"

Norgate nodded.

"Very much sooner," he admitted. "I came in for some unexpected leave, which I hadn't the slightest intention of spending abroad, so here I am."

"Not apparently in love with Berlin," the lady, whose name was Mrs. Paston Benedek, remarked.

Norgate's air of complete candor was very well assumed.

"I shall never be a success as a diplomatist," he confessed. "When I dislike a place or a person every one knows it. I hated Berlin. I hate the thought of going back again."

The woman by his side smiled enigmatically.

"Perhaps," she murmured, "you may get an exchange."

"Perhaps," Norgate assented. "Meanwhile, even the one month I have been away from London seems to have brought a fresh set of people here. Who is the tall, thin young man with the sunburned face? He seems familiar somehow, but I can't place him."

"He is a sailor," she told him. "Captain Baring his name is."

"Friend of yours?"

She looked at him sideways.

"Why do you ask?"

"Jealousy," Norgate sighed, "makes one observant. You were lunching with him in the Carlton Grill. You came in with him to the club this afternoon."

"Sherlock Holmes!" she murmured. "There are other men in the club with whom I lunch—even dine."

Norgate glanced across the room. Baring was playing bridge at a table close at hand, but his attention seemed to be abstracted. He looked often toward the corner of the room where Mrs. Benedek sat. There was a restlessness about his manner scarcely in keeping with the rest of his appearance.

"One misses a great deal," Norgate regretted, "through being only an occasional visitor here."

"Misses what, for instance?"

"Sounds Rather Like a Page Out of a Novel, Doesn't it, Mr. Norgate?"

"The privilege of being one of those fortunate few."

She laughed at him. Her eyes were full of challenge. She leaned a little closer and whispered in his ear:

"There is still a vacant place."

"For to-night or to-morrow?" he asked eagerly.

"For to-morrow," she replied. "You may telephone—3702 Piccadilly—at ten o'clock."

He scribbled down the number; then he put his pocket-book away with a sigh.

"I'm afraid you are treating that poor sailorman badly," he declared.

"Sometimes," she confided, "he bores me. He is so very much in earnest. Tell me about Berlin and your work there."

"I didn't take to Germany," Norgate confessed, "and Germany didn't take to me. Between ourselves—I shouldn't like another soul in the club to know it—I think it is very doubtful if I go back there."

"That little incident with the Prince," she murmured under her breath.

He stiffened at once.

"But how do you know of it?"

She bit her lip. For a moment a frown of annoyance clouded her face. She had said more than she had intended.

"I have correspondents in Berlin," she explained. "They tell me of everything. I have a friend, in fact, who was in the restaurant that night."

"What a coincidence!" he exclaimed.

She nodded and smiled at him.

"Isn't it! But that table is up. I promised to cut in there. Captain Baring likes me to play at the same table, and he is here for such a short time that one tries to be kind. It is indeed kindness," she added, taking up her gold purse and belongings, "for he plays so badly."

She moved toward the table. It happened to be Baring who cut out, and he and Norgate drifted together. They exchanged a few remarks.

"I met you at Marseilles once," Norgate reminded him. "You were with the Mediterranean Squadron, commanding the Leicester, I believe."

"Thought I'd seen you somewhere before," was the prompt acknowledgment. "You're in the diplomatic service, aren't you?"

Norgate admitted the fact and the two men settled down to exchange confidences. Baring looked round him with some disapprobation.

"I can't really stick this place," he asserted. "If it weren't for—for some of the people here I'd never come inside the doors. It's a rotten way of spending one's time. You play, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I play," Norgate admitted, "but I rather agree with you. How wonderfully well Mrs. Benedek is looking, isn't she?"

Baring withdrew his admiring eyes from her vicinity.

"Prettiest and smartest woman in London," he declared

"By the bye, is she English?" Norgate asked.

"A mixture of French, Italian and German, I believe," Baring replied. "Her husband is Benedek, the painter, you know."

"I've heard of him," Norgate assented. "What are you doing now?"

"I've had a job up in town for a week or so at the Admiralty," Baring explained. "We are examining the plans of a new—— But you wouldn't be interested in that"

"I'm interested in anything naval," Norgate assured him.

"In any case it isn't my job to talk about it," Baring continued apologetically. "We've just got a lot of fresh regulations out. Anyone would think we were going to war to-morrow."

Norgate nodded.

"I suppose war isn't such an impossible event," he remarked. "They all say that the Germans are dying to have a go at you fellows."

Baring grinned.

"They wouldn't have a dog's chance," he declared. "That's the only drawback of having so strong a navy—we don't stand any chance of getting a fight."

"You'll have all you can do to keep up, judging by the way they talk in Germany," Norgate observed.

"Are you just home from there?"

Norgate nodded.

"I am at the Embassy in Berlin—or rather I was there," he replied. "I am just home on six months' leave."

"And that's your real impression?" Baring inquired eagerly. "You really think that they mean to have a go at us?"

"I think there'll be a war soon," Norgate confessed. "It may not commence at sea, but you'll have to do your share."

(Continued on Page 57)

THE STRANGE BOARDER

VIII

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AT THE police station there was a dismal wait of half an hour, during which none of the prisoners cared to speak within the hearing of the one or two detectives always present in the room. Sergeant Worril relieved them by appearing in the doorway and crooking a huge, imperative forefinger. The three prisoners—Gardner, Arthur and Jane—filed after him into Inspector Ryan's office.

The stage seemed to have been set for them. The inspector was at his desk against the north wall and a stenographer sat at the end of the desk. Three vacant chairs were ranged against the east wall and farther along stood three strange men who seemed nervously at a loss.

In a solitary chair against the south wall sat Tilly, with an expression of grim defiance.

Gardner and Arthur were required to stand up with the three strange men. A plump young woman with yellow hair was brought in and at once identified Gardner, among the other men, as the person she had seen in the alley beside Jake Bloom's place just after midnight the night of the murder.

Inspector Ryan questioned her at length as to all the circumstances—how plainly she had seen him; how certain she was of his identity. When she had answered all the questions very patly she and the three strange men were led out; then Worril, as stage manager, indicated that Gardner and Arthur might sit down.

"You remember your statement to me at the bank, Miss Ingraham?" said the inspector pleasantly, swinging his swivel-chair so as to face Jane.

"Yes, sir."

"You told me, you know, that Gardner came in at twenty minutes past eleven and stood in his bedroom doorway and you stood in your bedroom doorway across the hall; and you spoke to him and saw him very clearly; and then marked the time by looking at your clock."

"Yes, sir."

"Would you care to change that statement now, Miss Ingraham?"

"No, sir."

The inspector swung his chair a little.

"Miss Anderson, did you see Gardner—this man here—come into the house that night Bloom was killed?"

"Yes, sir; it was a quarter past four," said Tilly defiantly.

"How did you come to see him, Miss Anderson?"

"I got up to pull down my windowshade. It was broad daylight and the light woke me up. I'd had the window and the shade way up for air when I went to bed. A hired girl always gets a room a dog wouldn't sleep in. Mine's on the west of the house, where it gets all the afternoon sun, and it's hot enough in there nights to melt iron; but I'm so dog-tired with doin' all the housework I gotta go to bed early whether it's hot or not—and get up, too, at six o'clock or before to start the work. So, as I say, I had my window and shade way up for air; the light woke me up and I got up to pull down the shade. And then I saw Mr. Gardner comin' down the avenue from the Elevated road. I knew he never did keep any kind of hours; but, it bein' broad daylight, I looked careful-like to make sure it was him, and I saw him come into Carlisle Terrace."

"How long did you see him, Miss Anderson?"

"Well, I dunno. It might 'a' been two minutes and it might 'a' been five. He was quite a piece up the avenue when I seen him first."

"And you watched him all the time, from when you first saw him until he turned into Carlisle Terrace?"

"Yes, sir. I never took my eyes offen him—it bein' that hour of the night, or the mornin', when 'most anybody might think it strange to see 'most anybody comin' home."

"What time was that, Miss Anderson?"

"It was a quarter past four by my alarm clock, though the clock ain't ever right within five or ten minutes. It's an old thing; but Miss McChesney says it's good enough."

"It was broad daylight then?" queried the inspector.

"Yes, sir; just as broad daylight as it would be right now if the sun was shinin'."

"You could see him very plainly?"

"Just as plain as I can see you this minute."

"How long had you known him?"

"I dunno exactly—two or three months—ever sense he come to Miss McChesney's."

"And you'd seen him every day?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're very sure it was nobody else you saw that morning?"

"Just as sure as that I'm alive this minute."

"Let's see—do you do the chamberwork there at Miss McChesney's? I mean take care of the sleeping rooms?"

"Now, Miss Ingraham, of Course We Want to Give Your Side the Best Showing Possible; But We Must Have a Good Photograph of You"

"Yes, sir. I do all the work really, and wrustle up the ashes, too, sometimes—in winter when the choreman doesn't come round. Miss McChesney, she pretends to help; but she's more bother than she is good—and Miss Ingraham can tell her so if she wants to," Tilly added sullenly.

"You take care of Mr. Gardner's room, then—make the bed, and so on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember anything in particular about making up his bed the morning after the Bloom murder?"

"Yes, sir; I do. I remember I didn't have to make it up because it hadn't been slept in. It was just like I'd left it when I made it up the day before."

"After you saw Mr. Gardner come into Carlisle Terrace that morning, did you hear him come into the house?"

"Yes, sir, I did. I opened my bedroom door a little to listen—bein' he come in at that hour. I heard him open the front door and come up the stairs."

"Do you know where he went when he came in?"

"No, sir. I heard his step on the stairs and then I shut my door—carefully, so as not to make any noise."

"I see. Now, Miss Anderson, did this young lady—Miss Ingraham here—ever talk to you about your testimony in this case?"

"Yes, sir; she did—talked to me twice."

"What did she say to you, Miss Anderson?"

"She'd heard I said I saw Mr. Gardner come in after four o'clock, and she said to me that I was mistaken about it, because she knew he came in at twenty minutes past eleven. And she said if I swore he came in after four I'd just make a donkey of myself, because she'd swear he didn't, and the police would take her word before they would mine. She said I was to forget it and keep away from the police altogether, and she'd give me twenty-five dollars and send me up to Lake Mactawber for a two-weeks' vacation."

"That is, she offered you twenty-five dollars if you'd go to Lake Mactawber and not tell the police that you'd seen Gardner come in after four o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she give you any money?"

"No, sir. She said I was to get ready to go right away and then she'd give me the money."

"Provided you didn't tell the police?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Anderson," said the inspector very good-naturedly, "we're greatly obliged to you, I'm sure. You've done your duty as a good citizen and you ought to be proud of it. If anybody attempts to annoy you on account of what you've said here let me know immediately. I'm sorry we've had to keep you so late. I'll detail a man to see you home if you wish."

"Oh, you needn't do that!" Tilly replied, highly gratified. "I ain't afraid," she added, looking at Jane with a defiant toss of her head.

"You needn't be, I assure you," said the inspector amiably.

Sergeant Worril accompanied her out of the room. The inspector swung his chair a little to face Jane and remarked, smiling:

"If you wish to say anything, Miss Ingraham, we'll listen to it." But Jane shook her head. "Very well," said the inspector as good-naturedly as ever. "We needn't detain you any longer this evening. Lake Mactawber, I believe, is over in Wisconsin. When you go down to the bank in the morning you might ask their attorney—if you don't already know—what the penalty is for attempting to bribe a state's witness to leave the state."

Jane understood that she was free to go and looked round at Gardner in momentary bewilderment; then turned again to the inspector.

"May I speak to Mr. Gardner alone two minutes?"

"Not this evening, Miss Ingraham," the inspector replied politely.

She stood up and Gardner also rose.

"I'll take care of Billy," she said.

"Yes; thank you, Jane. Good night," he replied.

"Good night," she said, and went out.

She could not remember afterward why she took the surface car or how she got to it; but remembered riding in it, and that the other passengers seemed only half real, as though they might suddenly dissolve before her eyes. It was only as she climbed the steps to Number 2 Carlisle Terrace that time definitely occurred to her. It must be late, for the house was dark except for a light in the lower hall that shone through the transom. The door was locked and she rang the bell. A moment later a hand fumbled at the bolt; the door opened two inches—the length of its night chain—and Miss McChesney peered pallidly out.

"Oh, it's you, Jane," she exclaimed under her breath with relief, and undid the chain. Evidently the landlady had been waiting up for her. She had put on a dark, flowered wrapper over her nightdress, and looked so tall and gaunt and fleshless that Jane could have fancied her a ghost haunting the fatal house.

"They've arrested him. They arrested me too. Tilly was there," she explained tersely.

Jane felt an immense anger—so big that it dulled her mind. It was an actual physical pain that there was no tangible object which she could fall on and beat with her fists. She ached to bite something. The huge, callous brutality of the long scene she had gone through and her own pitiful helplessness against it seemed intolerable. To live under it was like trying to live without air. Her outraged spirit gasped for breath.

Miss McChesney went up to her room with her; and Jane explained as well as she could what had happened during the evening, with somberly lighted eyes and that baffling sense of helpless wrath. The ghostly landlady, sitting opposite in her funereal wrapper, leaned angularly toward her, sighing, shaking her bony head sadly and crying "Oh, dear!"

After a while—both of them had lost the sense of time—the telephone began ringing.

"I'll answer it," said Jane, brightening as she thought of Gardner. But it was a strange voice at the wire, expressing a wish to talk with Miss Ingraham. "This is Miss Ingraham," Jane replied.

"Oh, yes; well, this is the Clarion, Miss Ingraham," replied the voice, with a smug assurance that rasped all Jane's raw nerves. "We have just received the police report that Samuel Gardner was taken into custody at the Hotel Moulin Rouge this evening, and that you were with him. How did you come to be there, Miss Ingraham?"

"I was there because I wanted to be," Jane retorted; "but I haven't anything to say. I'll not talk."

Wherewith she hung up the receiver, with the only sense of satisfaction she had experienced that evening. She started away; but the bell rang with impudent persistence; so she took the receiver from the hook and stood it on the table, breaking the connection.

"A fresh reporter!" she explained to Miss McChesney, still with that tiny sense of satisfaction for having, at least, snubbed somebody.

For some time longer she and Miss McChesney talked; and at length she was mechanically preparing for bed, with no inclination to sleep, when the doorbell began ringing. She threw on a wrapper, went downstairs and opened the door the length of the chain. Two young men stood on the porch.

"We're reporters. We want to see Miss Ingraham," said one, with assurance.

"Miss Ingraham is not to be seen," Jane replied, and shut the door.

They rang and pounded until Miss McChesney came fluttering fearfully down in her funereal wrapper. Jane intercepted her in the dark hall and the two women waited there until the reporters gave it up and went away.

At half-past six the next morning Jane herself was besieging the dingy door of No. 111 Pike Street. Mrs. Wilson's smile as she opened the door was as powerful as ever; but, in view of Jane's somberly lighted eye, she made no objection when the caller tersely announced an intention of taking Billy and Mr. Gardner's belongings. With Billy's eager help she packed the trunk and suitcases, which were to be called for later.

There was consolation in the boy—the only consolation in the whole world. Packing the trunk made her late to breakfast. Professor Byers and Mrs. Wharton had already left the table when she and Billy entered the dining room. Miss McChesney folded Billy in her lean arms and, looking across his curly head at Jane, murmured, "Oh, Jane! Jane!" and shook her head with an air so mournful that it was like taking leave of one about to be hanged; but Miss McChesney was always emotional.

Jane bought a morning paper, as usual, at the Elevated station, and opened it out on the train. As she had expected, there was the account of Gardner's arrest on the front page; but, even as she saw the headline, a new shock ran along her nerves. A moment later she turned pale and the life seemed to leak out of her body.

In the middle of the page was a two-column cut of a young lady's face. It was not her face at all, but the black letters beneath it said:

"Miss Jane Ingraham, librarian of the Cereal National Bank, the murderer's friend, who was with him at the time of his arrest."

The story said that Gardner had been arrested at the Hotel Moulin Rouge the night before. With him at the hotel when he was arrested was Miss Jane Ingraham, librarian of the Cereal National Bank, who lived at Number 2 Carlisle Terrace. For some time the police had been thinking of closing the Hotel Moulin Rouge, as its bad character was notorious. The police had suspected Gardner from the first, but Miss Ingraham had declared that he was in her company at the time of the Bloom murder.

Skillful work on the part of Inspector Ryan's detectives, however, had unearthed conclusive evidence that he was not in her company at that time—so the story ran. A witness had positively identified him as having been in the alley beside Jake Bloom's establishment not more than five minutes after twelve on the night of the murder. This witness had seen him run from the alley. Another witness had seen Gardner return to his lodgings shortly after four o'clock that night. Miss Ingraham herself had attempted to bribe this witness to leave the state.

The police did not charge Miss Ingraham with direct complicity in the murder. They believed Gardner had confessed to her sometime between midnight and morning of the fatal night, and that she had attempted to shield him from sentimental motives. Whether she would be prosecuted for attempting to bribe a state's witness was not yet decided.

"Interview with Miss Ingraham," said a subhead, following the lead. For an interview it was extraordinarily faithful, representing her as saying that she went to the Hotel Moulin Rouge with Gardner because she wanted to and as absolutely refusing to say more. Next came an interview over the telephone with President Byron, of the Cereal National Bank, at his country place near Lake Forest. After mentioning that President Byron's house cost five hundred thousand dollars and contained fourteen bathrooms, it gave the substance of the interview as follows:

"'I don't know anything about it! Why do you bother me?' said the millionaire banker testily, and rang off."

As Jane, with a pale and rather stony face, entered the bank—by the wicket for employees beside the big bronze gates that were not yet unlocked—one of the special policemen touched his cap to her.

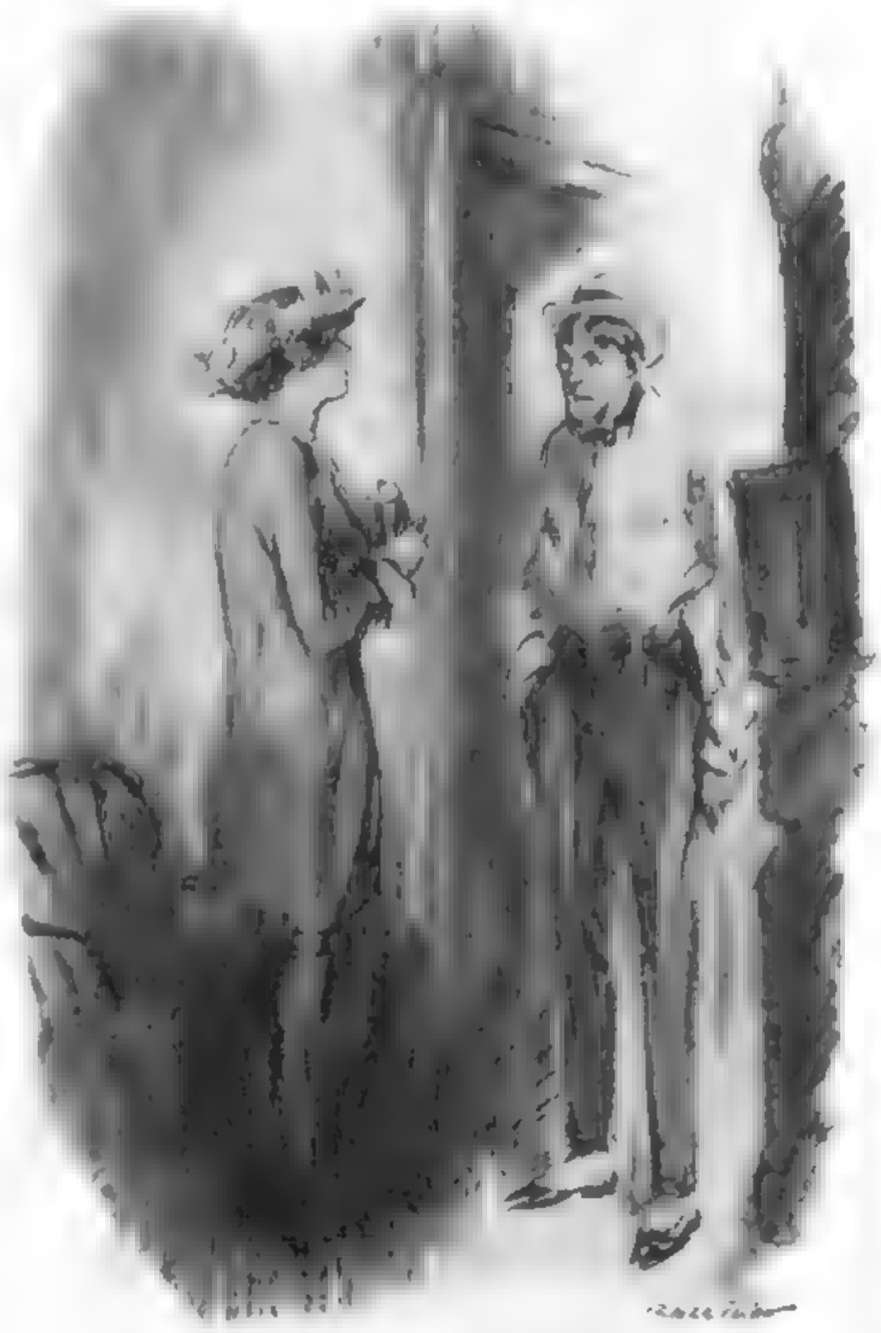
"Young gentlemen from the afternoon papers to see you, ma'am," he said, indicating the marble bench beside the entrance on which Gardner had waited for Joe Westmark.

There were three of them, and they sprang up in a body when they knew from the policeman's words that the victim was at hand.

Jane braced herself, met them with steady eyes, and said, without waiting for a question:

"I was in the parlor of that hotel all the time. I went there with Mr. Gardner about half-past eight to wait until he found a man I wanted to talk to. I knew nothing at all about the place. I went in there because the sign said hotel, and it was the only place in that neighborhood I saw where I could wait. Mr. Gardner went out immediately to find the man. He was gone an hour or two. Then he came back with the man; and hardly ten minutes later—as the three of us sat in the parlor—the police came in. They will tell you they found us in the parlor, if they tell the truth. The clerk of the hotel will tell you so."

Questions followed: Why had not she said so the night before when the morning papers asked her? Who was this man she had wanted to see? Then she had been trying to get evidence in Gardner's favor? How long had she known Gardner? Were they engaged? Had she tried to bribe a witness?



"You Sit Tight Now. Keep Away From Everybody. You'll Hear From Me, All Right"

She answered them all, patiently and steadily, as well as she could. No more was there a sense of satisfaction in snubbing anybody. No more was her mind congested with wrath. No more did she yearn to have a tangible object on which she could fall with her fists.

Her main yearning now was to keep from being beaten any more. She felt dull with pain—as though a great, browsing beast had trampled her down and been hardly aware of her struggling body under its feet. Her being was full of sore spots from the hoofs.

"Now, Miss Ingraham, that's a very convincing story you've told us," said one of the reporters cheerfully. "It explains everything. Of course we want to give your side the best showing possible; but, you see, we must have a good photograph of you. That cut in the Clarion this morning was a fake. It doesn't half do you justice."

"I haven't any photograph here," she replied humbly. "Perhaps Miss McChesney will give you one if you send up there. That's the best I can do." She would have given them her skirt if they had demanded it!

"Corkin' pretty girl!" the reporter commented as the three went into the lobby. "She ought to have thought up this dope last night though."

Jane went up to the library, dull and aching, and took up her day's work. She had not dreamed, before reading the morning newspaper, that she would ever have to defend herself against the implication there raised. It seemed to cut the ground from beneath her feet.

Three-quarters of an hour later President Byron reached the bank. Several important matters claimed his attention for some time. Then he rang for his secretary and said: "Ask Mr. Farson to step in here as soon as he can."

A few minutes later the wiry little first vice-president came slipping into the room and dropped into a chair across the table from the president.

"Have you done anything about Miss Ingraham yet?" asked the president, his browless eyes fixed on the vice-president with a kind of challenge.

"No; I haven't," the latter replied; then hesitated a moment, gave an embarrassed cackle, and added: "My wife has, though—as soon as she read the paper and saw the picture!"

Mr. Byron's brown eyes twinkled, because he knew that, underneath thick layers of propriety, some sporting blood still lurked in the vice-president's system, which made him a perpetual object of unwarranted suspicion on the part of his formidable wife. If a business conference kept him downtown at night Mrs. Farson was pretty sure to find some pretext of telephoning and so assuring herself that her spouse was really detained by business.

"Of course we'll have to fire her," Mr. Byron observed, as though it were a law of Nature that no mere human power could resist.

The vice-president looked regretfully over at the fireplace and plucked at his pointed, iron-gray beard.

"'Fraid so," he confessed. "It's a shame too! Her record here is as straight as a string. She's done her work right up to the handle and I suppose she wants to keep her job."

"Fine mess she's got us into!" the president replied, with a touch of bitterness. "Lying to the police, trying to bribe a witness, and being arrested with a murderer at that rotten hotel! Half a dozen chaps were joshing me about it on the train as I came down this morning. Charley Spear says: 'Classy lot of young females you're keeping in your bank! If she's as pretty as her picture I don't wonder you're willing to stay on here all summer while your family goes to the seashore'!"

"Yes; that's the devil of it!" Mr. Farson admitted regretfully. "If she was forty-five and humpbacked and freckled, and had a nose like a whetstone, we might take a long chance on giving her another trial. But she's just too good-looking." Again he gave the embarrassed cackle. "When my wife saw that picture she went up in the air. Of course it was no use telling her the picture was a fake, because she's really better looking than that."

"Oh, well, it isn't only that," said Mr. Byron—scrambling back to safer ground, so to speak. "We've got three hundred-and-odd people here working for us—most of 'em young. We insist on a certain standard of conduct. We tell our young men we'll fire 'em at the drop of the hat if they frequent saloons or horseraces or poolrooms. If we keep a young woman here who is in that kind of mess we might as well throw up our hands. Great Scott! What would they be saying round the bank?" The president looked fairly startled as he put that question and nervously rubbed his hand over his bald head. "You may as well get it off your chest first as last and have done with it, you know," he added very significantly.

Mr. Farson looked regretfully at the grate and twisted his beard; then suggested hopefully:

"Don't you want to talk to her yourself?"

At which palpable little ruse the president chuckled and replied decisively:

"Not on your life! You don't get me into that stew. It's up to you."

In fact, the library was Mr. Farson's special idea and particularly under his charge. He had hired Jane and promoted her. The disagreeable duty ahead undoubtedly devolved on him. Both men hated to do it; but both comprehended the vast body of conventions which demanded that the bank—symbol of a city's morality—cast out a young female who had got herself into a mess; that they personally clear themselves from all suspicion of entertaining a sentimental prejudice in her favor.

It was really out of kindly consideration for Jane that Mr. Farson went up to the library instead of sending for her to come down—which would start all the clerks who saw her to gossiping afresh. Smiling slightly, and with a jerky little bow as he entered, the vice-president noticed that she was pale and her dark eyes looked mournful. He was very sorry for her and said so frankly.

"Terribly sorry this has happened, Miss Ingraham—terribly sorry! But, of course, you know our rules here. Lord forbid that I should attempt to judge you or anybody else; but the appearances are all against you."

"Yes—the appearances!" she said.

"Of course that's all we can take into account. We don't set ourselves up to censor anybody's morals. We merely say: 'You must avoid certain appearances.' Maybe you go into a saloon in hopes of reforming the bartender, feeling that to be your duty. We can't go into that. All we can and do say is: 'Don't go into a saloon on any account.'"

"I didn't know anything about that hotel, Mr. Farson," Jane said dully. "I just went into the parlor while Mr. Gardner went out to find a man I wanted to see. I waited

in the parlor alone until he brought the man back; and ten minutes later the police stepped in and arrested us—there in the parlor."

"No doubt—no doubt," he assented; "but the appearances, you see—the appearances; and so about your alibi and this business of bribing the witness. The appearances are against you. As I said before, it is only as an employee of the Cereal National Bank that I attempt to judge you or to deal with you at all—not as a human being."

She really liked the little man and knew he was doing a disagreeable duty.

"And then the human being can go off and starve, with this bank's brand of unfit on her!" she said sadly, and shook her head. "You can't get out of it that way, Mr. Farson. It's a human being you're going to punish if you punish anybody. You know what it means to me. I'm only twenty-five. I have my own living to earn. What show shall I stand if I'm discharged from this bank as having a bad reputation? You've seen me here nearly every day for a year and a half. You know my work. You don't think I'm a bad woman—you know you don't!"

The little vice-president was sorely perplexed. That strain of wayward sporting blood surged warmly up. For a moment he might almost have taken a chance. But there stood the vast and formidable body of conventions demanding that a young female who had got herself into a mess be cast out; there was his wife; there was Byron; there were the joshing fellows on the train.

"I'm terribly sorry, Miss Ingraham—terribly sorry," he said sincerely; "but I've got to do it. I'll tell you what you see, we've got to make some kind of statement to the evening papers. You write out a resignation to take effect the first of the month and date it back two weeks; and we'll give it out that way—as though you had resigned before any of this business came up."

He put the proposition to her hopefully, as a rather extreme concession. Again she felt the trampling hoofs of the beast on her, and there was no more fight in her. She reached for a blank sheet of paper and wrote her full name in a firm hand at the bottom.

"There! You fill in the resignation any way you like," she said, handing him the paper.

"All right; very good. Thank you," he replied hastily.

"And, Mr. Farson," she called, an after-thought occurring to her as he was leaving, "I'm entitled to one more week's vacation, you know. I'll take it now."

"Oh, certainly—very well," he replied cheerfully, happy to have the execution over with on any terms. That very word—execution—occurred to him as he left the library, and by an odd fancy the sheet of paper in his hand seemed to have blood on it—a final flicker of the untoward sporting proclivity.

A minute after he shut the door Jane folded her arms on the table and laid her head on them. She had been as proud of this secluded room as though she had personally invented libraries and books and filing cases. It had been a kind of fortress she had fairly won and could hold with her good right hand. She did not mind crying a little over it—but only a little. Then she went over to the lavatory and bathed her eyes, with a kind of pity for herself because she had been so weak. After that she went to work, to set her house in order for the unknown successor.

At half-past four she closed the library door behind her and walked out of the bank—not to enter it again as an employee. She was disgraced, discharged, without means of support—pretty completely bankrupt in every respect that a prudent young woman ought to value.

However, when Jane left the bank she was not thinking of that at all; because in the last three hours, while she worked away mechanically in the library, it had come to her that now there would be nothing to claim her time and no conventional restraints on her movements. Being bankrupt already, she could do as she pleased. Consequently she could give herself unreservedly to helping Gardner. On that ground her brave will began to build anew, struggling up from the hoofs that had trampled her all day.

Leaving the bank, then, she was sad but not broken. She had no particular plan, only a blind sort of feeling—a mysterious pull in her mind. He had said he staked everything on the queen, and he would have described his feeling as a hunch that the card would not lose.

There was a very dismal dinner at Number 2 Carlisle Terrace that evening. Miss McChesney's pale and sympathetic eyes were still red and watery, for Jane had at once told her all about being discharged and the good landlady supped mostly on sighs. Sitting next to Jane at the table, globular Mrs. Wharton studiously avoided looking at her. Professor Byers also avoided looking at the disgraced young female. He and Mrs. Wharton conversed disjointedly in funereal tones, as though a corpse lay between them.

It occurred to Jane that, like Gardner, she would have to move—perhaps over to Pike Street; but even that somberly humorous thought rippled only the surface of her deep preoccupation with Gardner's case. She did not exactly realize why, but that pull in her mind led toward Kittie Hinch.

After a restless night she set out at nine o'clock in the morning. Without exactly seeing a reason, she meant to find Hinch. At police headquarters she had to wait the better part of an hour before being admitted to see Inspector Ryan. He was as amiable as ever—smiling when he denied her request for an interview with Gardner and shaking his head when she asked permission to send a note to him.

"Sorry, Miss Ingraham," he said good-naturedly; "but we regard you as a dangerous young lady. You certainly kept us up in the air for several days."

She had rather expected this, but throughout the sleepless night she had made up her mind over and over not to be baffled. It had come to her again and again, like a revelation from some occult source of knowledge, that Gardner could be cleared. She did not protest at all; but took a bit of nether lip between her teeth, considering.

"I want to see that man Hinch—Kittie Hinch, then," she said; "and I don't know where to find him. Will you give me his address?"

The inspector admired courage. He even admired Miss Ingraham. Her somber composure and dark, steady eyes made her look rather tragic and fateful that morning. He made an inquiry and gave her the desired address—McBane's Hotel, on Clark Street, near Van Buren.

Going down Clark Street—preoccupied with the matter in hand—Jane glanced down an intersecting thoroughfare to the looming bulk of the Cereal Bank Building a block west. Only twenty-four hours before the bank had seemed to be an integral part of her life. Now it was as remote as though it stood on the other side of the world. The very building looked strange. She had traveled a long way in the restless night. Something of that occurred to her as she crossed the intersecting street, but only incidentally.

She saw the name of the hotel she sought wrought in a cast-iron scroll that supported a canopy of colored glass. It was far from being a pretentious establishment, and the chubby young clerk seemed to be afraid that she might think answering the questions of a handsome young woman was something of a novelty to him; so he contented himself with saying Mr. Hinch was not in and turning his back.

Jane had no idea, even then, of being baffled, and considered—staring down at the tile floor. Two men passed her and stepped through a swinging screen at the right. A moment later she followed them, pushed open the screen a few inches and peered in. She saw a barroom, with the two men standing at the farther end of the bar and a white-aproned bartender opening a bottle of beer for them. Another white-aproned bartender was polishing glasses at the nearer end of the bar. He looked quite human. She pushed the screen open and walked across to him.

"Well, he was in here half an hour ago," he replied to her question with sympathetic regret. "But as to where he's gone——I'll tell you; you might try Durkin's Billiard Hall. That's on the next corner—third floor."

With a half-polished glass in one motionless hand and a towel in the other he stared after her as she walked to the door. It struck him, too, that there had been something fateful in her somberly composed face and steady eyes.

Stepping from the elevator at the third floor of the building on the next corner, Jane found herself in a very large room containing many billiard tables which were covered with black palls. There was a cigar stand on her right, but nobody attended it. From an angle of the room beyond the cigar stand came a clicking of billiard balls and a sound of voices.

She stepped round the cigar stand and saw two men lounging in chairs near a pool table. They were smoking cigarettes and idly watching the table. Two colored boys in white jackets loitered by, also idly watching.

Standing at the pool table in his shirtsleeves—cue in hand, his hat pushed to the back of his head—was Kittie Hinch, making practice shots. She had looked on only a minute when one of the colored boys saw her and, catching the direction of her eyes, touched Kittie Hinch's arm.

IX

"WHAT'LL you bet now? What'll you bet I can't make it—the lemon in that pocket, the seven in this?" Kittie Hinch challenged, cue in hand.

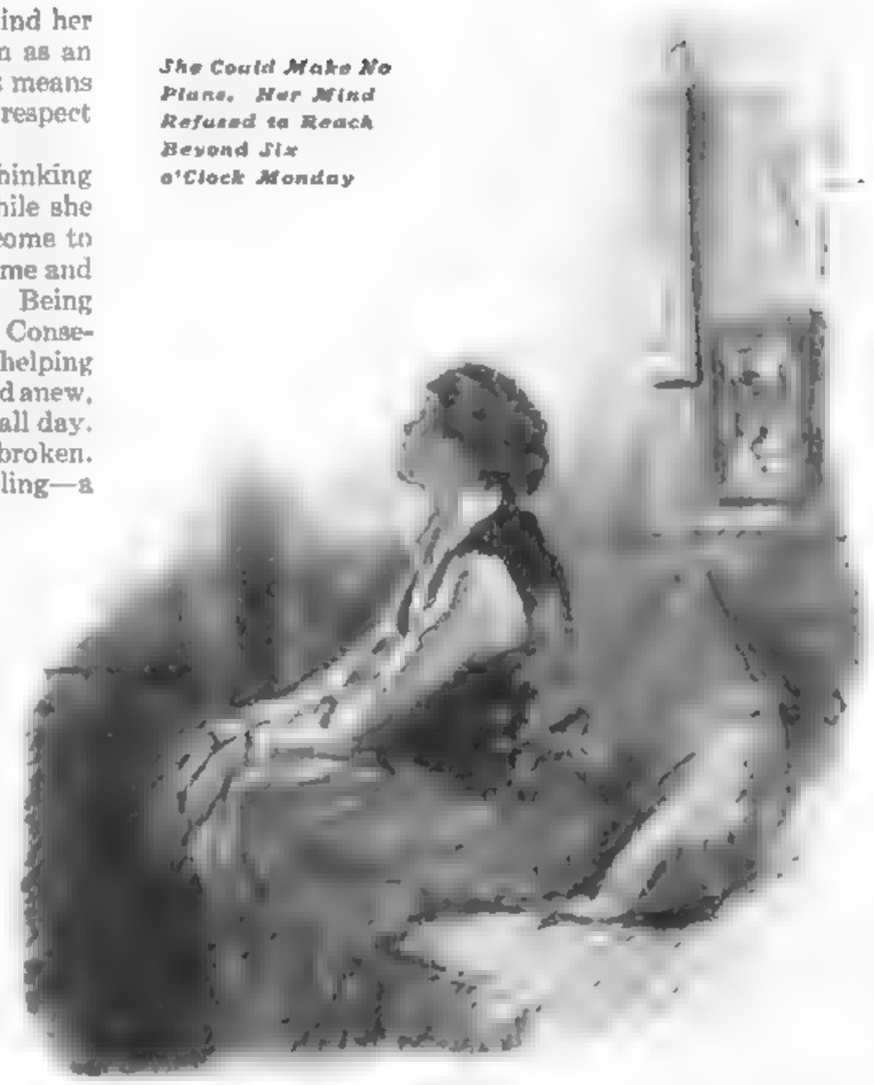
The lounging men to whom the challenge was addressed only smiled incredulously, and Kittie paused a moment—with the proper pride of a master—that they might thoroughly appreciate the difficulty of the shot. He was chalking his cue, with masterful deliberation, when one of the colored boys pulled his sleeve, with a significant nod toward the cigar stand.

Glancing round, Kittie saw a tall young woman, with a composed face under a crown of dark hair, who was looking fixedly at him out of brown eyes. She looked fateful to him. He put his cue on the table and walked over to her doubtfully.

"I want to see you," she said gravely.

It did not occur to either of them that no conventional salutations had passed. She led the way partly across the room, well out of earshot of the loungers and attendants; and they stopped by the corner of a funereally palled billiard table.

(Continued on Page 52)



She Could Make No Plans. Her Mind Refused to Reach Beyond Six o'Clock Monday

With Billy's Eager Help She Packed the Trunk and Suitcases, to be Called for Later

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 27, 1915

Civilized Warfare

THERE can be few illusions left about civilized warfare. Undoubtedly this war has been more destructive of human life and happiness than any ever waged by the Huns. The devastation in Belgium probably exceeds in extent that ever visited on any country in a like length of time. In spite of all Hague conventions and London conferences for the alleged purpose of ameliorating war's rigors to noncombatants, the sum of ruthless brutality perpetrated in Europe since the first of August probably matches up pretty well with the best performances of Attila and of Alva.

When unarmed civilians are lined up and shot because somebody with whom they may have had no connection whatever fired on a man in uniform, to say that it is according to the rules of civilized warfare is no answer to the indictment that the act is mere barbarism. A plea of military necessity no more justifies drowning crews and passengers of unarmed neutral ships than a plea of personal convenience justifies an individual in knifing a man who happens to be in his way.

The notion that war can be civilized is a patent absurdity. It is a negation of civilization—an appeal backward to ruthless brute force. On the whole it shows more brutality now than in Attila's time, because civilized arts have vastly increased its scope. Restraints by way of protecting noncombatants have been imposed on it; but in Europe their effect has been outweighed by steadily increasing enlistments, until nearly the whole able-bodied male population is now combatant, and so liable to be shot in strict accordance with the rules.

Probably nobody yet grasps the significance of casualties running into the millions. If they are published in Hades—which is the most suitable place for them—Tamerlane must be quite crestfallen as he contrasts them with his own amateurish exploits.

If this war is civilized we prefer the savage sort, as being, on the whole, a lesser affliction.

The Torrens System

SIXTY years ago an Australian worked out a plan for registering land titles. By this plan you prove your title to a piece of land and receive a certificate of indefeasible ownership. Thereafter, to prove title, there is no need of going back of the certificate, and ownership of land can be transferred almost as simply and cheaply as ownership of a share of stock.

For thirty years or more adoption of the plan in this country has been debated, but it has made headway at a snail's pace against the cumbrous, costly and uncertain system it would supplant. To a great many people nothing else of mundane origin is so sacred as the title to land. We still pretty generally hold the notion that if any particle of title has once attached to a man, he and his heirs and assigns forever must not be stopped from asserting the claim, unless they have parted with it by duly attested signature.

The Torrens system is making headway, however, and in due time will become general—not only because it is simpler and cheaper but because it is more just than the old system, under which a purchaser in good faith may be mulcted because the abstracter made a clerical error, or his lawyer overlooked one link in a complicated chain running back through half a dozen generations.

An Unpopular Position

NEWSPAPERS on both sides reflect a good deal of irritation against the United States. That is inevitable. If two men were rolling over the lawn in a deadly embrace, each trying for dear life to gouge out the other's eyes while saving his own, each getting a painful jab here and a bite there, the spectacle of a third man sitting on the fence and observing the conflict with judicial impartiality would inevitably be irritating.

If the third man were getting all the trade, that would not lessen the annoyance. Any act of ours that is an advantage to England will be more or less resented in Germany, no matter how strictly correct it is. Any benefit that Germany derives from us will cause more or less anger in England. So far as we do any business at all with either, they do derive benefit from us. When we sell wheat to Germany and copper to England we are told by both that we have no soul above a dollar. Strict neutrality is not popular in Europe, but it is very popular here.

Permanent Expositions

IT IS enough now to admire the beauty and variety of the great World Show at San Francisco and of the fine smaller one at San Diego. We wish heartily that ten times as many people would see them, no matter what the number of admissions may be—for we hardly expect the latter to equal a tenth of the population of North America.

The final economics of the huge modern fair presents, however, a decidedly debatable question. For strangers to the Coast—or, for that matter, for those who are by no means strangers to it—the great object of a trip thither will be to see the country rather than to see the fairs. The latter frankly are simply a means of advertising the country. A better subject never engaged the advertiser's art.

The question is whether the fair is the best method. At Chicago and St. Louis and Paris there was a good deal of debate and difference of opinion as to that, when the final returns had been counted up. It may be the same at San Francisco; or this latest and greatest enterprise in that line may give ground for a rather conclusive answer as to whether or not it pays to advertise in that way.

Meantime sixty-odd million dollars has been spent for your delectation. The railroads are making low rates and everybody who can afford it ought to take the opportunity. Especially those who have not yet seen the trans-Rocky country ought to take in one of the greatest of Nature's permanent expositions.

Meeting an Emergency

SOME figures recently published give a measure of the jolt administered to American finance by the war. In the panic of 1907, associated banks in fifty-one cities issued clearing-house certificates to a maximum of two hundred and twenty-seven million dollars—an indication of the sudden, extraordinary pressure on them for cash, since these certificates were virtually substitutes for real cash.

Following the declaration of war, associated banks issued one hundred and ninety-six million dollars of clearing-house certificates—or nearly as much as in 1907; but the Vreeland-Aldrich Emergency Currency Act was then in effect, and under it the banks took out three hundred and eighty-four million dollars of emergency currency. Combining that with the clearing-house certificates, we have nearly six hundred million dollars, as an indication of the sudden pressure for cash.

The last of the clearing-house certificates were canceled before the end of the year, and nearly all the emergency currency has now been retired. In short, financially speaking, we virtually overcame the war jolt in about five months, and shall probably have nothing further to worry about on that score until the war is over, when the footing of the bill may introduce a new phase.

The Old, Old Story

SAID the newspaper headlines: "Money bills to be rushed through. Congress has only eleven days in which to appropriate a billion dollars—or at the rate of about ninety million dollars a day!"

Such has been the pleasant habit of Congress time out of mind. There is abundant opportunity down there to deliberate and debate on everything else. Congress can argue for two months as to whether the duty on boracic acid should be a cent a pound or only five-eighths of a cent. It can take all day to consider whether a bill for one hundred and eighteen dollars for repairing motorcycles used by building inspectors in the District of Columbia should be allowed. It has time to hear a million words of impassioned oratory as to how Mr. Carnegie is spending his money. But when it comes to considering how Congress itself shall spend a billion dollars of public money, the matter is tossed off as lightly and expeditiously as a spring poem.

It does not answer at all to say that the appropriation bills have been duly considered in committee. The plain fact is that, except when some pork is involved, appropriating public money is the last thing Congress is interested in. The whole subject simply bores Congress and is disposed of in whatever manner will entail the least bother.

The Cost of Alcohol

AT TIMES in the past we have discovered in Russian official statistics that deeply imaginative quality which is one of the Slav's grand characteristics. Nevertheless, the following statement by the Russian Minister of Finance, at Paris, as reported by cable, deserves consideration:

"The suppression of the government alcohol monopoly entailed a diminution of four hundred and seventy million rubles"—roughly half as many dollars—"in the budget of 1914; but the benefits of this suppression are already felt. Though it was feared the calling of so many men to the colors would seriously embarrass industry, it has been found that, thanks to the suppression of the traffic in alcohol, the results of labor are from thirty to fifty per cent higher than before."

Increasing a nation's productivity from thirty to fifty per cent, by turning it from a drunken to a sober one, would be a stroke of absolutist statesmanship before which recent democratic efforts for the amelioration of mankind's lot would look patchy. It is true, however, that democratic statesmanship had much less to ameliorate.

A Public Timber Business

UNCLE SAM sold about a billion and half board feet of national forest timber last year, receipts from timber sales exceeding a million and a quarter dollars. From the grazing of a million and a half cattle and seven million and a half sheep on forest reservations more than a million dollars was received; and the chief forester reports that, after eight years' experience, stockmen are well satisfied with the grazing conditions. The Forest Service built last year some six hundred miles of road, two thousand miles of trail, seven hundred miles of fire lines, and three thousand miles of telephone lines.

Such, in brief, was a year's result of Government ownership of nearly two hundred million acres of forest reserves. The cut of mature timber should be increased to make room for young growth; and to that end the Service is working.

In that Government ownership we believe thoroughly. The national forests should be public property for all time. If railroads, telephones and telegraphs were natural resources, title to which vested in the Government at the beginning and had never been alienated, we should believe in Government ownership of them too—but not necessarily in Government operation.

Running a Government

POLITICS occupies a position subordinate to business, and engages, on the whole, a lower order of ability and character than business does. Go into any community you like and you will seldom find men of the best ability and character much engaged in politics. The congressman will very likely be a lawyer, but hardly ever the leading lawyer of the district—sometimes one who is a suitor to the leading lawyer for advice and influence. If it is a city, probably the delegation in the state legislature will consist mostly of persons whose individual weight in the community is small—a decidedly third-chop sort, who sit in the anterooms of those who really count.

There is, of course, a United States senator; but if each state, without the entanglement of partisan machinery, were to choose two citizens of the highest ability and character for a national pantheon, in how many cases would the choice fall on a senator?

If any big trade, from banking to wholesaling—to use the alphabetical arrangement of the census—should send four hundred delegates to an important national conference, and the delegates were boiled into a composite individual, we should expect him to be a solider person in ability and character than the composite congressman—one whose opinion on any personal matter a good judge of human nature would sooner take; one in whom a good judge would sooner repose a personal trust. It is unquestionable that politics is still a word of suspicion and disrespect among the people.

One trouble is the multiplicity of elective offices. We believe the short-ballot idea will raise the tone of politics. Another trouble is the constant subjection of government to party spoilsmanship, which makes of many public offices a mere tail to some politician's kite, and prevents public business from offering the same opportunities to ability and character that private business does.

TURN AND TURN ABOUT

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

IT WAS very near seven o'clock and the sun was shining hotly through the kitchen window of the Throop farmhouse when Spence Throop, one-time master, made his first morning appearance. He was a rather undersized, dapper young man—Spence; good-looking in a smart, perky sort of way, with an air of self-satisfaction that most people found irritating.

Just then he seemed irritated himself, as he blinked under knitted brows at Mrs. Hepsy Kidd, whose bulky, pulpy person, loosely attired in a Mother Hubbard wrapper and checked gingham apron, was bent over a washtub that was in close proximity to a table littered with unwashed dishes. He sniffed disapprovingly at the soapy atmosphere and puffed disgust through closed lips.

"Whatfur are you washing?" he demanded querulously. "This hain't washday."

Mrs. Kidd wrung out a garment and dropped it in a wet wad on the table before she faced him.

"I know that," she replied; "but I allowed I'd jist get these yer duds out of the way. I don't want ever'thing piling up on me all to oncet. You get ready and I'll have your vittles warm for you by the time you're through. Jim's done et and gone out to the north fence weth them rails. He said for you to ring the bell if you wanted him."

"Huh!" ejaculated Spence in a tone of displeasure. "I aimed for to have him chore round this morning. I'm liable to need him, and he'll be slower'n m'lasses getting here, even if he hears the bell."

"Now don't you fret yourse'f, Spence," said the woman reassuringly. "Ever'thing's a-going to come out all right. Your maw-'n-law'll be here 'most any time now, and Doc Hopkins, he'll be here by noon or before. Don't you fret yourse'f. She'll be all right—you'll see."

Spence, who was staring pointedly at a slop of water on the floor, grunted again.

"I hain't fretting," he disclaimed, frowning. "Lawdy! I wonder how long this here's a-going to last!"

"That's what we cain't tell edzackly, buddy," replied Mrs. Kidd, soothingly and smilingly. "But 'tain't a-going to be long. Don't fret. Sleeping sweet, she is."

"I sh'd hope it wouldn't be long," said Spence.

He went out and performed his ablutions at the bench by the door, muttering to himself the while; then he returned to the kitchen, where Mrs. Kidd had laid out his breakfast on a bare half of the table—a stoneware bowl containing fried pork that swam in grease and was almost incinerated by its stay in the oven; two eggs, originally fried and by no means improved by subsequent baking; a platter of cold corn bread and the sirup pitcher. Spence looked at these viands and the frown on his face deepened.

"Ain't there no biscuits?" he asked.

"Land o' Goodness!" exclaimed Mis' Hepsy somewhat impatiently. "How do you s'pose I kin take the time for to make biscuits? No; there hain't none. Here's your coffee. Now hurry through and get out of the kitchen."

Spence laid down his knife and fork to glare at her with more impressiveness, but she had turned her ample back to him and his look seemed to have no power of penetration. He gulped down his indignation, therefore, and began to eat; but his appetite had shrunk to little or nothing before the quality of the food, and he soon pushed his chair back. He was about to enter the adjoining room when Mis' Hepsy checked him with a peremptory hiss.

"Don't you go in there and wake her!" she commanded, holding up a warning finger. "I want for her to have her sleep out; it'll give her stren'th."

This time she met Spence's glare in full face, but without showing the least sign of discomposure. Spence began a word of protest, but the uplifted finger checked him, and he turned and stalked sullenly to the barn.

He hoisted himself to a seat on a carpenter's bench that was just inside the door; and, filling a corncob pipe, he smoked and stared moodily at the chickens which had hopefully followed him to the barn and then, giving him up as a bad job, dispersed. A rooster of resplendent plumage, strutting magnificently among his bustling drab wives, seemed particularly to invite the young farmer's attention.

"Reckon He Could Know Me, Sally?"

"Think you're some, don't ye?" he muttered at last, biting viciously on the reed stem of his pipe and addressing the dignified bird. "The hull thing, hain't ye? Jist you wait till them hens ——"

He left the sentence unfinished, attracted by the nicker of a horse in the stall behind him. He went to a bin and filled a half-peck measure with oats. "You're better off than whut I am," he told the animal as he poured the ration into the feed box. "You get something fitten for you to eat. Huh! Fat, slammocky ol' slouch!"

Leaving the stall he drew a buggy forward and arranged a set of harness on top of the grain bin with particular care. Then he resumed his seat and his resentful meditations on his breakfast. A clean kitchen, a clean cloth and decent vittles were what he was accustomed to—biscuit, hot, light and flaky; eggs, with just the white cooked; pork, fried the way pork ought to be fried; taters, too, and honey; coffee that didn't leave a quarter of an inch of grounds on a feller's mustache. Fat, slammocky ol' slouch!

The person he had in mind at the moment came into the yard with a pan of table scraps in her hand and called to the chickens. As they thronged about her she suddenly stooped and, with a quickness of motion hardly to be expected of a woman of her size, grasped a plump young cockerel by the neck and deftly twisted it. Scattering the scraps to the rest of the clucking flock, she returned to the kitchen.

Spence formed his own conclusions.

"Sally's told her to fix me a chicken for dinner," he soliloquized. "Well, I guess it's about time somebuddy acted like I was on airth!"

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, refilled it and continued to smoke, occasionally grumbling to himself. Twice he got down from the bench, intending to go to the house, but reconsidered and settled down doggedly to wait. Nearly an hour elapsed before Mis' Hepsy came to the kitchen door and called him.

"Go in and see her," she said. "The sleep's done her good and she's et quite a breakfast."

Spence entered the bedroom and from the bed a young woman stretched out her arms to him with a look of almost doglike adoration. She was a by no means uncomely blonde, perhaps a little more fragile in appearance than the generality of farmers' wives; but her cheeks were still full and her flaxen hair, newly braided and neatly arranged in two tails over the propping pillows, had retained its girlish gloss; and her smile would have made a far plainer woman beautiful, as her husband leaned over and kissed her. It was not a very fervid caress, but there was some relenting in it too.

"How you feeling by this time?" asked Spence.

"Elegant!" she answered. "And Mis' Hepsy jist fixed me up the fines' kine of a breakfast—fried chicken and milk toast. I just et and et! Seems like I hain't no call to be a-loafing here in bed. How did you sleep, honey?"

"I didn't sleep," Spence told her with the air of a martyr—"not to say sleep. That cussed bed is plumb full of lumps."

"Oh, Spence, darling!" exclaimed his wife in the deepest agitation. "Now hain't that a shame! Whatfur didn't you come and tell me, Spence? Honey, I'm a-going to get right up and let Mis' Hepsy shift the beds. I'd jist as lief have that spare-room bed as this'n."

Mrs. Kidd, who had come in a moment before, spoke with decision.

"You hain't a-going to do nothing of the kine," she declared. "Why, the very idee!"

"But Spence ——"

"Spence kin stand it, I reckon."

"Co'se I wouldn't want for you to do that," said Spence virtuously. "Don't you fret about me, Sally. I kin stand it—as Mis' Hepsy tells you."

"It's a shame!" protested young Mrs. Throop. "Me a-lying here, not turning a hand, and my pore feller not getting his night's rest even! Hain't he the bestest husband you ever see, Mis' Hepsy?" She fondled the paragon's hand.

"I've seen worse," Mrs. Kidd conceded not over-enthusiastically as she left the room.

"She don't know," said the young wife; "but she's real kine, and she cert'n'y kin fix up chicken."

"What she gin me wa'n't fitten to tote to the hawgs," observed Spence gloomily.

Sally started up indignantly.

"I hain't a-going for to have this!" she exclaimed.

Spence restrained her and qualified his statement to some extent, but his wife was far from reassured; and when Mrs. Kidd reappeared she adjured that neglectful person to "Take keer of Spence!" On which Mrs. Kidd became decidedly insubordinate.

"I come here for to take keer of you, honey," she said. "Spence Throop is big enough"—she was going to add "and ugly enough"—"to take keer of himse'f. Spence," she went on, "you clear out now. I reckon you've been here long enough." She looked out the window. "And here's your maw-'n-law."

Spence hurried out to a wagon that had stopped at the gate and assisted a spare and somewhat leathery elderly lady to alight, after which he received a large bundle from the driver.

"Well, how's ever'thing, Spence?" asked his mother-in-law as she descended.

"Well," replied Spence, "I'm still alive; but it's cert'n'y mighty tough on me the way things is a-going. I'll be right glad when Sally's up and round again."

"How's Sally?" demanded his mother-in-law sharply. "I hain't keering how you are. You hain't changed; I kin see that. How's Sally?"

"She's all right," Spence answered with an offended air.

The women folks had the house to themselves and Spence once more took up his post on the carpenter's bench and smoked and waited, the sense of injury still strong on him—not that he blamed Sally, but that —— He tried to think of another suitable term, but reverted to his original inspiration—"Fat, slammocky ol' slouch!" And now Mrs. Grigg, his mother-in-law!

There had been a time when he considered Mrs. Grigg a right nice lady, considerate of a man's comfort and appreciative of his good qualities; but there had been one or two little passages between them of late that had lowered

her in his opinion. If he could have heard the conversation between Mrs. Kidd and Mrs. Grigg at that moment the two would have suffered still more in his estimation.

"Bo'n weth a silver spoon in his mouth, he were," said Mrs. Kidd. "I rickerlect, when he was jist a young one, ol' Mis' Throop thought the sun rose and set in Spence. She got it into her haid he was the fines', smartes' thing the good Lawd ever worked overtime on, putting the finishing touches to—and ever'buddy else wanted to slap him. I wanted for to slap him this morning."

"It's jist the same weth Sally," nodded Sally's mother. "I get so provoked I cain't skassly keep my mouth shet. Watches ever' bite he eats, as if the vittles might be p'isened, she does; and if he don't fill himse'f to the collar bone she wants to put him to bed and dose him weth yarb tea. Always stewing for fear he'll break his back lifting, or get overhet, or ketched out in the rain or struck by lightning, or the like; and waits on him hand and foot, she does. The most comfortubble chair and the softes' cushion for his haid! And, Hepsy, I've seen that gal light his pipe and go down cellar for to get him a jug of cider!"

"Beats all!" commented Mrs. Kidd. "That's whut makes him so, I reckon."

Perhaps, on the other hand, if Mrs. Grigg and Mrs. Kidd had been afforded an insight into Spence Throop's present emotions they might have given him some credit; for Spence was beginning to realize something of the danger that confronted his wife—enough to rouse his anxiety, at least. He grew more and more nervous as the time went on, continually letting his pipe go out and at last hurling it into the yard.

Again and again he went out to the front gate and looked anxiously up and down the road, and, returning, raised and twirled the wheels of the buggy to assure himself they were well greased; and he examined the bolts of the vehicle with uncommon care. He even gave the horse another feed of oats, and finally so far forgot his dignity as to saunter to the house and, as casually as possible, ask Mrs. Kidd if she didn't suppose he'd better go after that ol' slow-poke, Doc Hopkins.

"Sally all right?" he inquired.

Mrs. Kidd told him that Sally was all right and that there was no reasonable doubt of the doctor's arrival before long; so there was nothing to do but to return to the barn and stay there until the hired man returned with the team and the two were called to dinner.

The meal was a slight improvement on the breakfast; but somehow Spence felt no appetite for it, and before it was finished the doctor arrived. Spence hurried out to meet him and to put up his horse, but Doc, a stout, cheerful personage, with a ragged, well-grizzled beard, declined this attention.

"We'll just tie her right here, son," he said. "I've got to go a piece farther down the road; but we'll have a look at Sally first."

"Hain't you a-going to stay?" cried Spence, dismayed.

Doc Hopkins laughed.

"Don't be scared, Spence," he said. "I don't blame you; but you wait till you've had half a dozen. I'll be back in plenty of time."

"But ——"

"I reckon you might lead the mare round into the shade," interrupted Doc. "Take the bridle off and give her a wisp of hay if you like." And, being rid of the young man, he bustled up to the house and disappeared.

He stayed for what appeared to Spence an interminable while, but at last came striding out, smiling reassuringly.

"Couldn't be better," he vouchsafed to Spence. "Now I'll go and see Old Man Brewster and be back before you know it."

He clambered into his buggy and drove off. Spence went at once to the house and listened at the kitchen door. He heard his wife laugh, and then the mirthful cackle of his mother-in-law and Mrs. Kidd's wheezy cachinnation, whereupon he sneaked back to the barn and waited.

Doc was a thundering time coming, though. What could be a-keeping of him? Spence went out to the gate again and even walked a short distance down the road; but his vague fears drew him back. At last he searched for the pipe he had thrown away and, finding it, smoked furiously until his tongue smarted with the heat.

A slow thudding of a horse's hoofs, the cluck and rattle of loose spokes, and here was the doctor again.

This time, without any questioning, Spence took the doctor's mare into the stable, unharnessed and fed her.

If Doc Hopkins got away again he would go afoot. Spence made up his mind to that. His task accomplished, he waited a little; and presently Mrs. Kidd came to the door and beckoned to him.

"You kin go in jist for a minute," she told him.

Spence went in and in a minute or two came out again, rather pale and with his lip noticeably quivering. Before he had reached the barn he heard a loud wailing, followed by sharp, agonized cries, at which he turned and ran back; but Mrs. Kidd met him and barred his way.

"'Tain't nothing, Spence!" she assured him. "'Tain't nothing at all. You keep out, like a good boy. Lissen now! She's a-getting over it."

"You Cert'n'y Didn't Hurry Yourse'f," Said His Mother-in-Law

It seemed so—only low moanings now! The woman took his arm and gently but firmly pushed him away.

"I'll call you, Spence, if there's any need 'tall. Honest! Don't you fret; jist chore round—or somethin'. It's better for her."

He stared at her stupidly and then went away.

The afternoon wore on and dusk fell, and Henry, the hired man, returned and expeditiously did what was needful for the stock and betook himself to a neighbor's; and again and again there had come those cries that made Spence shiver and bristled the hair on his head. He pressed his palms to his ears to shut out the sound, but through it all his straining gaze was fixed immovably on the kitchen door. Twice Mrs. Kidd waddled out to tell him that all was well, but he only stared at her.

At last there came a new cry altogether—a cry he had never heard before; but he knew at once what it was. Shuddering and gulping, he threw himself on the bench, his head on his arms; and so Mrs. Kidd found him.

"Well, Paw Throop!" she said cheerfully, patting him on the shoulder. "Come up to the house and see your leetle son."

The next morning Spence was himself again to some extent. In a way he was disappointed, though he was careful to conceal the feeling. This son of his now—Spence was hopeful, of course, that time would improve the puckery, red-faced little tike; he had been assured that all small babies looked like that, but it—he—cert'n'y seemed consid'able runty. And, when it came to looks, the assertion that it—he—resembled his paw was little less than an insult. He had retorted that, in his opinion, the infant rather favored Mrs. Grigg, and was disgusted when that lady took it as a compliment.

What filled him with amazement, largely mingled with contempt and a certain degree of annoyance, was the way the women made over the new arrival. Their ecstasies and rhapsodies were to him inexplicable; and the supremely astonishing thing was that Sally, who was a woman of sense in many things, seemed to be the worst of them all. The gal hadn't got no eyes or ears or speech for nothing—or nobuddy else!

When, in the course of the morning, he told her of what he had suffered the preceding day—the mental anguish he had experienced, and such—why, she didn't skassly pay no attention to what he was a-saying. Looking at that—well, looking at the baby, and all took up weth it!

"Lookat! Lookat!" she had cried suddenly and entirely malapropos; and when he had turned away, wounded to the soul by her lack of sympathy, she never took no notice, and her "Lookat! Lookat!" was repeated to her mother, as to one who would do every bit as well—better, for the foolish old woman at once responded with exclamations of delight and astonishment, and idiotic terms of endearment addressed to the squirming red lump of littleness that was cuddled to Sally's bosom.

Another makeshift dinner! All the cooking that was being done was for Sally. That was all right, of course; yet, now that it was all over and Sally doing well, it did seem—well, it would wear off in a day or two, he supposed, and things would get straightened out. The wonder would stale, admiration exhaust itself, and babies and men find their proper level and their proper value in the household scheme. Spence consoled himself with that reflection.

Meantime, he was glad to be dispatched to town for certain articles the necessity for which had been unforeseen; and as he drove away from the unsympathetic environment he became still more himself. His spirits rose with a dawning sense of pride in the event, and he entered the drug store with something of a swagger. Doc Basswick, the druggist, congratulated him quite genially and Doc was barely civil as a rule.

Several men who ordinarily conducted themselves toward Spence with scant politeness now showed the same friendly disposition and lit the cigars the young man dispensed, with remarks that, though jocular in their nature, showed a spirit of good-fellowship which Spence found as agreeable as it was novel.

He lingered until some obtuse person changed the conversation to local politics, and then went over to Jim Allen's store, where there was a small congregation of town loafers. He found that the news had preceded him and the greeting he received was as demonstrative as he could have wished. He swelled with a sense of importance and boasted vaingloriously as he ordered Allen to bring out some cigars.

"The best you've got," he added recklessly, indicating the brand—"Them kine. Nothing hain't too good for that kid."

"I wouldn't, Spence," remonstrated Allen mildly. "Theseyer hain't no cigars fitten for a baby to smoke. Start it off on something that hain't so strong. Another thing—seems like it hain't good sense to waste a sixty-dollar-a-thousand pure Havana cigar on an infant that cain't have its taste formed yit."

"Set 'em up and quit your fooling," said Spence.

"I reckon you'll have to excuse me," Allen begged contritely as he complied. "That news kind o' rattled me. Sho! So it's a boy, and pretty close up to the average! Did anybuddy ever hear the like! I don't reckon that's happened afore in the history of the county—not more'n a few thousand times. You reckon it has, Wash?"

"Not much over a hundred thousand, anyway," replied Washington Hancock gravely. "Does Spence a heap of credit—it does. Breathes in and out and opens and shets its eyes a'ready, I wouldn't be s'prised. How about it, Spence?"

"That's all right," said Spence, gratified beyond measure. "Cod all you've a mind to."

They did; and when the codding languished he artfully revived it, quoting the doctor and Mrs. Kidd as disinterested testimony to his son's excellence. Leaving Allen's, he made various excuses to visit other places of public resort and enjoyed himself hugely. One man, who once on a time had called Spence everything he could lay his tongue to, produced a bottle and insisted on drinking the baby's health behind the printing office. It was not until he reached home that Spence found his spirits dashed.

"You cert'n'y didn't hurry yourse'f," said his mother-in-law as she snatched the package from his hand. In the act of untying it she paused and sniffed. "Been a-drinking too," she accused. "I thought as much!"

"Jist had one, ercount of the baby," Spence mumbled.

"The baby ought to be mighty beholden to you," Mrs. Grigg told him with biting scorn. "A nice father he's got! Hain't you ashamed?"

"No, I'm derned if I am!" said Spence.

"That's right," said Mrs. Grigg. "Curse and swear! But don't you go into that room to your pore wife and innercent child weth licker on your breath. I won't have it!"

Spence glared at her, but she returned the glare with such interest that he weakened and flung out of the kitchen. A little later he asserted himself and went into the bedroom; but Sally was then asleep and when she woke she seemed only languidly pleased to see him, and what little she said concerned only the everlasting baby. He went to bed gloomily that night—a bed that had not been made.

The next day he was up at the usual workaday hour and, after lighting the fire and putting on the water to boil, hustled out to his chores. He and the hired man fed and watered the stock, milked the cows, turned them out to pasture and did all there was to be done; but when they went back to the house Mrs. Kidd was only just beginning the preparation for breakfast.

The aggravating thing was that she was not in the least apologetic; and when, after waiting an unconscionable time, the men were invited to "set up," the meal still lacked hot biscuit, and Spence's eggs were again overdone. He remonstrated; and the answer he received made him redden to his ear tips and set the hired man choking and gasping to such an extent that he had to leave the table and stamp his way out-of-doors to recover.

It was evident to Spence that there was a conspiracy to set his authority at naught, neglect him and shower insult on him. Well, he'd show 'em! All that morning, as he

worked in the growing corn, he cast over in his mind the unattached, competent and amenable women who would jump at the chance to come in and he'p out. Unhappily these were few and doubtful. He was obliged to admit that to himself; but, nevertheless, he was no dawg and didn't intend for to stand for no such. At noon, therefore, he went into his wife's room with the intention of freeing his mind, and the sight of Sally's face as she beamed at him made him sanguine as to the result.

"I've been a-wishing for you to come, Spence," she said; and then, in accents of mingled reproof and warning: "Oh, take keer!"

Spence drew back. He had been about to seat himself on the edge of a little heap in the bedclothes.

"You big, heedless lummox!" Sally continued playfully, and yet not altogether playfully. She turned back the cover. "I want for you to see him. Hain't he jist the sweetes' thing?"

Spence glanced at the baby perfunctorily.

"Sho is!" he agreed, but with no animation. "How you a-feeling, Sally?"

"Hain't you proud of him?"

"I cert'n'y am," Spence replied with an attempt at heartiness. "I never seen a finer young one," he added, but in the insincere tone of a polite bachelor acquaintance. "How you a-feeling, Sally?"

"Elegant!" Sally answered, still devouring the child with her eyes.

"I wisht I was," sighed Spence.

"Hain't you?" she asked; but now her tone lacked the genuine warmth of solicitude he had confidently expected. There was none of the alarm that the merest hint of his indisposition would have roused a few days before; no minute questioning—not even a suggestion of a remedy.

"Feeling pretty doggone mean," Spence declared.

Even that failed. Spence found it hard to pluck up spirit enough to tell her that things were going mighty crosswise, but he felt it to be a duty to himself and he did so. Sally, however, seemed altogether unimpressed.

"I s'pose so," she sighed, sinking back on her pillow and half closing her eyes. "Spence, dear, don't pester me right now."

What could poor Spence do! There was one thing he could do. The idea came to him after another day of shameful discomfort and a night through which sleep was murdered by the lusty squalling of Spence, Junior. And that was another thing—those fool women jumping on a man ever' time he spoke above a whisper or trod heavier than a cat, for fear he'd wake the baby! Why not let him wake—squall, if he needed the exercise—in the daytime or along toward evening? Then he'd sleep nights—stands to reason—and let other folks sleep whut needed it. Well, there was one thing he could do, by gollies!

Still, it was a thing to be deferred until endurance had reached its limit—for days yet—when the last spark of hope had died out like the glow on a tallow candlewick, leaving nothing but darkness and a bad smell. It was getting mighty close to that, say what he might; and in those days he by no means suffered in silence.

When folks come to the house now he was in luck if he got a "Howdy, Spence?" Sally and the baby was what they'd come for to see. Second fiddle he was playing—with a circus band round the corner. And even when he wanted to hold the young one—his own kid, mind you!—s'pose them women would let him? No, sir! Let on they thought he'd drap it. And the more he complained, the less was done for him; his objections were disregarded, his necessities made light of. A neat man naturally, loving order in others, the perpetual litter and untidiness of the kitchen disgusted him beyond measure.

Washing went on at all sorts of unseasonable hours and clotheslines were strung in unseemly places; messes simmered on the stove to offend him and there was a continual call for wood and water. Nobody now to run and bring him the bootjack and his slippers, or to light his pipe for him! He was forbidden even to smoke his pipe in the bedroom. Bad for the baby! And they had made Sally believe that foolishness!

Well, he would stay out, by gollies!—in the kitchen; and there he was directed to move his chair hither and yon, and back again; the lamp was ravished from under his nose, in a manner of speaking, as he tried to read the weekly paper; and if he sought refuge in the barn he was summoned thence and set to tasks that wasn't no man's work and which them women might jist as well have done themselves. Even Jim, the hired man, was unsympathetic.

"It's only oncet a year—at the outside," said Jim with a grin.

The limit was reached at last, though. It was on the day that Sally sat up for the first time. Burning with a sense of flagrant injury and injustice—which, however, he judged it better to conceal under a casual manner—he asked Sally whether her mother would not be leaving soon.

"'Tain't no use in us keeping her here when there hain't no need for it," he added.

"No need!" echoed Sally. "Why, I hain't able——"

"Co'se not, honey," Spence made haste to admit; "but I reckon I kin get Marthy Wells to come and do the work."

"Spence, you're crazy!" said Sally with some petulance. "What does Marthy know about babies? And paw's willing for maw to stay as long as she wants to."

"I sh'd reckon he would be," said Spence bitterly. "I would if I was him. Co'se I'd be willing to have her stay too," he added in a milder tone—"for a day or two longer, if you want; though I don't see, myse'f, that it's ness'ry. I'd be agreeable to have Marthy hired permanent, too—specially as Mis' Hepsy's a-going at the end of the week."

"Mis' Hepsy a-going? Why, she didn't say nothing to me about it."

"Maybe she don't know it yit," said Spence. "She will right soon, though." The sense of injury began to get the upper hand. "Tell ye," he went on with growing heat—"Marthy may not know much about babies, but she kin cook food so's a man kin eat it, and not act like a man was dirt under her feet and didn't have no rights in his own house. Sence that—sence little Spence come, I 'clare to goodness I hain't had rest or peace or comfort. I hain't blaming you, but I'm a-going to put my foot right down. Whatfur are you looking at me thataway, Sally?"

"I Didn't Sleep—Not to Say Sleep. That Cussed Bed Is Plumb Full of Lumps"

Sally was certainly regarding him in an odd manner—steadily, and with an expression that brought out a strong family resemblance to Mrs. Grigg. Altogether new to Spence, that was.

"I reckon me and little Spence and maw and all of us is consid'able in your way," she said slowly and with no abatement of the rancor of her glance. "Maybe you'd like for me and baby to go back with maw? Well, I reckon we kin. Then you kin get Marthy to cook for you and you won't be pestered. Oh, hain't you ashamed! Jist think! . . . Your own flesh and blood! . . . Goodness knows, if I c-c-could——"

She covered her face with her hands and began to cry, whereupon the baby woke and lifted up his voice in strenuous protest. A moment later Mrs. Grigg bounced into the room, caught up the infant and began to soothe it, with interjections, the reverse of soothing, directed at her son-in-law.

"P'ecious lamb chile! Did it, then? You're in big business, Spence Throop, I do think, coming in here and fussing—Gammaw's darling! There, there! Acting mighty cur'ous you are, I must say. There, honey babe! Gammaw's got him—a sweetness love! I'd like for to know what all this is about. Whut's he been a-doing, Sally?"

"Tell her!" roared Spence above the clamor. He started up, overturning a chair in his haste, and left the room.

He knew what he would do—get good and drunk!

There was a horse in the stable and he saddled it hurriedly, muttering to himself a disjointed recapitulation of his wrongs, so that no part of his anger might evaporate before his desperate intention was accomplished. A few minutes later he was riding furiously toward town.

Comfort at last! Freedom and an atmosphere purely masculine! Folks who were glad to see him; who listened to him with respect as he expounded the mysteries of life and his theories of social relations; who applauded his resolutions to maintain the dignity of his sex and laughed with cordial appreciation at his jokes! Men, brother men! Careless of the conventions of speech and appearance, perhaps; no friends to the tyranny of razors and soap and water, and far from mealy-mouthed—but good-hearted fellows, withal; persons of experience and understanding! Spence felt his heart warm to them more and more with every succeeding drink.

It was an inspiration he had. It had taken some nerve to overcome the narrow, puritanical habit of a lifetime; to break through what the preacher called restraining influences. He had hesitated even at the threshold of this

A Few Minutes Later He Was Riding Furiously Toward Town

THE maker of clothes for discriminating men, who fixes at the factory the maximum price at which his product may be sold, invites a *comparison of values* and must stand or fall by such comparison.

When the retailer of such clothes *voluntarily* permits the maker to dictate the selling price, he must feel that style and quality will not only *stand* the test of comparison but also the keen competition of his business rivals.

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Philadelphia New York

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so-called sink of iniquity—so strong a hold had these influences on him; but his innate strength of character and will had triumphed and carried him through the swinging half-doors and up to the bar—to find welcome, surcease of care, and friends, as aforesaid. He had been missing a big part of life.

"A woman jist nachally wan's bulldoze a man," declared Spence oratorically and for the third or fourth time. "Clacks at him or snive's at him, 'thout no reason. Don' wan' him t' have no say. Wan' all say-so theyse'ves." He balanced himself unsteadily and tried to fix Finney, the proprietor, with an uncontrollable eye. "Bound for to have it," he continued—"onless a man's a man. Man's gotta be man—or mouse. I hain't no mouse. No, sir-ee! No troub'e at my house; but some folks has trouble—specially when there's baby. Babies—babies hain't whut they're cracked up to be—some babies hain't! No' mine! Nossir; but some babies hain't."

A soiled citizen with a matted beard agreed with him.

"I've raised chillen and I've raised hawgs, and there's more money in hawgs," he said, and spat so that the act appeared to clinch his proposition.

Spence doubled himself with mirth.

"Tha's good one!" he crowed. "Tha's mighty good one! True, too! Wan' shake hands weth you on that. Mo' money in hawgs! Sho is! Drinks on me!

"What I like 'bout thisyer place, a man kin take drink if he wan's one," Spence continued. "Or he kin pour it on the floor—thisaway. Nobuddy dinging at him. Now I'll have to have another. Poured that on the floor, I did. No objections, is they?"

It seemed there was an objection. Somebody had him by the arm and was trying to drag him from warmth and light and congenial companionship into outer darkness—ultimately to where there was weeping and wailing uncalled for and injurious. Jim, it was. His own hired man! Gall! Spence resented it deeply. If Jim had only stayed in one place where a man could hit him or concentrated himself in one assailable form Jim would have been soundly cuffed. As it was, Spence for a time successfully resisted both force and lure.

"It's a lie!" he declared scornfully. "They hain't a-going for to fret about me. Tell 'em I'm all right and enj'ying of myse'f. But they don't keer. Nobuddy keers about me!"

He wept pathetically; and, taking advantage of this softened mood, Jim again exerted his persuasive powers and at last succeeded, with Finney's assistance, in hoisting his employer into a light wagon, where he forthwith fell asleep.

It took Spence some time after he woke to recognize his surroundings. He was lying on a heap of straw in a horse stall, with his head to the manger; and in that position the most familiar objects of daily inspection took on a new appearance.

Gradually, however, he realized that he was in his own barn, and that, judging by the slant of the mote-laden sunbeams that blazed through the cracks in the wall, the hour was late. Somebody close by was pounding with a hammer and every blow seemed to fall directly on Spence's head, occasioning him the most exquisite pain. Out of a parched mouth, therefore, he shouted a protest. The hammering stopped and Jim, the hired man, slouched up to the stall.

"Woke you up, did I?" remarked Jim, eying the recumbent figure with a contemplative air. "I 'lowed maybe I would. Have a good time last night, Spence?"

Spence raised himself to a sitting posture and groaned at the pang that the movement caused.

"Riproaring, staving old time, I reckon," continued Jim, reaching to the rack above him for a straw to chew. "Nothing like it for to brighten a feller up and make folks respect him."

"Shet your mouth!" snarled Spence.

"I kin do that," said Hank coolly. "I hope there's others whut kin too."

"I didn't aim for to say that, Jim," Spence apologized miserably. "Is—is Sally a-taking on?" he faltered.

"I reckon not," Jim replied. "Maybe she would if she knowed about it; but Mis' Kidd, she's gone home—Milo called for her—and your wife's got an idee you went to town ercount of a sore tooth; and, whut weth the time they had weth the baby——"

"Whut was that?" Spence interrupted sharply.

"All right now; but he had some sort of colic spasms, I reckon. Anyway, there was a right smart of a rumpus; and if it hadn't been for Mrs. Grigg it might have been worse. But seems like your wife had them spells when she was a baby and the ol' lady knowed jist whut to do. She was out here a while ago and took a look at you."

"Sally?"

"No, your maw-'n-law. Jist looked at you, but—I wonder it didn't wake you up."

"I'll look at her!" Spence muttered threateningly. "Taking advantage of a man when he's asleep!" Rage filled Spence's breast.

He got up and asked Jim for some water, which Jim brought and he drank avidly. He then immersed his head in another bucket, and by that time Jim came again, with some inky-black coffee, which further refreshed the sufferer.

"The ol' lady's keeping it hot for you," the hired man told him. "Don't fret. You hain't been missed partickeler."

"That was pleasant too," Spence ruminated after Jim had departed. "Not missed partickeler!" About as bitter as the coffee, that was. "'I've raised chillen and I've raised hawgs, and there's more money in hawgs!'"

Seemed like that was true. Then, somehow, a saying of Doc Hopkins' forced itself on Spence's mind:

"Turn and turn about, Spence! I reckon we've got to pay 'em whut we owe our own daddies."

"But there wasn't no sense in that," Spence reasoned. "If a feller borrows money from another feller, he cain't square hisse'f weth that feller by loaning to yit another feller. No, sir!"

So he wasn't missed partickeler! He began to form another plan to bring Sally to a proper sense of his value. He would fill a sack with necessary provisions and go and hide out in the woods—stay away for a week or two—and then walk in on the mourning household, kine o' keerless, and tell 'em he didn't s'pose he'd be missed partickeler. That would learn 'em!

He was still turning this over in his mind when at last he went up to the house. Mrs. Grigg was busy in the kitchen, and Spence noticed that she looked pale and somewhat worn. To his surprise, she bade him a civil good morning; but he only grunted a response and maintained his sullen scowl.

"Spence," said Mrs. Grigg briefly, "if you don't say nothing about this, I won't."

"I don't keer what you say," growled Spence defiantly. Inwardly he felt a mean triumph. After all, his little lapse had had its effect. It had tamed this indomitable old woman.

Sally's voice called to him from the bedroom:

"That you, Spence? Come here!"

He hesitated, but shambled in. Sally was sitting in the big rocker by the bedside—Spence's rocker—dressed in a loose wrapper. She, like her mother, was unusually pale, and the face she turned to Spence seemed to him to have suddenly lost its roundness; and her eyes appeared extraordinarily big. But her smile, in spite of these changes, made her seem quite like the old Sally, and her first words expressed something of the old solicitude.

"How's your pore tooth, Spence?" she asked, catching at his hand as he was about to pass her. "Hain't you a-going to kiss me?"

Spence dabbed at her lips coldly and, averting his eyes from hers, seated himself on the bed—with due caution.

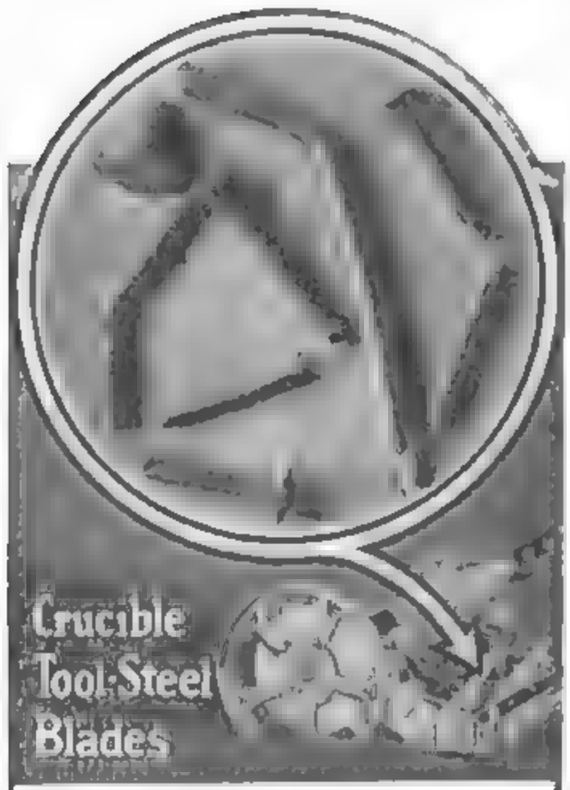
"Maw says I was sound asleep when you came in to see Baby this morning," Sally went on; "but I wasn't. I heard you, but I was too sleepy to open my eyes. Hain't I a great one to get tuckered out thataway? But, oh, Spence, he was so sick! And you away and all!"

Spence stared at her, bewildered. The inquiry about his tooth he understood, but what was this about coming in to see the kid? What had the old woman been telling Sally?

"Your eyes is all bloodshot," Sally went on to remark. "I lay you had a time, too; but co'se you wouldn't never let on. Did you have it pulled, Spence?"

Spence shook his head and moved uncomfortably, and that caused a corresponding movement under a bulge in the bed-covering. Instantly Spence and his tooth were forgotten and Sally was cooing ecstatically to her child.

"P'ayin' 'possum, he was a rogue! Lettin' on he was s'eepy-bye, so's he could



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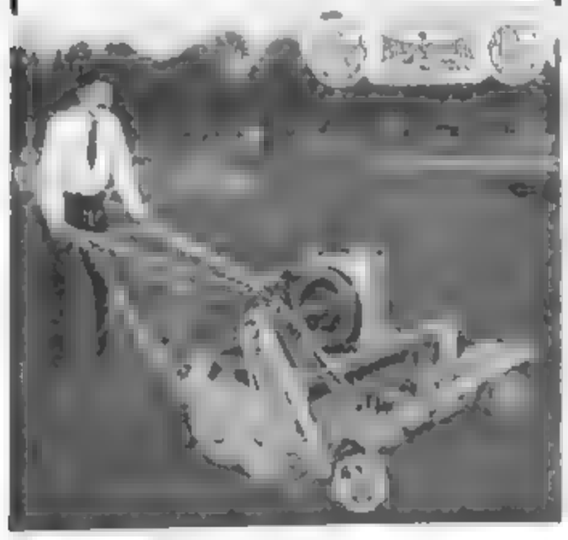

lissen to him'a mammy and daddy—zum ol' snide! Don't oo s'ake oo's itty fist at oo mammy! Don't oo do it! Lookat, Spence!"

Spence vouchsafed the merest glance. Much she cared about anything that might befall him! He might be writhing in his dying agonies and she would turn her back on him and forget him at the faintest cry from that—blamed kid. Yes, blamed kid! The feeling of anger and grievance that had possessed him, and a moment before had been mitigated by his wife's lukewarm sympathy, now quickened and swelled. Co'se it had been easy to fool her when she didn't keer.

"Lookat, Spence! Quick! He's a-laffing at you. Spence!"

It was too insistent to be disregarded. Spence looked; and, lo! the blue eyes of his son were fixed on him, and the little rosy mouth was wreathed in a smile—unmistakably a smile! Wonderingly Spence bent forward to observe the miracle, and slowly—reluctantly at first—his face relaxed in an answering grin.

"Laffing at his daddy, he is!" Sally repeated, laughing joyously herself.

"Doggone if he hain't!" cried Spence in a burst of delight; and in that instant the black oppression of his soul was lifted and manhood and fatherhood woke and stirred. "His daddy! . . . Reckon he could know me, Sally?"

"Co'se he does," returned Sally promptly. "See, he's laffing again!"

Spence advanced a cautious finger and the tiny hand closed on it and held tightly.

"See him grip, Sally! The little rat!"

His wife's soft arm stole about Spence's neck and she was leaning against him, but he was so intent that he was hardly aware of the affectionate contact. Lightly and tenderly he passed his hand over the little downy head; and, with that, he swallowed noisily and tears brimmed in his eyes.

"Was he very sick, Sally?"

"Turr'ble! But maw, she got him straightened out."

"Lawdy! And me —— Sally, honey, I got to tell you: I didn't have no toothache. I jist went to town and got full."

"Why, Spence!"

"Jist out of plumb meanness. Sally, I hain't deserving of—of my blessings. I jist be'n a hawg—out-'n-out; but it's the last time. Look at him! Oh, Sally!"

"Hain't he sweet!" breathed Sally, laying her cheek against her husband's. "You do love him—don't you, Spence? Quit looking at him and look at me." She clenched her hands in his hair and turned his face to hers, with almost savage energy. "Nemmine about getting full. You love your boy, don't you? Oh, I know you do! Lemme wipe your eyes. Spence, darling, I'm a-going to get round now and look after you a little."

Spence could only gurgle chokily just then, but in a moment or two he said:

"I've got all I want here—and hanging on to my finger."

And it was this same Spence who, when his mother-in-law came in, abased himself before her, owned his fault and expressed his penitence. That he did this by a look and a pat of his hand on her shoulder matters nothing. The point is that he did it. And he received entire forgiveness given in the same mute fashion.

"Pshaw! It's jist wind on his little stummick," said Mrs. Grigg good-naturedly when Sally told her what had happened.

"Grammaw," said Spence, with a radiant face, "I reckon you know a right smart about babies, and it might be so with some; but this here baby was a-laffing at his daddy, and his daddy don't never aim to do nothing what would make him do other. Was he a-laffing at me, Sally?"

"Co'se he were!" Sally answered.

The father grinned triumphantly.

"I reckon his payrents ought to know," he said.

Soldiers' Rehearsals

"OH, YES; London is certainly dead just now," said a young woman connected with vaudeville to the ship-news reporters when she landed in New York.

"The theaters are all closed or closing, the streets are dark at night, all the live ones have gone to the front, and there's nobody in the cafés in the evening. As a matter of fact," continued the young person, "about all there is for people in the profession to do these days is to motor out to one of the camps and watch the new soldiers rehearsing."

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The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

FARM mortgages seem to have suffered less from the war than many other sorts of investment. For a time business in that line, as in virtually all investing lines, was tied up. Under the first shock men who habitually bought farm mortgages, like everybody else with surplus money on hand, were disposed to sit tight and see what happened. Consequently the concerns that made a business of lending on farm mortgages and selling the mortgages to investors were not much disposed to do business.

Life-insurance companies make and buy a great quantity of farm loans. When the banks in New York, Chicago and other centers marked interest rates above six per cent, holders of life-insurance policies, in greater number than usual, took advantage of the companies' obligation to lend on policies. Usually the life-insurance company has no option in this matter. It is bound to lend a policyholder a certain portion of the value of his policy and generally at six per cent interest. This big demand from policyholders naturally restricted the companies' ability to make other loans; so they cut down or stopped the purchase of farm mortgages.

The embargo on farm mortgages was raised, however, or very decidedly lightened, rather earlier than that on other forms of investment. Before the end of the year leading companies were able to report that business was going on in about normal volume, though at a rate of interest near one per cent above that which had prevailed before the war. By the end of January one of the largest concerns in the Middle West said the loans it was making were costing borrowers about half of one per cent more than before the war; and, from the way investors were taking loans it was of the opinion that this difference would soon disappear.

Of course if anybody other than manufacturers of armaments and coffins gains by the war it will be the farmers of the Middle West, whose wheat has already gone to more than a dollar and a half a bushel; so a farm mortgage looks pretty solid to many investors.

For more than two years we have been hearing much about an extensive change in the method of making and selling farm mortgages. That is one of the central points in the whole agitation concerning rural credits. No change has occurred, however, and it does not look as though any were pending.

Objections raised against the present method, from the supposed point of view of the borrower, are that the farmer, in consideration of the security he gives, is entitled to a lower rate of interest; that the loans now run five years, or even less, while to pay off a loan from the profits of the farm will generally take, with good management, ten years or more; and consequently that the farmer is obliged to renew the loan and pay a second commission, whereas an amortized loan, running twenty years or so, would automatically extinguish itself.

The Crédit-Foncier System

The main objection from the supposed point of view of the investor is that, at present, he is offered one certain mortgage; so he must have on hand the exact amount of the mortgage, which may be fifteen hundred or twenty-five hundred dollars, or such a sum; also that, though few defaults occur on properly placed farm mortgages, and the percentage of ultimate loss on such mortgages is very small, an investor may happen to pick the one mortgage out of a hundred which turns out unsatisfactorily.

To remedy the supposed objections, from the borrowers' and the investors' point of view, the Crédit-Foncier method is proposed. By that method a big company or a number of them would make long-time amortized farm loans and then issue debentures in convenient multiples—say, one hundred, five hundred and one thousand dollars each—based on the mortgages.

Thus, an investor would simply buy a debenture, which, jointly with other debentures, covered a large number of farm mortgages. If a particular mortage among those on which the debenture rested happened to default and require foreclosure, the amount involved, in proportion to the amount of all the mortgages, would be so small that the debenture holder would never discover it.

It is urged that this system, by attracting a greater flow of investable capital into the farm-mortgage field, would cause interest rates to fall somewhat, thus benefiting farmers, both through lower interest and because the long-term amortized loan would extinguish itself; and, at the same time, a very attractive sort of security would be available for such small investors as do not now buy individual farm loans.

The Crédit-Foncier system has been industriously preached in this country and it has been an immense success abroad; but, so far, it has not taken much root here. Concerns of good standing do issue debentures based on farm mortgages—one or two of them, at least, have done so for a good many years; but a decided majority of their patrons would rather buy an individual mortgage outright, at a little higher rate of interest, than take a debenture based on many mortgages and reënforced by the guaranty of the issuing company.

Mortgages Based on Earnings

Probably the fact that the great bulk of the business is done in the old way, in spite of all the agitation for an extensive change, shows that the old way fits American needs pretty well. As to a large part of well-proved farm territory, it is not true that there has been a dearth of capital for agricultural loans. On the contrary, year in and year out, investors have quite readily been found for as many good mortgages as were offered.

Nor does it appear that the interest rate, in comparison with that paid on other securities which are fairly comparable, has been burdensome. Of course, to say that any individual farm loan is as good as a Government bond, and ought to go at as low a rate of interest, is nonsense. A Crédit-Foncier system might lower interest rates to borrowers somewhat in some sections; but, in spite of many plans to that end, the system has not achieved any extensive vogue in the United States.

A man of long and wide experience in the farm-loan business makes the interesting suggestion that farm loans ought to be based on income as well as on capital investment. In the case, for example, of a loan to a railroad, trolley line, gas company, and so on it is not sufficient to show simply what the plant costs or what its supposed selling value may be. In addition the borrowers must exhibit an income account showing that the plant is earning a satisfactory surplus over the interest charge.

This man thinks it would be a good thing if farmers who borrow were required to show in reasonable detail and with approximate accuracy what the farm has earned for a number of years—partly because that would oblige the farmer who is in debt to keep a set of books, from which the farmer himself might learn why he is in debt and how to get out. It would also, in this observer's opinion, tend to prevent inflation of farm-land values.

Returning to the Crédit-Foncier system, perhaps the most ambitious plan for applying it in this country was recently inaugurated in New York under the title of Land Bank of the State of New York, which was incorporated during the past winter under an act of legislature. The institution was organized exclusively by the savings and loan associations in the state, none but a savings and loan association being eligible to hold stock in it.

There are at present two hundred and fifty such associations in the state. They are cooperative enterprises for the purpose of bringing together borrowers who wish to raise money by first mortgage on improved real estate and savers who have money to put into such mortgages. Encouraging people to build and own homes is one of the chief objects. In any community there are some people with surplus money on hand and others who wish to borrow.

It has been found, however, that the local demand for money to be secured by first mortgage on real estate frequently outran the local supply. The Land Bank of the State of New York proposes to remedy

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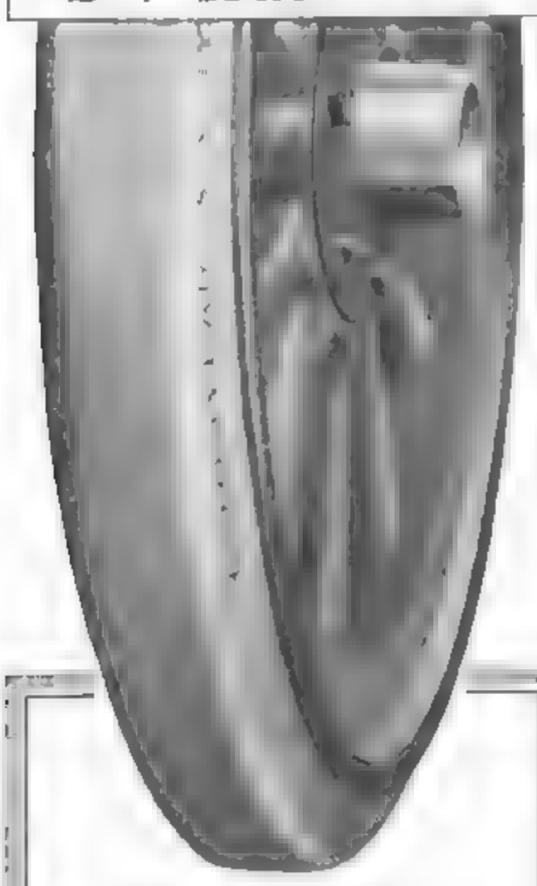

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this by bringing the organized borrowers of a community into touch with the great amount of outside money that is always in normal times seeking safe investment.

For example, a local savings and loan association cannot meet the borrowing requirements of its members. It will then take its mortgages to the Land Bank. Every such mortgage must be guaranteed by the local society. The owner of the mortgaged property must have at least a twenty-five per cent investment in it, and the local savings and loan association must also have a twenty-five per cent investment in it.

The Land Bank will supply the remaining fifty per cent, taking a first lien. Of course, as installments are paid on the loan the security becomes stronger. To supply this fifty per cent the bank will issue debentures, based on the mortgages pledged to it, and sell them to investors. For each twenty thousand dollars the Land Bank thus secures from investors it must have, as a sort of reserve and guaranty fund, one thousand dollars invested in savings-bank securities, this thousand dollars to be supplied by the savings and loan association as sole stockholders in the Land Bank.

As I write, the institution is in process of organization and has, as yet, done no business. As an extensive application of the Crédit-Foncier idea it is a very interesting experiment in the investment field.

From the investors' point of view there is a good deal to be said for getting the average of a large list of securities instead of getting any particular security—that is, for buying a debenture based on many mortgages instead of on one particular unguaranteed mortgage. A woman who is professionally engaged applies the same idea in another direction. She writes as follows:

"Fifteen years ago I met with a loss that took all my savings, and since then I have been afraid to invest at all. I manage to lay by something out of my income each year, but it seems stupid simply to put it into the bank when I might be getting more interest and have my own investments."

Investments With Heart Interest

"From time to time I have visited bond houses and have found them courteous and patient about explaining various securities to me; but I always go away feeling miserable and bewildered, because I cannot weigh the statements they make and form an intelligent opinion as to the real significance of them. I take it for granted that the bonds they recommend as first-class are nearly all good, and if one bought all of them there would be, at most, only a small percentage of loss; but how can I tell that the particular bond I buy will not be the one out of the whole lot which will turn out bad?"

It is true that if ten thousand small investors should pool their money, and buy the whole list of bonds recommended by a reliable house as first-class, the loss—if there were any loss at all—would be very small; while a single investor might possibly pick the one bond out of the whole list that would turn out unsatisfactorily. This pooling, of course, is what the mutual savings banks accomplish. They take the savings of a great number of people, investing them in preferred bonds and real-estate mortgages.

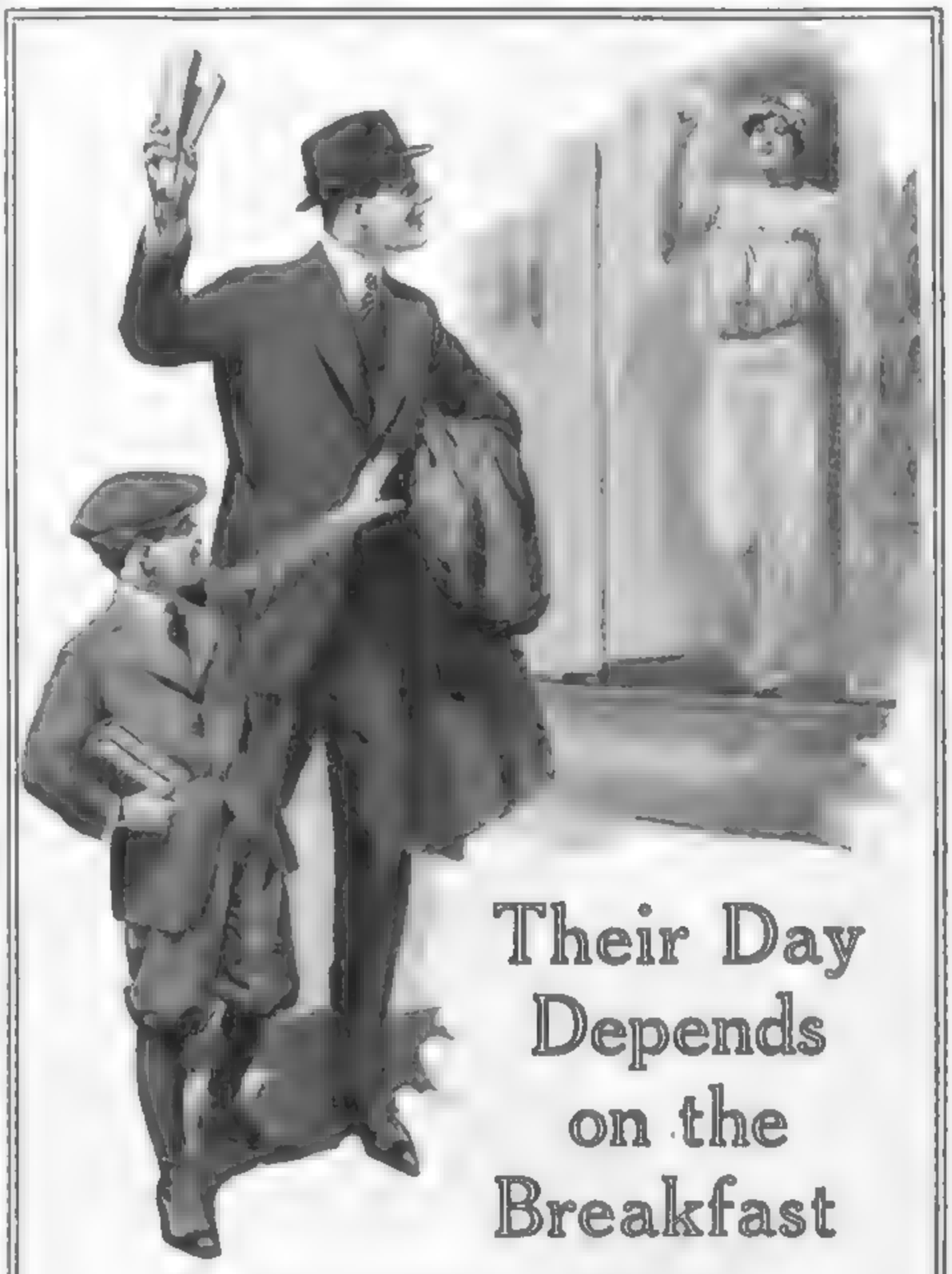
If there does happen to be a default in interest or principal, it amounts to so little in proportion to the bank's total investments that the depositor never knows it; but mutual savings banks are restricted by law to the choicest securities, returning comparatively low interest rates. The fact that an investment is available for savings banks tends to keep down the rate of interest paid on it. And there is no doubt that to many savers a bond or mortgage is more attractive than a savings-bank credit—not only because a little more interest may be had but because the bond tickles one's sense of possession more vigorously than a pass book does.

At the savings bank the teller sweeps your money into a drawer and enters some figures in your pass book.

The visible effect of the transaction is that you have parted with your money and received only an ink tracing in return; but the stiff, ponderable, engraved certificate the bond or mortgage house hands over seems like real property. Of course bond and pass book alike are only paper evidences of a debt, but there is more heart interest in the one than in the other.

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Their Day
Depends
on the
Breakfast

Remember that—you who decide the breakfast.

Those are human machines you are feeding. Their efficiency depends on the food.

There's an energy food, as you know, which is one of Nature's marvels. Its vim-producing power is proverbial. Today, as for ages, the oat stands supreme as a source of vitality, as a food for growth. There's a thousand calories of energy in a fair-sized dish.

That's the matchless breakfast. No one ever outgrows the need for it, and nothing can take its place. Our plea is to make that dish inviting. Win folks to plentiful use of it. The way to do that is by serving Quaker Oats—and this is why:

Quaker Oats

The Energizing Dainty at Its Best

Two-thirds of the oats as they come to us are discarded in Quaker Oats. We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains.

The result is large and luscious flakes, delicious in taste and aroma. Children and grown-ups delight in it. They never grow tired of it. They eat an abundance of it.

That's the only way to fully realize what vitality lies in oats.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from [illegible] perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

Quaker Oats is always of this super-quality. It has been so for 25 years. Lovers of oats from all the world over send here to get it on that account.

Yet it costs you no extra price. It is worth while saying "Quaker Oats" to get a food like this.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

(11)

From start to finish the wearing qualities of

Mallory Hats

are remarkable. Men who wear them say so.

At the start — a member of the firm selects all the materials that go into these hats, the choicest from the world's markets. The hats are made (not assembled) in one of the most completely equipped hat factories in the world by skilled American hatters

In style — Mallory hats are, and always have been, "there." Prove this for yourself by looking over the new Spring line at a dealer's. Mallory hats are Cravenette weather-proof; no other hats are so protected.

No wonder, since 1823, Mallory hats have gained a reputation for their staying qualities. They can go the route.

You can buy Mallory hats at progressive hat dealers throughout the country for $3—$3.50—$4—prices below which you can't get quality.

Look for the gold-lettered Mallory glass sign on dealers' front windows

E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc.
234 Fifth Avenue, New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

Mallory Hats
"Cravenette"

HIT THE LINE HARD!

(Continued from Page 5)

the ins and outs of things that I couldn't make a guess at, and that it would take you large, dreary centuries to tell me about. Ever think of that?"

"I gotcha!" said Roger joyously. "And this is your country, you mean; while I'm a mere stranger ——"

"Correct! Move up one girl! I never saw a merer stranger than you, Mr. Ducky. You're so mere that none know you but to love you. Why, the boys you've met up with out on the range couldn't even be hired to kill you, and they had to offer me the chance. Durned if I believe I'm going to do it myself! G'wan now; let's hear the sad story of your life."

"When I think of that poor little answer waiting all alone for its own dear riddle," said Ducky much affected, "I can't refuse. But I'll only hit the high places. Uncle Roger is dead, and it isn't a pleasant stunt to rake up all his faults and catalogue 'em."

He reflected a little while.

"My uncle put me through college and named me as his sole heir, for the reason—I had it from his own lips—that he lost father's little property for him. Uncle Roger was the elder brother, head of the family, and all that.

"He had a mighty high idea of the Drakes, did Uncle Roger, and he never liked my mother. To the day of her death he was barely civil to her. That's what I couldn't forgive in him, for all his cold and formal kindness to me. Damn it! He ignored her—and she was worth a hundred like Roger Drake.

"From all accounts, my Uncle Roger was a warm baby at college. He was the only original Ducky Drake; all others were base imitations. Come back to h' o.' N' York—lawyer; man about town; clubs; Tottie Twinkletoes; birds and bottles at proper temperatures! New York took his roll away from him.

"Did he buckle down to business and, by frugal industry and so on? He did not. He faded away into the dim blue and the tall green. Honest, Jonesy, this is rotten of me—knockin' like this! But if you're going to help me play Money, money, who's got Uncle Ducky's money? this is what you want to know. It was the keynote of his character that he wanted all the beastly junk money will buy, but wasn't willing to hop out and hustle for the money. He wanted it quick, easy and often."

"Mind if I take notes?"

"'Eavings, no! Well, six years afterward he came back. A distant relative—great-aunt or something—had left him a sizable legacy—business of killing calf; so he took his money and poor old dad's and set to work to found an estate. Mother didn't know about it. I happened along about that time and she took quite a fancy to me; didn't notice other things. It doesn't seem possible that anyone could consistently lose money in real estate in a thrifty, growing burg like New York, does it? Uncle Roger did. Then he ducked again.

"Some ten years later, back to New York—who comes here? Is it my long-lost uncle? It is. Talked vaguely of holdings in New Mexico. Had the mazuma, and spent it. He stayed all winter; then back to New Mex. That's been the program ever since—four to six months in New York, the rest out here. But he didn't talk about New Mexico and he didn't urge us to visit him.

"To do him justice, he made good on one point. He came through with good hard coin for dad. He was really very fond of poor old dad, and he'd always been sore at himself about losing dad's wad. And, as I said, he put his ungrateful nephew through school.

"Two months ago we found him dead in his bed—heart disease. His will left all his property to me unconditionally. But where and what was his property? He hadn't told us; and naturally dad hadn't felt like asking him.

"Saragossa was his post office. Except a pass book for his New York bank we found no papers in his effects—not so much as a letter. We applied at the bank. Ahem! Huh? Mr. Drake had opened an account with them years ago; the balance was so much—about one winter's spending for Uncle Roger. We pressed 'em a little. Very irregular, said the bank; but, under the circumstances—ahem! It had been Mr. Drake's custom to make one large deposit each year, checking out the greater part of it before he put in more. What was a little unusual, he generally made these deposits personally and in cash; sometimes—ahem!—there had been drafts from Albuquerque or El Paso.

"So there we were! How much property? According to the pass book, Uncle Roger had been spending, on the average, about seven thousand a year, including his two extravagances—father and yours truly. Said property was evidently in the grand new state of New Mex. But where, what and how much? Had Uncle Roger spent all his income or only part of it? All of it, we judged; for, with all respect to your Southwest, my Uncle Roger thought life in any place more than half an hour away from Broadway was a frost. If he stayed there only four months in the year, it was because supplies didn't hold out."

"I knew of your uncle—never saw him," said Neighbor. "He lived very quietly. Stayed at the ranch mighty close; made no friends and no enemies. No mixer. Had no visitors from the outside. Hunted a little. No cowman. He didn't know anything about cattle, he wouldn't learn anything about cattle, and he didn't care anything about cattle. Left that all to his partner. That's his rep., according to campfire talk. One thing's certain—your uncle didn't make any seven thousand per from the ranch, or any big part of it. The Double Dee outfit doesn't sell three hundred steers a year. Your uncle only got half of that and paid half the expenses. No, sir—that Double Dee brand helped some, but it was mostly a blind for something else."

"That's what I'm headed for," said Ducky. "Dad's an invalid; so I came out. At Albuquerque Mr. Drake had bought drafts at the banks. The hotels knew him but none of the business men had ever heard of him. El Paso, ditto. So he couldn't have been engaged in any business openly, aside from the ranch. I came to Saragossa. You know what I found here. Uncle Roger's whole bunch of cattle would have made about a year's pocket money for him. His partner offered me ten thousand for my half of ranch and cattle. That's enough to keep the wolf from the well-known door, but hardly what was expected."

"Grab it! That's more than it's worth. I know. Jim-Ike, my new neighbor, worked that country last year."

"He showed me the tally book. According to that, my share would be about that much."

Jones bent his head to hide a significant smile.

"Take it! Well, what did he say about your uncle?"

"He didn't believe my uncle owned any property here. Didn't know what he might have back East. Close-mouthed codger, he was.

"My own idea all along had been that my uncle had a secret mine. I put this up to Quinliven. Secret mine? Rubbish! No one could work a secret mine in this country—where everything was known; where the smoke of the strange camp fire was something of vital interest, to be looked into at once; where every cowpuncher had the time, ability and inclination to follow up any strange track.

"Fat chance, when all the freight from a country as big as an Eastern state was handled through one depot! Everybody knew all ore shipped—where it came from and what it run. Rubbish! Placer mines? 'Mai dear-r sir-r, to wash placer dirt, you must have water; and where water is, in New Mexico, is a frequented and public place.' Nuggets? Pish! Bosh! Nowt!

"I questioned my uncle's banker and his lawyer. Great astonishment. Nothing knowing. Mr. Bennett showed me the joint account of Quinliven & Drake, with a very small balance. My uncle kept no private account; he knew of no other investment my uncle had made; no such sums as I mentioned passed through his hands. The lawyer is now trying to solve my problem."

"Who's the lawyer?"

"He's a Mexican—a Mr. Octaviano Baca—and, at first, it seemed a rum start that Uncle Roger should have a native for his attorney. But he's a live one, all right; a very shrewd, keen person, indeed. Educated, too—good company; witty; speaks English with fluency and precision—much better English than I do. But doubtless you are acquainted with him. He is, I am told, something of a political power, having great influence with the natives."

PLENTY OF HOT WATER

¶ Enjoy the comfort, convenience and economy of a Gas Water Heater.

¶ This illustration shows it attached to your kitchen boiler. To use it, you simply open the door, turn on the gas, light it, close the door and go on with your work.

¶ The water passes from the boiler through the copper coils in the heater and back into the boiler—a *short, hot road.*

¶ The length of time you let the gas burn is governed by the amount of hot water needed for dish-washing, bath, laundry or other purpose. A little hot water in the top of the boiler or a whole boilerful—just as required—then turn off the gas and expense stops instantly.

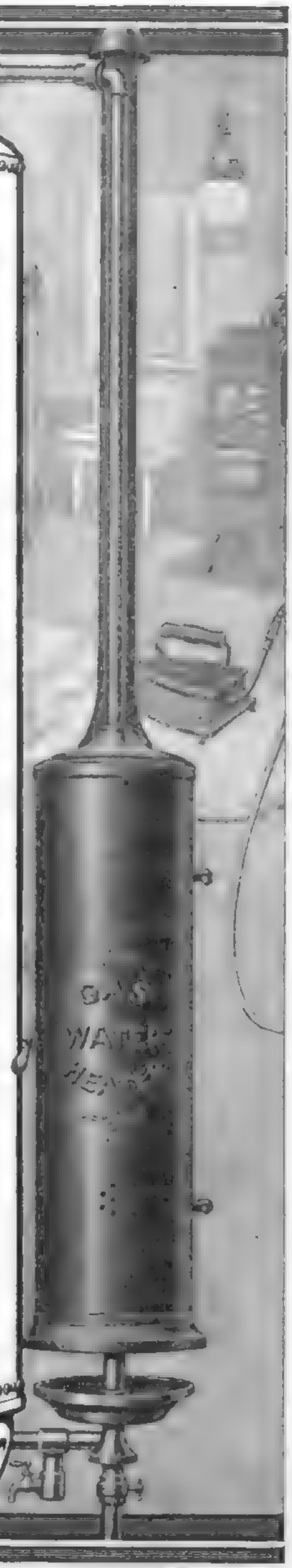
¶ The water is heated, not the kitchen, and all without coal, ashes, soot or work. And, too, a decided saving of money over the old-fashioned coal range.

¶ This is just the season to install a water heater, before the warm weather starts. Get in touch with your gas company—learn its terms of sale. Don't neglect finding out all about this necessary appliance.

¶ "The Gas Equipment of the Home," a profusely illustrated 48-page book, contains many suggestions for your comfort and much information of real value to anyone building a house or making alterations. We feel that many of you will be glad to invest a dime in a copy. Let us have your name and address, with ten cents in coin or stamps.

NATIONAL COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

61 Broadway New York City



Your Picture in His Watch

should be a smiling picture. It's your smile that recalls the charm of your personality. Your smile cannot be attractive unless your teeth are sound and white.

Keep your teeth in perfect condition by visiting your dentist twice a year and by the regular night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Whether you prefer tooth powder or cream you will find in these two productions of Dr. Lyon's laboratory the cleansing and safeguarding qualities that your teeth demand. Both dissolve quickly in the mouth—leave no sticky masses between the teeth—prevent formation of tartar—correct excessive acidity of mouth—are your best safeguard from receding gums and loosening teeth.

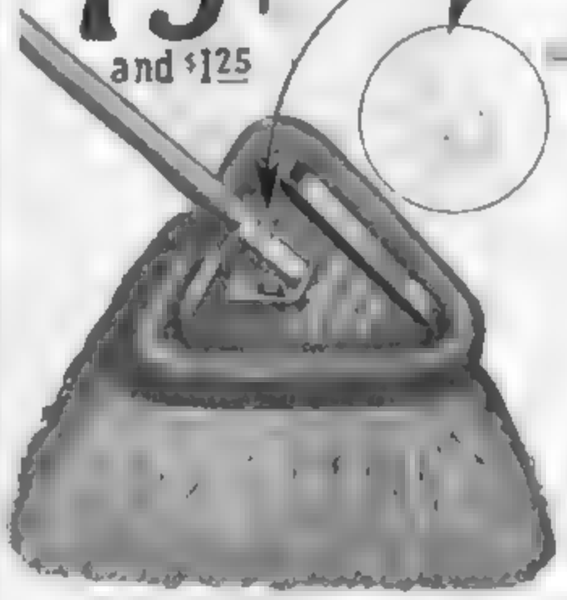
Send for a generous sample of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dr. Lyon's Perfect Dental Cream. Mailed upon receipt of 2 cents for postage.

I. W. LYON & SONS
522 West 27th Street New York City

Save the coupons in every package. They entitle you to a Tooth Brush without charge.

Miss O-Cedar Introduces The Improved O-Cedar Polish Mop With The New, Adjustable, Convenient, "Handy Handle Hinge"

75¢ and $1.25



Cleans As It Polishes

The new shape fits into corners perfectly, and the "Handy Handle Hinge" makes it possible to reach all those hard-to-get-at places. There's no escape for dust now!

First Aid To The Housewife

O-Cedar Polish Mops (both round and triangular) are sold by all grocers, druggists, hardware and department stores, and any dealer will return your money if you're not *delighted*.

Channell Chemical Co., Chicago-Toronto-London-Berlin

Neighbor chuckled. He knew what young Drake did not. Octaviano Baca was the Boss—King of Saragossa.

"Know him by sight; never met him. But we know all about everything here, even people we've never seen. In this country our camp-fire talks take the place of Bradstreet and Dun, or Who's Who. Great help. They ain't afraid to say what they think, them firelighters; and they ain't afraid to think what they say! We're all catalogued. . . . 'Jones, Neighbor: Good old wagon, but needs greasing. Use no hooks.' . . . That's me. I'm mighty proud of that biography too. So it is Baca and Bennett that are looking after your interests?"

"Baca alone, now," corrected Ducky. "Bennett helped at first, making inquiries from his business connections, and so on. We thought if we could unearth some investment of my uncle's we might follow it up; but there was a silly gunplay on the range between Bennett's men and ours, and Bennett thought he had better withdraw from the investigation; because Quinliven took it up, you know—grouchy old sorehead!—talked pretty rough to Bennett, and took our account over to the other bank."

"What was the trouble about—mavericks?"

"I hardly know—pure cussedness, I guess. Nothing worth quarreling about. Tommy Garst and one of our boys had some words about some spring up in the mountains. All foolishness—nobody had any real title to it and everybody's cattle watered there; so it made no difference who claimed it. But they got to shooting over it—silly fools! Both gone now."

"Nobody hurt?"

"Dah!" said Ducky scornfully. "Well, how about that answer?"

Neighbor looked at his own toes with painstaking speculative interest. To assist the process he cocked his head on one side and screwed his mouth up. At last he glanced over at Ducky.

"I know a lot if I could only think of it," he announced plaintively. With a thoughtful face and apparently without his own knowledge, he broke into song, with a gay, lilting voice:

"Here I am, a-comin' on the run—
Best durn cowboy 'at ever pulled a gun!
Hi-yi-yi-yippy; yippy-yi-yi-yi!
Hi-yi-yi-yippy; yippy-yea!"

Ducky sniffed.

"Why don't you learn a tune if you want to sing?"

Neighbor looked round with puckered eyes.

"Why, I ain't singin'—not exactly!" he answered dreamily. "I'm thinkin'—thinkin' about your troubles and how to make 'em all come out right in the next number. I've got a two-story mind, you see. One of 'em is diggin' away for you, hard, while the other one is singin', foot-loose, or talking to you. Me and the real serious-mind, we're studyin' right now; we don't hardly sense what I'm sayin' to you. And that's a real nice tune too. I don't like to have you make fun of that tune. That's a saddle song. That tune goes to a trotting horse. You try it."

"Why, so it does!" said Ducky after a brief experiment.

"Can you make your fingers go gallopy? Well, do it, and I'll show you another. But don't talk to me. I'm thinking fine and close, like walkin' a rope; and you'll throw me off."

So Ducky made his fingers go gallopy and Neighbor kept time to it:

"Percival Pulcifer Peterkin Pool,
Cloaked and mittened and ready for school;
Cloaked and muffled and gloved and spurred,
Gee! Wasn't Peter a wise old bird?"

"Any more?" demanded Ducky, highly diverted.

"Yes; here's a pacing tune. They say," added Neighbor absently, "they say, back in Maryland and Virginia, that old King James Fifth wrote this song—allowing for some expurgating and change o' names—Albuquerque for Edinburgh—to give it local color. Hark!

"Oh, when I got to Albuquerque I taken down
my sign—
Tirra-la-la, tirra-la-la, lay!
Oh, when I got to Albuquerque I taken down
my sign,
For they're all educated there in the riding
line—
Ti-ri-laddy and a ti-ri-lay!"

(Continued on Page 36)

The World's Advance

A Monthly Magazine In ELECTRICITY MECHANICS INVENTION SCIENCE Formerly "Modern Mechanics"

The Mirror of the World's Progress

IF you want to be informed as to the world's progress and production in things electrical and mechanical; if you would know of the latest inventions and the advance of science, you *must* read

"The World's Advance"

It is written in the language of the layman—understandable by all—governed by the exactitude of the scientist.

With its hundreds of illustrations; its practical hints showing easy ways to accomplish difficult tasks; its numerous and varied departments, "How to Make Useful Things at Home," "Practical Electro Therapy," "Electricity in Horticulture," etc.,

"The World's Advance"

offers a clear, comprehensive and authoritative digest of all that is new, interesting and useful in the fields of electricity, mechanics and science. It is a magazine with the big purpose of entertaining while it is giving information.

The popularity of "The World's Advance" is evidenced by the fact that it is the only magazine of its class that has shown a consistent gain in advertising patronage for the last four years.

If you have been reading this magazine you will welcome its new improvements. If you have never read it you have a real treat in store for you.

The new April issue of "The World's Advance" can be bought on the newsstands today for 15c the copy. $1.50 the year.

If your newsdealer cannot supply you send us 15c for the April issue or, better yet, fill in the coupon and enclose 50c for a four months' trial subscription. Get it today and you'll want every issue.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE
30 Union Square, New York

For the enclosed 50c kindly send me "The World's Advance" for four months beginning with the new April issue.

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OPEN THE 9 A. M. DOOR TO FREEDOM!

THE 9-POUND FRANTZ PREMIER MAKES POSSIBLE THE 9 A. M. WORK DAY

GRANDMOTHER'S clock ticked off the hours of a never-ending work day. You have replaced the candles of grandmother's time with electric lights. Then, why not replace the old crude way of sweeping and dusting with a modern electric Frantz Premier of your own?

By the simple expedient of attaching your genuine

$25 Frantz Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER

to any electric light socket, and lightly guiding it with one hand, all the dust and dirt disappear. It isn't work—it's a pleasure.

Without requiring a single attachment, this sturdy dirt devourer thoroughly cleans rugs, carpets, floors, stairs—goes under and around heavy furniture—into all nooks and corners, and leaves the home fresh, clean and immaculate. Not a particle of dust or dirt can escape. The extremely light weight of the Frantz Premier makes it simple and easy to handle. The especially designed and trouble-proof motor requires no attention beyond an occasional drop of oil.

With a Frantz Premier in your home you become a house manager. You cease to be a drudge, shut in by hours of toil. You accomplish more in less time, without work or worry, and gain leisure hours. You do away with dreaded house-cleaning days by removing their cause.

On sale by dependable furniture and department stores, and in electric specialty shops, everywhere.

Any Frantz Premier dealer will gladly demonstrate the efficiency of this wonderful labor-saving device in your home—on your own rugs—without obligating you to buy. Call up your dealer today, and you can stop worrying about Spring house-cleaning. If you don't know the name of your dealer, write us.

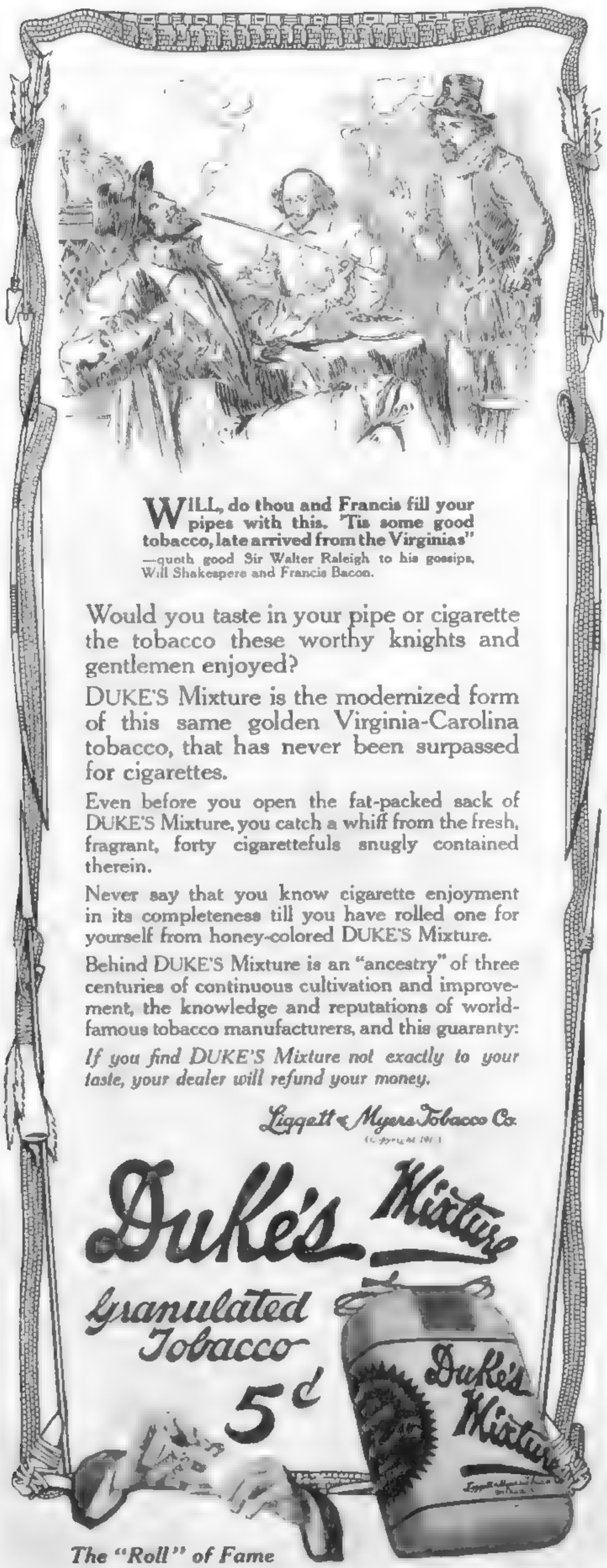
For thoroughly cleaning draperies, mattresses, upholstery, clothes, walls, radiators, etc., we have special attachments, per set $7.50.

The Frantz Premier Company

CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

Principal Canadian Headquarters

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO., LTD., Toronto, Ontario



WILL, do thou and Francis fill your pipes with this. 'Tis some good tobacco, late arrived from the Virginias"

—quoth good Sir Walter Raleigh to his gossips, Will Shakespere and Francis Bacon.

Would you taste in your pipe or cigarette the tobacco these worthy knights and gentlemen enjoyed?

DUKE'S Mixture is the modernized form of this same golden Virginia-Carolina tobacco, that has never been surpassed for cigarettes.

Even before you open the fat-packed sack of DUKE'S Mixture, you catch a whiff from the fresh, fragrant, forty cigarettefuls snugly contained therein.

Never say that you know cigarette enjoyment in its completeness till you have rolled one for yourself from honey-colored DUKE'S Mixture.

Behind DUKE'S Mixture is an "ancestry" of three centuries of continuous cultivation and improvement, the knowledge and reputations of world-famous tobacco manufacturers, and this guaranty:

If you find DUKE'S Mixture not exactly to your taste, your dealer will refund your money.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Duke's Mixture

Granulated Tobacco

5¢

The "Roll" of Fame

(Continued from Page 34

Here Neighbor brought his tilted chair back to level, removed his clasped hands from the back of his head, and shook off his dreamy expression.

"Well, I guess I'll have to give it up for this time," he sighed.

"Yah!" said Ducky, grinning. "A push and three long tushes! You big stiff! I thought you were going to tell me Money, money, who's got the money? and where Uncle Roger plucked it in the first place. Little Ducky, he sticks to his first guess—mines—and counterfeiting, for place."

"Where he got it? Where—— My poor, poor boy!" said Neighbor. "My poor misguided lamb, I wasn't studying on who's got your uncle's money; I was figuring on a harder thing—and that's how you and me are going to get it. I know where your uncle's money is. I know it was really cash money, too, and not property. And I know how he got it!"

Ducky stared.

"Business of gasp!" he said. "Demonstrate! Produce!"

"Wait a minute!" said Neighbor, holding up a warning hand. "How do you bate your breath? If you know, do it!"

"She's bated. Break it to me!"

"I'll tell you first and give you the reasons afterward; it makes the reasons sound so much more reasonable, that way."

"You may fire when ready, Gridley!"

"Hist!" said Neighbor, weird, shaky and spook-eyed. "Listen to the evil old man of Haunted Hill! Your uncle was the Man Higher Up! He made his money backing gambling hells! U-r-r-r-r-h! The men who have now got that money-money are Beck, Baca, Scanlon, Quinliven and Bennett! And the men who are now going to get that money-money—open another bottle, Ducky—are Roger Olcott Drake, Second Present!—and Neighbor Jones—Present! But how? How? How?"

III

ROGER DRAKE caught his breath. "Sir, do you inhale it or do you use a needle? Can you prove any of that?"

"Prove it!" returned Neighbor indignantly. "I don't have to prove it—I know it. It's just gemimini-mentally got to be that way. There ain't no proofs—the kind to convince a jury of peers; but there's no other way to account for what's happened, and if you're not a natural-born peer I can show you."

"Among the many beauties that add luster to my character are an aptitude to be shown and a simple willingness to try anything—once. Go to it, old summit! Wise me up!"

"Ver-ree well! Let us examine the simple and jolly facts—well known, but not to you. Tavy Baca is abso-lute-ly the Big Noise in Saragossa County—accent on loot. Nominations and appointments f. o. b. for cash with order. Special terms for convictions and acquittals. Try our land-office decisions. Small graft of all kinds. Corpses to order in neat hardwood boxes. See us before trying elsewhere.

"Laying all juries aside, he's a smart lawyer—Baca. He might be immensely wealthy, but every Mexican within a radius, when he's sick, lazy or in trouble, makes a beeline for Baca and comes away with a jingle in his pocket. It's like packin' water in a sieve.

"Gambling, as perhaps you know, is completely stamped out in New Mexico since she joined the glorious sisterhood. Baca would be getting a juicy rake-off from Beck's game. Or, since Baca was your uncle's lawyer, uncle made the necessary arrangements himself, likely."

"But how do you know my uncle was behind Beck?"

"I don't—that comes later. I am now giving you known facts only, and you can build for yourself wherever they'll fit.

"Bennett owns a heap of other people's property. He began life by ruining Brown and Almandares—take thy bill and write down fifty—deliberately smashed 'em so he could get the wreckage. As he began, he kept on—a wrecker. He has no heart, lights or liver. I knew Almandares; and the good Lord never made a better man than that old Mexican.

"Let me at once show you the impassable gulf between Bennett and a common cheat like Beck, or like Scanlon—blacklegs, card sharps, flimflammers. With the Beck kind, you lose only what they win. The Bennett kind gladly makes you lose ten dollars so he can get one. To end with, Beck and Scanlon showed a tenderness toward you not wholly explained by your many charms of face and form. It was magnificent, but it was not poker. And there's where I first got the hunch.

"Having stolen the big bundle they, or either of them, felt a certain delicacy about cheating you for your small change; so what they won from you they won fair. But Banker Bennett, with his share put up in moth balls, he's so scared you might find out and pry it away from him that he wants to hire you killed!"

Ducky Drake made an impassioned remark. It was a household word.

"What makes it a good deal worse," added Jones with exceeding bitterness, "is that he picked on me to let the contract to."

"Well, but——"

"But nothing! That's a word I can't bear. He offered to cancel the mortgage on my stuff if I'd expurgate you. That means nearly two thousand perfectly good bucks. Why? Would Bennett do that from civic pride? Nary! He's got a big bunch of your money—that's why. Is there any other possible reason?"

"Mere as I am," said Ducky, "I can see that. There is not. But how does all this involve the others? And what makes you hook up my uncle with the kitty industry?"

"When a man loves money and not work; when a man has run through three fortunes, two of 'em his own; when he turns up with a taxable income made in Saragossa County—how did he make it? How can he make it? Openly, in mines, sheep, cattle, storekeeping, liquor or law. But, except for one cattle ranch, miss's size, your uncle had no business relations—openly.

"What kind of business is done secretly? Business that is very profitable and not well thought of; counterfeiting—smuggling—gambling. This wasn't smuggling—too far from the border. Nor counterfeiting—else he might have printed off enough to let him live in New York. Also, it couldn't possibly be counterfeiting, because it was gambling.

"Now, Beck and Scanlon run the only dens in Saragossa and at Ridgepole. Because they are all involved, your uncle must have been hooked up with gambling; and, because your uncle was hooked up with gambling, they're all involved."

Ducky looked dazed; with tolerable reason.

"Quinliven is involved bad and big and sure. He offered to take your cattle for the full number on the tally book. No cowman would do that. The calves on that tally are sold, lost, strayed, stolen, eaten, skinned, and gone with the wild bunch. Quinnie, he wanted to get little Ducky out of the country.

"That shooting scrape was all fake; so you wouldn't suspect him and Banker Bennett of standin' in. Real sincere people don't empty their guns and not hit anybody—it ain't respectable. But Bennett, he intended to make that water hole the explanation of your bein' found dead and promiscuous. That's what he proposed to *me*.

"Baca is involved by being your uncle's lawyer, and yet not knowing how your uncle extracted that nice little income from Saragossa County; and by being your lawyer and not finding out. And old Beck and Scanlon are involved by their conscientious scruples in not wanting the last rag off your back."

Ducky remonstrated.

"Hi! You put that last in to make it easy—like the Englishman who always added 'and barks like a dog' to all his riddles, to make 'em harder. You're throwing the long arm of coincidence out of socket. It won't wash, my Angular-Saxon friend! You're a good old superdreadnought and the best hand at a standing high guess I've ever seen—but we can't go to court waving any wild, wet tale like that."

"Court? Oh, Jemima! Who said court? Let Tavy Baca pick the jury and you couldn't convict one of that push on his own written confession. The right hunch is goin' to be the best evidence where we settle this case—and that's out of court."

"Do you mean to use force?"

"Thank you, I shouldn't wish any pie. Why, Ducky, some of that outfit would lock horns with Julius K. Cæsar if he looked ogle-eyed at 'em. Tavy Baca especially is a cold proposition—the worst west of a given point. Only one skunk in the firm. That's Bennett. No, sir; if you want to touch that tainted money——"

"I do. Let me leave no chance for misapprehension. I want to roll in it! I want to puddle my paddies in it!"

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"Then you've got to guess quick and guess right and guess hard; you've got to mean what you think, and dig in your toes when you pray! To handle this contract you have got to have the hunch, the punch, the pep and the wallop!"

"But, even if you're r[illegible]"

"If you say that again I'll quit you!" declared Jones indignantly.

"Don't say dem crool woids to me!" begged Ducky. "You're horribly right—but where are you going to begin? It's like climbing a glass wall."

"Oh, no—not so bad as that! We have one highly important circumstance in our favor. They haven't divided the spoils yet. If they had they wouldn't be trying to get you out of the way. And when they do divide about this time look out for squalls—for I judge that most of that cash was left on deposit with Bennett. The hell-house keepers will have the rest—what they had for the house roll when they heard that Uncle Roger had cashed in, and what they've won or lost since.

"When you came on and it became plain that you didn't know anything about your uncle's business, there they were! Bennett couldn't keep it all—the gamblers would give the snap away unless they got their share. They couldn't get it all—Bennett would tell you first."

"Oh, my, my! Birds in their little nests should not fall out!"

Jones ignored the interruption.

"Baca and Quinliven horned in too—they each want a slice; but Bennett refuses to let it out of his hands till you go home. He's afraid that you'll find instructions from your uncle or some sort of a statement."

"Uncle Roger knew, in a vague, general way, that men died; but he thought that was only other people—people in the papers," explained Roger. "And yet he must have kept a pass book, receipts—something to show for his deposits."

"Exactly! Beck and Baca, between them, have got the pass book, and hold it over Bennett's head for a club, likely. That's real funny. Bennett's the one that's taken all the risks, this load. Generally it's somebody else that takes the chances, while Bennett gets the profit."

"Well! You certainly are a wise old fowl!" said Roger with explosive emphasis.

"If your uncle had trusted him, I think maybe Quinliven might have come across I judge he would. I reckon Quinnie old boy was just uncle's blind; but he guessed something and butted in to blackmail the blackmailers. To make it nice and pleasant all round, him and Baca will be wanting the gamesters to throw the house roll into the pool along with the rest, and then split it all up, even Stephen. I would right much admire to witness the executive session of that firm when they declare the final dividend!" said Neighbor with a chuckle. He was silent for a moment and his brow clouded.

"But I can't," he went on, "because we're going to get it. To begin with, suppose you step round and take Quinnie up on his offer for your cattle. Stick out for cash. He hasn't got it, but he'll make the others dig it up from the sinking fund. Right then that company will begin to get a pain in the stummick-ache. They'll see you makin' ready to go 'way and they'll all begin playing for position. You hang to your cattle selling as though you didn't have another idea on earth."

Neighbor Jones rose to go.

"And while you start that I'm going round and throw the clutch of circumstance into the high gear."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Vindictive Cannon

REPEATED mention in the dispatches of the German forty-two centimeter guns reminds a well-known New Yorker of a darky who was working in his establishment at the time the Spanish-American War broke out.

"George," inquired his employer one day, when he discovered the waiter absorbed in the latest war bulletins, "are you perhaps thinking of enlisting and fighting for your country?"

"Who, me?" inquired the startled George. "Naw, suh! Ise been readin' in de paper 'bout dese heah cannons dem Spaniards got. W'y, boss, dey got a gun dat shoots eight miles and then th'ows rocks half a hour!"

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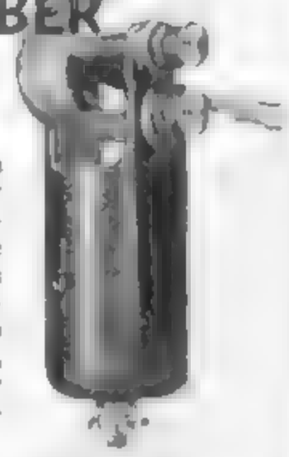

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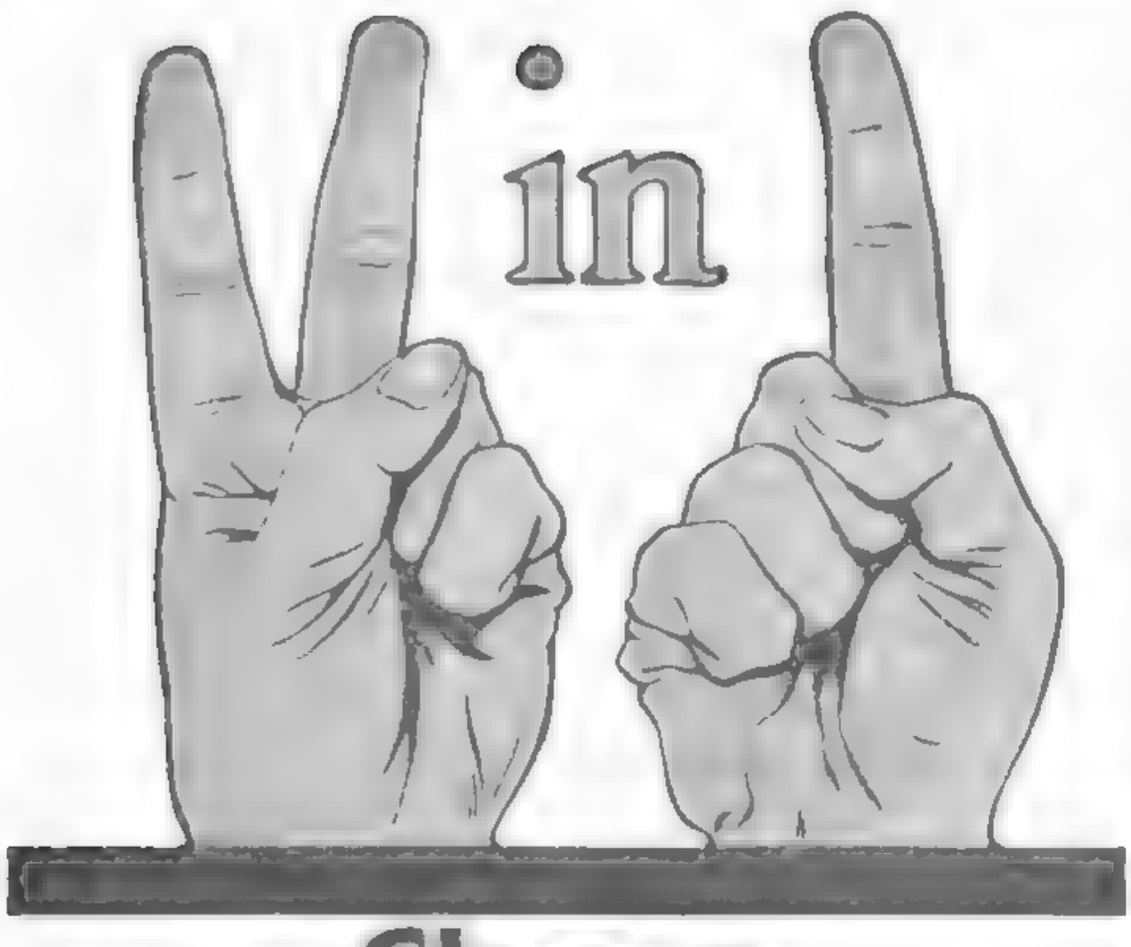

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THE LAND JUST OVER YONDER

(Continued from Page 13)

twisted smile was once more in evidence—"you'd ruther have Ol' Timer take you down to the penitentiary instead o' his chief deputy."

"That'll help a heap, pardner," Billy Boy replied brokenly. "It shore will."

"Then that's settled," Toyiabe declared. "We're scheduled to leave at eight-thirty, so dry your eyes, Billy Boy, an' me 'n' you'll have breakfast together downstairs. Then I'll take a run uptown an' you be ready by the time I get back. How are you off for a goin'-away suit, son?"

Billy Boy said he had a good one in a locker downstairs with his other clothing, and under the stimulus of Toyiabe's cheerful presence he pulled himself together and followed the old man downstairs to breakfast in the dining room for the jail attachés. After breakfast Toyiabe turned his prisoner over to the deputy with instructions to get Billy Boy ready for the journey, while he hurried uptown. Straight for the Blue Bird he headed. The swampers were at work mopping down the floor as he entered and at a roulette wheel a sleepy member of the graveyard shift sat dozing.

"Son," Toyiabe queried gently of this individual, "I've got $1,972.28 in the bank, the bank don't open until ten o'clock, an' I'm leavin' for Carson City with a prisoner at eight-thirty. How about you?"

"Write your check, Toyiabe," the gambler answered, and added reflectively: "Seems like old times, Toyiabe, cashin' yore checks. Don't spend it all in Carson."

Toyiabe gathered up the gold and currency and went back to the jail. The deputy sheriff was waiting with Billy Boy, handcuffed, and at Toyiabe's approach he handed the old desert rat the keys to the cuffs.

"Sho!" Toyiabe protested. "You don't have to hobble Billy Boy"; and he unlocked the handcuffs and tossed them into a corner. "Come, son," and he took his prisoner by the arm and walked with him to the depot. On the way uptown they stopped in at the Blue Bird and had that long-delayed little drink together, as in happier days. Then they boarded the train, and as it pulled out both Billy Boy and Toyiabe instinctively turned and looked back at the town, for both were looking upon Cinnibar for the last time. Each heaved a little sigh as he straightened round in his seat.

"An' now, Billy Boy," said Toyiabe, "seein' as I've got time to listen to it, sing the song or tell the story."

IV

TOYIABE TOM JENNINGS, sheriff of Cinnibar, had been absent from his official duties six days before the under-sheriff became suspicious and wired the warden of the state penitentiary at Carson City to know if Sheriff Jennings had arrived on the fifth of the month, convoying a prisoner, William King, under sentence of death. He received a reply in the negative, and immediately Cinnibar had a sensation which within three days developed into a scandal.

Dan Briscoe did his best to allay public sentiment against Sheriff Tom Jennings. He pointed out that even had the latter connived at the prisoner's escape, he would probably have sufficient regard for his job to return to Cinnibar with some sort of a tale in an endeavor to alibi himself. Briscoe took the stand that some time during the night run to Reno Washoe William had taken advantage of the old man's trustfulness to leap from the moving train. Possibly he had hurled the sheriff from the train. Accordingly a search was made along the right of way for the bodies of one or both of the missing men. They were not found. Then the conductor of the train that carried Toyiabe and his charge as far as Reno was questioned, and he declared that both men were aboard as the train pulled into Hazen, because Toyiabe had asked him how long they stopped for supper. He did not recall seeing them after that, but then he had been in a car ahead during the remainder of the run to Reno, making up the account of his trip. The brakeman said he thought they had left the train at Reno, and the peanut butcher, anxious to be in the limelight, declared they had.

Now it is the custom with sheriffs en route to Carson City with prisoners, who find themselves compelled to lay over in Reno all night, to lodge their charges for that night in the Reno city prison. The deputy-sheriff declared he had informed Toyiabe that this official courtesy would be extended to him upon request, but the Reno chief of police declared Sheriff Jennings had not availed himself of the privilege. Neither could Toyiabe's signature be found on any hotel register in Reno, and when two weeks had passed Cinnibar County to a man came to the conclusion that Toyiabe Tom Jennings had been false to his oath of office; that he had not only aided his ex-partner to escape, but had fled with him, for an examination of Toyiabe's modest bank account seemed to indicate that he had financed the trip. It was believed that they had continued on to San Francisco or Los Angeles and were now in Mexico. Or perhaps they had taken passage on some steamer bound for Honduras, which has no extradition treaty with the United States.

At any rate, wherever they were, the Cinnibar authorities decided they ought to be in jail. So the County Commissioners met in special session and declared the office of sheriff vacant and appointed a man to fill it, after which they offered a reward of five hundred dollars for William King, dead or alive. The district attorney then called a meeting of the Grand Jury, an indictment was returned against Toyiabe Tom Jennings and the hue and cry was on in earnest.

▼

THE warden of the Nevada state penitentiary just outside Carson City had entertained a friend at luncheon on October twenty-seventh. After luncheon the guest expressed a desire to visit the prison, so they strolled over to the warden's grim hostelry, their tour of inspection ending in the warden's comfortable private office. Here they were interrupted presently by the entrance of the captain of the yard.

"Warden," he announced, "I've got a crazy old desert rat out at the gate. He's certainly got dust in his garret. He has a hallucination he's that runaway sheriff from Cinnibar County, and that he's brought in his prisoner to be hanged to-morrow."

"Well, has he brought in his prisoner?"

"No."

"Then what does he want?"

"He won't tell me. Insists on seeing you. Says you're the only man he can do business with. When I asked him where he'd left his prisoner he said the fellow was down the road a piece minding the jacks."

The warden and his guest laughed. "So he left the jacks to guard a man I'm supposed to hang to-morrow morning, eh?" the former replied. "Who is this old chap? Or rather, what is he? A regular prospector or a desert rat?"

"Desert rat about sixty years old. I didn't have the heart to dismiss the old fellow because he appears to be so worked up. He says the prisoner is his partner. I think the old chap is dippy."

"I should say he is. And you can't get rid of him, captain?"

"No, sir; he insists upon seeing you. He says you're the only one who can do anything for his prisoner now."

"Ah, I see. He's come to plead for his partner, eh? Well, captain, that is easily arranged. Show the man in." The warden turned to his guest. "The desert gets them in the long run," he explained. "Too much solitude. But probably this old codger is as harmless as a baby. He's probably been reading the papers about the sheriff of Cinnibar County that started for here with an old side-kicker of his condemned to death. Of course you have heard of the case. They never showed up here as per schedule, and as near as we can learn the sheriff not only financed his prisoner's getaway, but skedaddled with him. They're in Mexico or Central America now, and here we have this dotty old desert rat imagining he's the absconding sheriff and that his partner is the prisoner."

"A queer brand of lunacy, strikes me," his friend replied.

"Not at all uncommon. Take, for instance, old Harry the Owl, one of my birds here. Harry went off his head on religion and now he imagines he's King Solomon. Why, I give Harry the Owl a light in his cell nights so he can get out his revised edition of The Proverbs. And as for these desert rats, they all go queer in the long run, like sheep herders. Take particular note of this old chap's eyes. Come in!"

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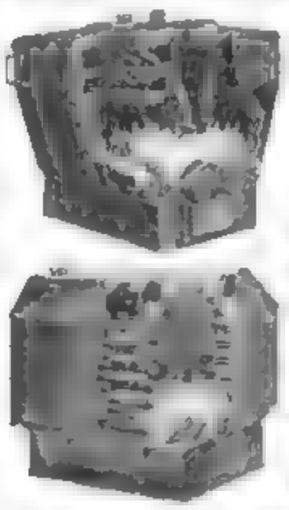

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Toyiabe Tom Jennings entered. He was wearing the same wide white hat beneath which he had left Cinnibar, but his neat black suit of "store" clothes had been replaced by a soiled canvas coat with lamb's wool lining, a heavy woolen shirt, blue overalls and short miner's boots well worn at heel and toe. From under the tail of the canvas coat the end of a battered pistol holster protruded. A three weeks' growth of white stubble covered his face, and the corners of his mouth and his chin were stained with tobacco juice. He had a large cud in his cheek, and the moment he stepped inside he glanced round for a spot whereon he might expectorate. The warden hastened to indicate a tall brass cuspidor. Toyiabe nodded his thanks, spat, sat down and shied his hat on to the warden's flat-topped desk. A little cloud of alkali dust arose from it.

"Be you the warden?" he piped, addressing that functionary, who bowed; whereupon Toyiabe jerked his head like a squinch owl. "I'm Sheriff Tom Jennings, of Cinnibar," he announced, "an' I've brought in my pardner, Bill King, to be hung."

"Indeed! Why, what appears to be the trouble between you and Bill?" the warden queried.

"Oh, hell," Toyiabe answered wearily, "there ain't no trouble between me an' Billy Boy now. We patched that ol' fuss up for good an' all." He sighed and continued tremulously: "Warden, it's shore hard on me, in my official capacity, a-havin' to bring Billy Boy in to be stretched. It's mos' almighty hard!"

"I quite realize that, sheriff," the warden answered sympathetically. "But still, I suppose it can't be helped, and 'what can't be cured must be endured.'"

"Well, this thing can't be cured, but you can help me endure it, warden. I got a little favor to ask you." And Toyiabe glanced ever so quickly toward the warden's friend.

"Oh, he's all right," the warden assured him. "Whatever you've got to say, sheriff, is strictly between friends, and whatever your favor is, I'll grant it if I can."

"You can grant this one, warden," Toyiabe quavered, touched by the warden's sympathy. He took out a villainous old red bandana handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "I shore do appreciate your sperrit, warden, an' so'll Billy Boy. Now under the law you've got to swing Billy Boy between sunrise an' sunset to-morrow." The warden nodded solemnly and Toyiabe continued:

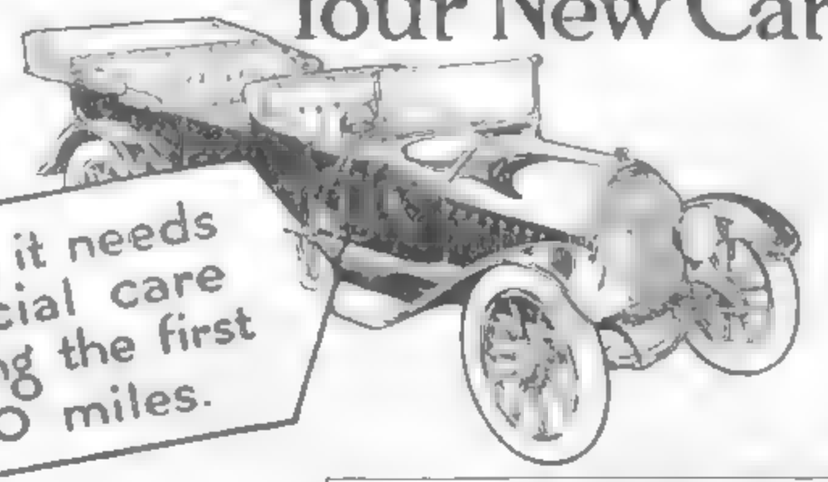
"I wish you'd do it at sun-up, warden, becuz then Billy Boy won't have to set in a cell an' wait for it. You see, warden, I thought mebbe if I asked you an' explained how it is with me an' Billy Boy you wouldn't mind lettin' me have him to-night. We'll make a dry camp over yonder in the field an' I wish you'd let us, becuz it's a-goin' to be our last night together on this here earth, an' an'—— But we'll be up early, warden, an' all you've got to do is to come to the front gate an'—give us the—high sign—when you're—re—re ready ——"

He broke down completely and laid his old head, all snowy and unkempt, on the warden's desk. "We don't want no fuss an' feathers to—this killin'," he sobbed. "I want my Billy Boy to—jus' come a-strollin' across the field like a white man, head up—an' whistlin'—when you call him. He sees you by the gate—an' he says: 'Mornin', warden'; an' you say 'Mornin', Billy Boy. Had yore breakfas'?' An' he'll say: 'Yes, thank you, warden. Me an' Toyiabe scoffed us per—usual an hour ago.' An' then you say: 'Well, come along, son' an' him an' you walks friendly-like to the pl-place—where you—hang folks; only be—before you get there—you step to one side—an' let a passel—o' guards—shoot him through the heart. In this state—a condemned man's got the—right to choose his own finish—shootin' or hangin', an' I'm choosin' for—Billy Boy. You shoot him—when he ain't—expectin' it, an' I'll come arterwards an' take him away ——"

Another sob mingled with Toyiabe's, and the warden, turning to gaze with misty eyes upon his guest, observed that the latter was weeping like a great, lubberly boy. For they had expected Toyiabe to plead for a life, and here he was, hopeless, and pleading pathetically for a figment of honor in a dishonored death.

"Get that hysterical old lunatic out of here," the warden's friend whispered. "He's tearing my heart out."

Your New Car



Why it needs special care during the first 1000 miles.

YOUR automobile in one respect is like any other piece of machinery. It "settles down" only after use. If well maintained it will run better the 2000th mile than the first.

Motor trouble and undue noises are too often caused by early neglect. The metal worn off by friction is gone forever.

And your lubricating oil is your only protection against this friction wear.

At all times and especially during the important "settling down" period, when the moving parts have not fully adjusted themselves to each other, oil of the highest lubricating efficiency is of the utmost importance.

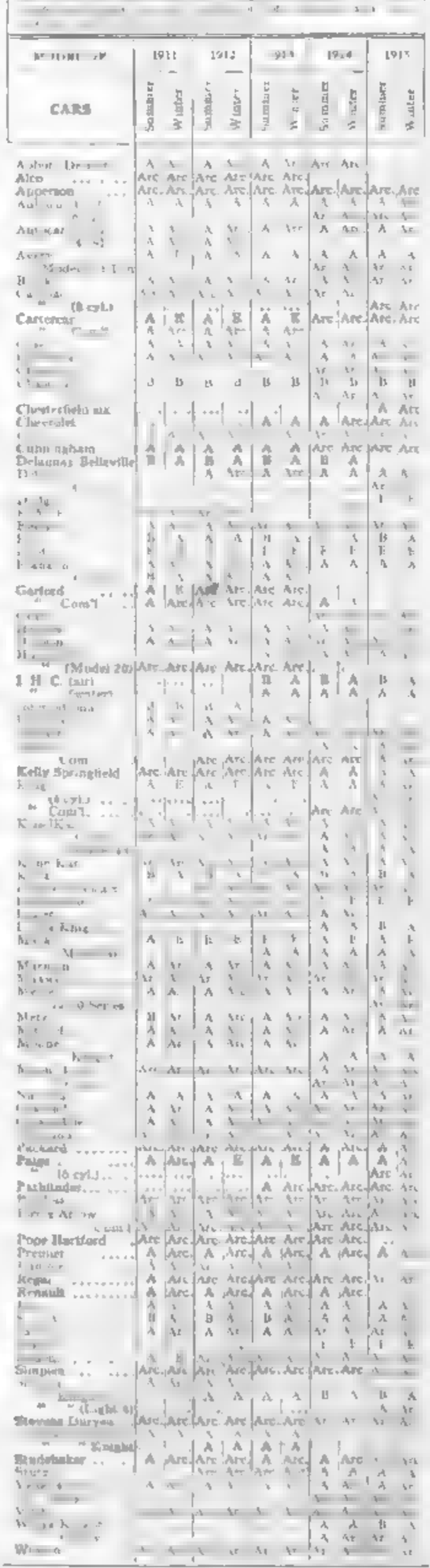
Each piston makes several thousand strokes per mile.

The effects of the wrong oil will not be noticed during the first piston stroke, or the second. But when the piston strokes run up into the millions—and that does not take long—friction begins to get its due. You do not have to *look* for the wear then. You *hear* it.

Realizing the need of scientific help, careful motorists are turning for correct lubrication to the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

The oil specified insures high lubricating efficiency through its correct *body* and superior *quality* and throughout the life of the car insures a low operating cost per mile. The continued efficiency of the motor is full evidence of the way in which the oil protects each moving part. The carbon deposit is rarely troublesome. And the "wear" of the oil itself is unusual.

The Chart on the right represents our [illegible] service. If you are not [illegible], send for a complete copy of this standard guide to correct lubrication.



Correct Lubrication

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

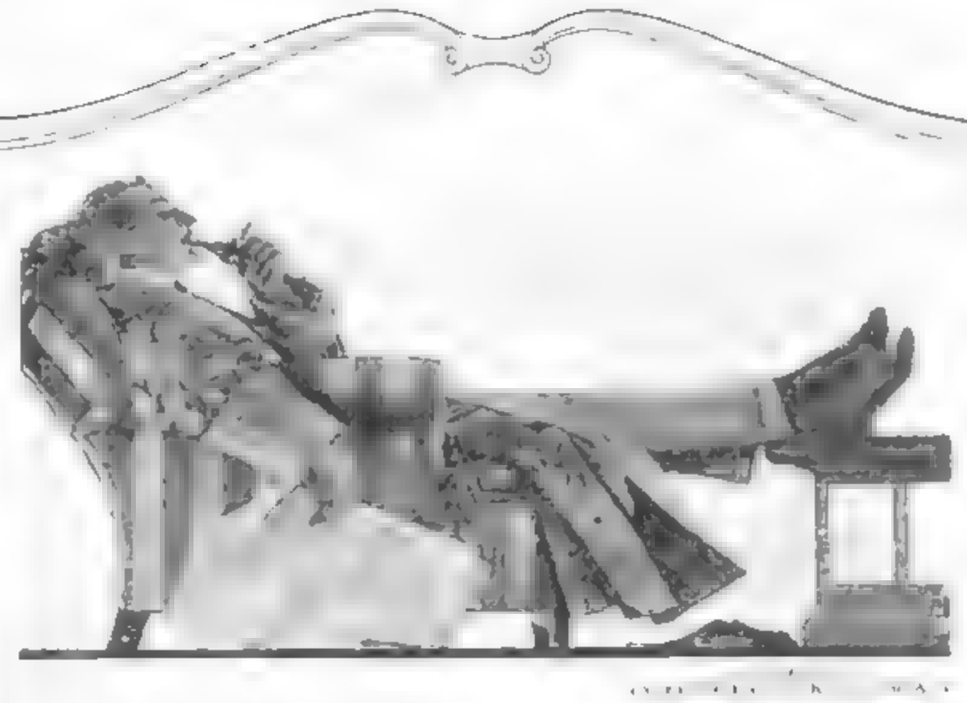
Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES

Detroit, Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"



WHY were 12,000,000 pairs of Interwoven Socks sold last year?

Not alone because of the great wearing strength of the Interwoven toe and heel but also because

THEY FIT

No "Cramping" up of your feet—
No "Bagging" at the ankle—
No "Drawing" across the instep

in

Interwoven Socks

They are made correctly on special patented machines of our own manufacture used by this company only. They are different in manufacture from all other socks.

Interwovens are sold directly from mill to retailer only—none sold by mail. Every pair marked "Interwoven." Never sold under any other name.

Lisles, Silks and Cashmeres, 25c up

INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY
New Brunswick, N. J.

WHICH?

Same Quality
Same Finish
Same Price
But—
Here's the Difference

This you *can* Re-Blade

YOU can replace a broken blade in a Nagle ReBlade Knife in ten seconds. No tools required. Think of it—a knife that's always new—always 100% efficient. Handsome [illegible] (or money order) for the finest jack-knife you ever saw, with two Sheffield steel blades and an extra blade for reblading. Looks exactly like a fine old-style knife. Equally strong. Blades

Extra Blade-Screwdriver combination

This you can *not* Re-Blade

can't come out accidentally. Sturdy, handsome handle. Actual size of knife, 3½ in. long. Additional blades as you need them for 25c each. Fully guaranteed.

Agents or dealers wanted

NAGLE ReBlade KNIFE Co
60 Parker Ave. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
References: First Nat. Bank, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"The only way I can do it is to introduce you as the governor of the state and have you pardon Billy Boy," the warden replied, and the other nodded his approval of the plan.

More accustomed, perhaps, to scenes of woe than his guest, the warden quickly regained his composure. He stepped to Toyiabe and patted him on the shoulder. "There, there," he soothed; "buck up, Old Timer, and listen to the good news." He shook Toyiabe. "Listen!" he commanded. "Billy Boy isn't going to be hanged and he isn't going to be shot."

"Then what are you a-goin' to do with him?" Toyiabe gasped. "Commute his sentence to imprisonment for life? I'd druther see him shot an' out of his misery than stuck behind the bars in this hell-hole. I'd ——"

"Let me finish, sheriff. This gentleman here is the governor of the state of Nevada ——"

"What!"

"Yes, he's the governor," and the warden winked at his guest. "Governor," he continued, addressing the latter, "now really, don't you think this is one case where you can extend executive clemency? What's the use hanging this Billy Boy? You see how much the sheriff thinks of him. Why, no man could be really bad and still inspire such a sacred friendship ——"

"Warden," cried Toyiabe, "he's the lovin'est, the sweetest-natured boy that ever was. Many's the time Billy Boy's lied an' said he wasn't thirsty, so his ol' Tompardner could have the water. An' I want to tell you, governor, a lie like that a-comin' from lips that's black an' swollen—oh, governor, won't you please pardon him? When me an' the jacks give out once that boy toted me on his back four miles to water. He ain't no drawin'-room graduate, governor; he ain't no hand-shakin' lady's man, but oh, governor, he's got guts an' to spare."

"I am convinced, sheriff," the "governor" replied, "that Billy Boy is all that you say he is. His trial, if I may judge from the newspaper reports, was an outrageous miscarriage of justice. That Cinnibar judge certainly gave him a mighty raw deal ——"

"You're damn' whistlin' he did!" Toyiabe shrilled.

"And so," the "governor" continued, "I'm going to grant Billy Boy a full pardon, and then I want you two to get the devil out of here."

"Put her there, pardner. God bless you for a decent honest white man in a nigger world," and Toyiabe seized the "governor's" hand and wrung it in both of his.

"And whatever you do," the warden warned him, "keep this under your hat. Now, don't you and Billy Boy go down town to-night and celebrate by getting drunk, because if you get drunk you'll talk, and if you talk you'll have forty people a week coming in to cry on the governor's shoulder. Understand?"

"Understand? Understand? Why, warden, compared to me an' Billy Boy for silence on this here subject the Spink herself is noisier'n a band o' sheep. But governor—now, governor, I shore hate to appear to presume on good natur an' brief acquaintance, as the feller says, but—er—couldn't you give me the pardon paper now, so's I could tote it out to Billy Boy? He's waitin' for me down by the gate with the jacks."

"Well, hardly to-day, sheriff. I quit working at twelve o'clock. And then the pardon paper has to bear the Great Seal of the State of Nevada, and they lock the Great Seal up in a time vault as soon as I leave my office. And then there's a lot of red tape to a pardon—got to bring it up before the pardon board, and besides, my secretary—— Why, sheriff, if you knew the work that boy has ahead of him you'd feel sorry for him. But don't you worry, sheriff. Whatever I say goes with the pardon board, and in the course of a few days I'll have my secretary make out the pardon and mail it to you. In the meantime Billy Boy is free. Nobody's going to ask any questions, and if they do just refer them to me or to the warden."

"Well, o' course," Toyiabe replied, a little abashed, "I ain't insistin' or misdoubtin' yore word, governor, an' if the warden is agreeable to takin' the resk I am too."

"What risk is there to take?" the warden demanded.

"Well, that danged coyote of a judge up in Cinnibar might take a notion to come pesterin' around, askin' embarrassin' questions, so we better do this thing regular. You give me a receipt for Billy Boy, delivered in good order, an' that let's me out. Then the governor pardons Billy Boy, an' that lets you out. That's right, ain't it?"

The two men nodded. "Then," Toyiabe continued calmly, "we'll go to it. I jus' naturally got to explain my conduct to Dan Briscoe. Dan, he got me the app'intment as sheriff, an' the way things look now I've thrown him down. But when I mail him this receipt he'll print it in the Expositor, an' that'll square me with my friends again. They can't say I didn't make good, even if I did take my time about it." He cackled in almost senile glee, took a dirty white envelope from the inner breast pocket of his canvas coat and handed it to the warden. "There's the commitment papers an' the receipt," he said.

The warden opened the envelope, glanced at its contents, and silently handed them over to his friend, who read them carefully. His glance was very serious as it met the warden's.

"Well," he queried gently, "who's loony now?"

"Why, ain't them papers in apple-pie order?" Toyiabe demanded, suddenly appalled with the thought that something had slipped at the last minute and Billy Boy would be hanged after all.

"That's what's wrong with them," was the answer. "They're too blamed well in order." Then he saw the fright in Toyiabe's eyes—eyes a little squinty and puckered at the corners, kind, blue, deep-set and brilliant—the orbs of a born visionary; and he hastened to back water. "They have more red tape about a simple paper like this than is at all necessary," he declared. "Why, a man has to read a page of whereases and aforesaids to get at the meat of the argument. Still, I guess they're regular enough, so you'd better sign them, warden," and he tossed the papers over to that unhappy official.

"Tell me about Billy Boy," he said, and turned his back deliberately on the warden's accusing glare. "What are the real inside facts of that killing up in Cinnibar? Just what did Billy Boy do?"

Toyiabe hitched his chair over and prepared to argue the question. "Why, governor," he declared, "that boy didn't do nothin' 'ceptin' red this here earth of a polecat. It happens this way, an' no matter what anybody else tells you, don't you believe him, becuz Billy Boy told me this himself an' that boy never told a lie in his life. Back here a couple o' years ago the lad falls deep in love with a quarter-bred Washoe girl, which I don't cotton to her nohow, but agin my advice he marries her. He's plumb crazy about her, an' her—well, she's plumb crazy about Billy Boy's bankroll. He builds her a forty-thousand-dollar house in Cinnibar an' buys two automobiles—one for her an' one for him—an' does all he can in reason to make the squaw happy. He tells me as how he gives her five hundred dollars a month pin money—yes sir, governor, that's what she calls it—pin money! An' at that she's hollerin' night an' day for more.

"Governor, she's a wild mustang, an' she ain't never goin' to be broke to trot double, although at that I reckon she can't help her natur. All o' them mixed breeds, 'ceptin' one or two, is that way, an' I ain't blamin' her so much as I'm blamin' Billy Boy for marryin' her. I told him how it'd end up, an' it did just as I said. They ain't been wedded more'n a year before she's rollin' 'em high in Cinnibar, an' I'm a-tellin' you, governor, it takes somethin' to shock Cinnibar in them days. She's on the edge o' disgracin' Billy Boy time an' agin, but he loves her an' forgives her, an' she 'lows she'll behave—till next time! An' finally one day Billy Boy hears as how Cinnibar is a-linkin' her name with the county assessor, who's a good-lookin', popular young feller with all them airs an' graces an' a way o' wearin' his clothes which Billy Boy's clean out of, if he ever had 'em, which I doubt. So Billy Boy calls on this county assessor an' warns him off the reservation, or if he will persist in comin', to come a-smokin'; an' after that Billy Boy has peace for mebbe two months an' begins to get his bearin's again.

"Now, Bill, he ain't no shucks on handwritin', an' after he gets married he has his wife draw up all the checks to pay the house bills an' he just signs 'em without investigation. He's trustful that-a-way, an' the consequence is one bright day, when he's

(Continued on Page 45)

Comfort in the Kitchen

With the advent of the Florence came "the turning point in oil stove history."

Came *Safety*—such that you can leave your oil stove burning in your kitchen and go elsewhere about your home devoid of fear; *Simplicity*—such that heat regulation and fuel supply practically are automatic; *Economy*—such as a cost of but one-half cent an hour per burner at full force; *Beauty*—such as you can be proud of! All these you can now have in

4-burner, high frame Florence Automatic. Other models have 1, 2 or 3 burners

FLORENCE

Oil Cook Stoves *"Look for the Lever"*

You need have a hot summer kitchen *no more.* Florence Oil Cook Stoves are ready *when* you want to cook. As much heat as you want, when you want it, right *where* you want it—*in* the cooking, not *out* in the room.

Housewives all over America are finding that Florence Oil Stoves solve the cooking question. Thousands of merchants have wakened to the fact that here are such dependable, safe, convenient oil stoves as they've always wished to sell.

Florence Oil Stoves are so simple, so sure, so little trouble. You light a match. You turn a lever. You have a clean, intensely hot blue flame right up under the cooking.

Florence Oil Stoves change every drop of oil to gas. This mixes with oxygen from the air and burns with intense heat, with a clean, blue flame.

By easy little turns of the lever you have an intensely hot or a simmering flame. The heat goes upward into the cooking instead of outward into the kitchen. The lever turned the flame is out.

These stoves have *no wicks* to need trimming, to smoke, scent and soot the house—*no valves* to wear out, or clog, or leak.

Each burner costs about one-half cent an hour. Much cheaper than a coal range or gas. There are no plumber's bills for connecting and disconnecting.

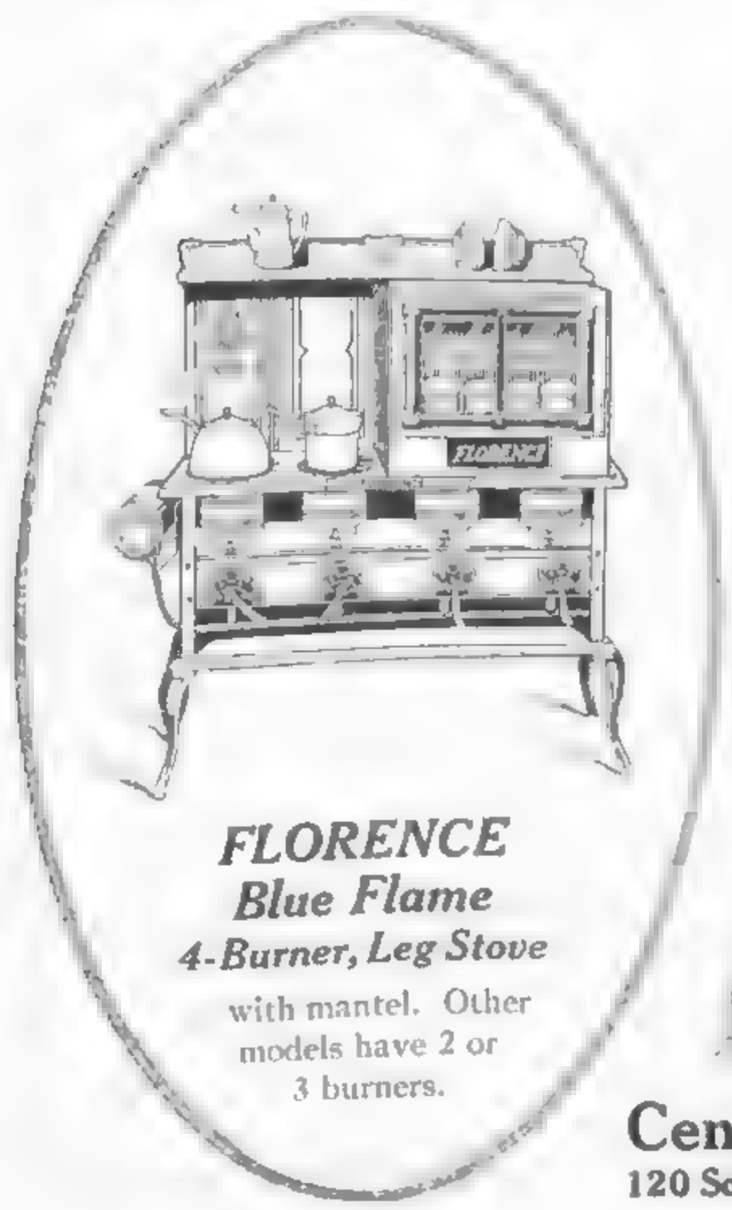
Suppose you want to bake. No vexing wait for a stubborn coal fire. In a few minutes your Florence oven is ready for six large loaves.

Through the glass door you see the ruddy crust brought only by uniform heat. It is visible baking. That means good baking.

When the baking's done the fire is turned off. Your kitchen was not overheated. The heat was concentrated *under* the oven or cooking utensil.

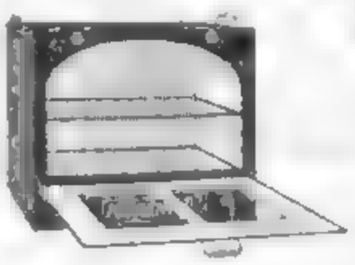
The oil tank has an unbreakable glass front (or bull's eye) that shows you the amount of oil at any time. The tank holds a full gallon of oil. Water cannot spill into its lower reservoir or pipes.

All Florence Stoves and Ovens are fully guaranteed. We believe the Florence Automatic principle the best for oil cook stoves. Others cannot use it. *We own the patents.*



FLORENCE
Blue Flame
4-Burner, Leg Stove

with mantel. Other models have 2 or 3 burners.



FLORENCE
Glass Door Oven

The oven grates run from front to back, instead of crosswise. Liquid pies or puddings [illegible] No slopping—no spilling. Florence Ovens are full-asbestos-lined and heat-proof, with metal cool-rim and bakers oven top—[illegible] each heat.

FREE, a Good Cook-Book

Let us send you this unusual book of recipes and household helps. It contains some decidedly "different" cooking and menu suggestions. It is FREE to you. Kindly write today, giving your dealer's name.

Please Send This Coupon

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
120 School St., Gardner, Mass.

You may send me a copy of the "Household Helper" cook-book FREE, without obligation on my part.

My Name_____

Street _____ Town

State_____ My Dealer

Central Oil & Gas Stove Company
120 School Street **Gardner, Massachusetts**

The Merchant to his Customer

"It's Just the Bank-note Idea"

You've noticed the bank-notes issued by your local bank. Big, across the face of the note, appear the words, ***"The First National Bank of Your-town will pay to the bearer on demand."*** That's the promise of your bank. Not quite so conspicuous, but still there, are the words, ***"United States of America,"*** and the assurance that your Government stands back of your bank.

In your city, the merchant who sells Stein-Bloch Clothes is a man whose responsibility and integrity are as sound as the banker's. That's why *his* name and label appear on

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

But just as the banker wants the added endorsement of the Government on his note, so does the local merchant want the Stein-Bloch label on the clothes he sells.

The Stein-Bloch label was the first clothing label ever registered in America. It stands for "Sixty Years of Knowing How."

It is sewed ***under*** a little strip of lining material just below the hanger. You have to turn the strip up to see it, but when you do see it you know it's a Stein-Bloch.

The knowledge you have of your merchant—the knowledge you have of Stein-Bloch Clothes—the knowledge your merchant has of us and we of him—form an interlocking bond of confidence in the absolute superiority of Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes.

THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors REGISTERED 1888

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Wholesale Tailors

New York: Fifth Avenue Building Rochester, N. Y. Chicago: Republic Building

(Continued from Page 42)

about to light out for Round Mountain, where he's got some placer interests he figgers on buyin' mebbe, his wife ups an' says she's just got to have some more pin money. Well, he's in a hurry to get away, so he grabs a pen an' signs a check in blank, an' the dust o' his leavin' ain't settled yet out in Big Smoky before that female is down to the bank an' drawed out every cent Bill has on deeposit. She takes twenty-two thousand odd dollars in currency, an' an hour later her an' the county assessor is in her automobile headed for Battle Mountain to catch the Overland for the East. An' in order to avoid meetin' people they don't foller the regular trail across Big Smoky, but just head right across country.

"Well, governor, Billy Boy ain't in Round Mountain an hour till he finds it ain't goin' to be possible for him to do business, so he changes his mind about stayin' over to investigate the claims an' heads right back to Cinnibar, which Cinnibar is a good fifty mile away straight across Big Smoky. Havin' allers been used to takin' short cuts across country with the burros Billy Boy continues the practice when he's got an automobile, an' when he's about half way home an' a-crackin' right along, breakin' trail through the sage, who does he meet up with but the county assessor an' the squaw a-tinkerin' with their car, which the same has broke down.

"'It's a right embarrassin' meetin', because since he's been livin' in town Billy Boy, which he's as peaceful as a spring lamb, don't tote no gun. But the county assessor has one o' these little five-shot, short-barreled, no-account pocket pistols that'll hold up to about ten feet, an' the minute he sees Billy Boy comin' he knows what to expect, so he pulls an' gits to work. Billy Boy jumps out of his car an' comes right for him, which excites the county assessor so he plumb misses all five shots, an' then Billy Boy works him over some, throws him, ties his hands behind him an' sets down on the runnin' board to think of a lot o' things, an' among 'em the check he signed in blank. So he looks his missus over but she's busted, an' then he frisks the county assessor an' finds the roll, which he hypothecates an' otherwise retains for his own use an' benefit. Then him an' his missus has it out hot an' heavy, an' she tells him plain she only married him for his money, that she loves the county assessor an' aims to have him some day, come hell or high water.

"'Well,' Billy Boy says to her, 'it's mos' certainly hard on me to hold my temper when a man runs away with my wife, but when he adds insult to injury by skedaddlin' on my money I shore rise in my place an' protest.'

"'Tain't yore money,' she says, 'it's his.'

"'I'll see,' says Billy Boy, an' he yokes the county assessor to the tail of his automobile with a towin' rope. 'Git in!' he says to his wife, an' she gets in an' Billy Boy starts. He's run the county assessor mebbe a quarter of a mile an' drug him mebbe fifty feet before he stops.

"'Where'd you git all that money?' Billy Boy says; an' the assessor says: 'Yore wife give it to me to hold.'

"'That's all I wanted to know,' says Billy Boy. 'If she'd give it to me to hold an' you'd asked me whose money it was, I'd have let you drag me to death but I wouldn't have told.' So he casts the county assessor loose in the heart o' Big Smoky. 'I ain't goin' to kill you,' he says, 'because that'd make a scandal for my wife, but, as the feller says, the Lord will pervide, an' mebbe he'll pervide for you, although I doubt it. You're such a hand at runnin',' he says, 'suppose you see how long it'll take you to git to water. It's twenty-five mile to Round Mountain an' water, an' if you make it lemme know an' I'll git a divorce an' let you have this woman.' An' then he throws his wife into his automobile an' starts for Cinnibar, with the county assessor a-beggin' an' a-pleadin' to be took in. But Billy Boy drives away half a mile an' waits, an' pretty soon the county assessor starts off back-trackin' Billy Boy's trail for Round Mountain.

"'I reckon you ain't a-goin' to get that feller,' says Billy Boy to his wife. 'The coyotes got a prior-entry claim on his carcass,' an' away he dusts for Cinnibar. Now it don't occur to Billy Boy that his wife's a-goin' to say anything about this deal, but he don't know her a little bit. She's got Injun blood in her an' she don't stop at nothin'. She's no sooner in town than she telephones the sheriff the whole story, an' a searchin' party starts out for the county assessor.

"Naturally they don't find him, although they can follow the trail o' Billy Boy's car easy enough. The trouble is the county assessor gits delirious an' leaves the trail, an' when they find him it's the buzzards that p'int him out.

"Well, sir, if the district attorney don't organize the Grand Jury an' have Billy Boy arrested for murder! Billy Boy pleads justifiable homicide an' says he ain't got no call to carry three in a two-seated automobile. If some folks wants to be Christians an' return good for evil he ain't objectin', but that ain't his style. He claims as how he left the decision up to the Almighty. But he can't produce the gun, havin' left it out in Big Smoky where the wind buries it in the sand; in addition to which his wife takes the stand an' says there wasn't no shootin' at all. An' when Billy Boy's lawyers asks her: 'How about that check you cashed in?' she says: 'Sure I cashed it. Billy was in a hurry to leave to go over to Round Mountain an' buy a placer mine, an' he couldn't wait for the bank to open, so he give me the check an' told me to foller in my car with the money.' An' that poor dear county assessor, as fine a gentleman as ever lived, he jus' wouldn't think o' lettin' her tackle Big Smoky alone, so he goes with her, an' they meet Billy Boy comin' back an' she gives him the money, an' then the big blow-off takes place.

"Of course the sheriff finds the money on Billy Boy when he arrests him that day, an' when that woman gits up in the jury box an' cries an' says her husband is a inhuman brute an' she won't protect him nohow, the jury agrees with her. As the foreman says when deliverin' the verdict, if he'd shot the assessor they'd have landed him for plain manslaughter, but a-turnin' him loose to die was plumb fiendish—an' they bring in a verdict o' murder in the first degree."

Toyiabe Tom finished his recital with a dramatic wave of his grimy paw.

"But that doesn't square you, sheriff. Three weeks ago you started from Cinnibar to deliver this prisoner. You ran away with him and then you changed your mind. How about that?"

"Well, I might as well own up," Toyiabe admitted, after fully half a minute spent in a critical examination of the floor, the four walls and the ceiling. "I was crooked—that is, I wasn't crooked, but I intended to be. You see, governor, me an' Billy Boy was pardners, an' I made up my mind he wasn't goin' to be hung nohow, only I never figgered none whatever on Billy Boy's p'int o' view. After we're on the train a while I says: 'Son, when we get to Reno I'm a-goin' to have a cinder in each eye.'

"'You can't,' he says. 'This here's an oil-burnin' locomotive.'

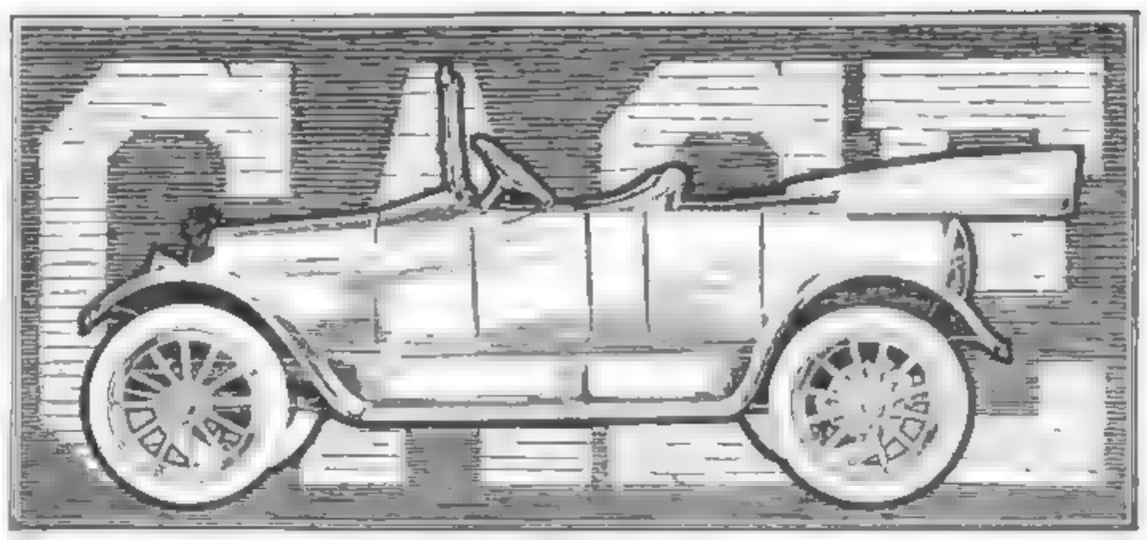
"'Then,' I says, 'I'm a-goin' to be took sudden with cataracts, an' you git. An',' I says, 'here's somethin' to git on,' an' I slip him fifteen hundred dollars.

"'Toyiabe,' he says, 'this is about what I'd expect o' you an' I'm mos' almighty grateful, Ol' Timer, but the fact is you held up yore paw an' took an oath of office an' you've got to keep it. The citizens o' Cinnibar is a-trustin' you to bring me to Carson City to be hung, an' you got to do it. I'd shore hate to think o' you a-skulkin' an' a-dodgin' from hones' men, just on account o' me settin' in the game o' life an' a-tryin' to draw to a bobtail flush.'

"'Billy Boy,' I says, 'you're jus' a dreamin'.'

"'I know,' he says, 'but I'll hurt the man that wakes me up. Now listen: This trial cleaned out my Cinnibar holdin's, but I'm too old a prospector to put all my water on one jack. The first thing you taught me was to carry a full canteen, an' then if the jacks stampeded I'd have an ace coppered. I got a hundred thousand in a Reno bank an' my wife don't know I got it, which if she did she'd have an injunction out agin me withdrawin' it. As my widder she figgers to come into half o' my estate, win, lose or draw, an' that's what was a-botherin' me. I wanted to see you an' give you the money, so I could die without leavin' an estate. What little she's got her claws on now the lawyers'll take away from her, becuz I've left a strong will to fight.'

"'Billy Boy,' I says, 'let's take that money an' go to South America or Alaska, an' I'll go with you, so there won't be no skulkin' or dodgin'.' But, Lord bless you, governor, he just laughs at me.



The Name Behind the Goods

CASE "25"

Complete $1350—5% Discount If Cash

If We Equipped and Priced as Others Do

$1239.75

Of the popular-priced cars, we maintain that the CASE "25" costs the purchaser the least when value is considered, as its price is subject to 5% discount if cash.

Further, it is the only car in this class that comes *completely* equipped with Extra Tire Casing and Extra Inner Tube On Rim with Cover, Weed Non-Skid Tire Chains, and Eight-Day Clock.

On any other car, men have to pay extra for all these necessary features. And these things are necessary, as you know.

These features, with the 5% discount if cash, amount to precisely $110.25. Add this to the price of any other car in this class, then compare its price and value with those of the CASE "25," complete at $1350.

Or deduct it from $1350, the price of the CASE, and this car costs you but $1239.75, on the basis of price and standard equipment of the average car.

Hidden Values

CASE buyers count this low cost an extreme advantage. Yet these cars have never been sold on price.

They are winning men everywhere because of their *organic* superiority.

These are the "unseen values" in the *vitals* of a car. And you must rely upon a maker's *ability* to build them *right*. Also his *reputation* for *embodying* them.

Your Safeguard

In both of these respects CASE stands, as you surely know, without a peer.

We have won, through more than 70 years, acknowledged leadership as makers of motive power machinery.

So—when it comes to you, as it must, to rely on the name behind some car—

Remember that CASE means utmost *security*.

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Founded 1842

268

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

The two owners of this business are also its actual active superintendents — not by proxy but in person.

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The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the car complete is $785
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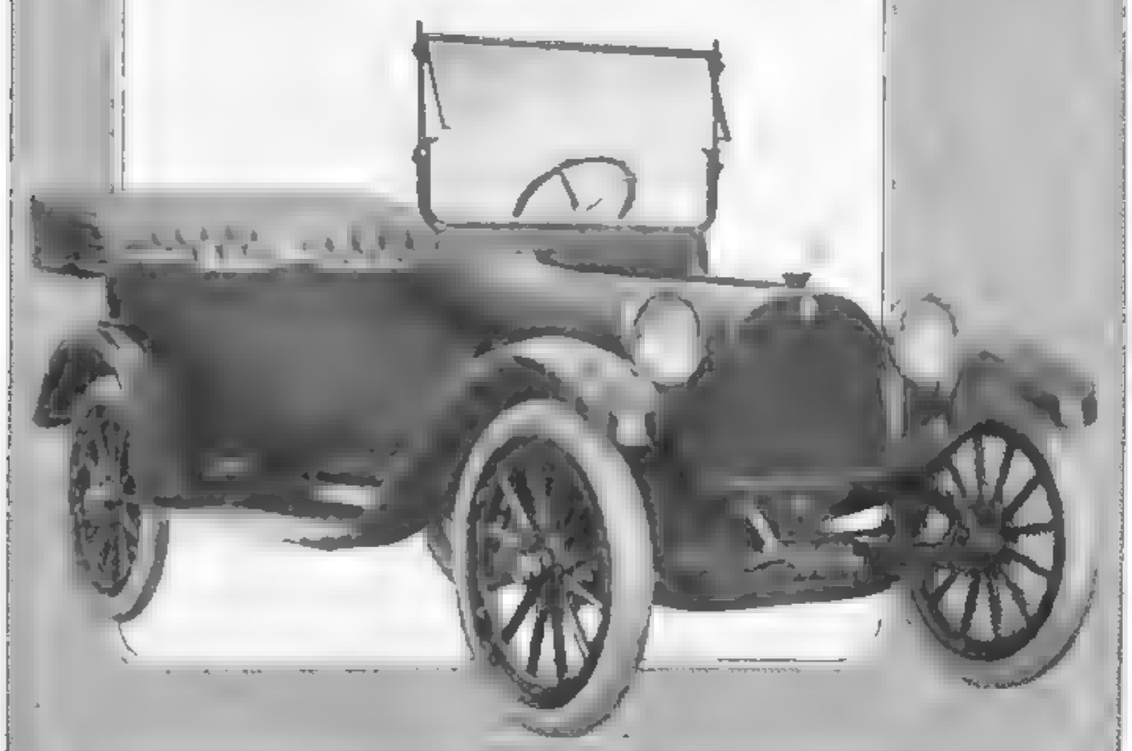
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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Miss Helen Barnes, of Saskatchewan, Canada, is one of the 10,000 women who help to form what is perhaps one of the country's best-known and most carefully selected sales organizations.

These 10,000 women, each appointed in her locality to look after new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, make from One to Fifty Dollars a week. From her home town in Canada Miss Barnes, working in her spare time only, has made $65.00 a month.

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An hour or two of spare time a day
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The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia

"'Why, Ol' Timer,' he says, 'what'd you do when you heard the desert callin'? Don't talk nonsense, Toyiabe. Me, I'd just as lief swing as live in a furrin country, so shet up.'

"Never mind me,' I says, 'I ain't sentenced to get hung.'

"'Don't persist,' he says. 'You're thinkin' so much o' me you've plumb forgot to think of yourself, so I s'pose I'll have to keep right on doin' yore thinkin' for you, same as I allers did, clear up to the mornin' o' the twenty-eighth, you blessed ol' tumblin' bug, you!'

"So what could I do, warden?" Toyiabe concluded. His auditor nodded and glanced furtively at the warden, who appeared to be completely crushed.

"And where have you been hiding for the past three weeks?" the "governor" asked.

"Ain't been hidin' nowhere, governor. The play comes up this way: Me an' Billy Boy gets off the train at Hazen an' scoffs in the eatin' house, an' on our way back to the train I spot two prospectors an' their outfit comin' into town. They line up at a waterin' trough outside a saloon an' drink, but the prospectors don't go inside, so from that I know they're busted an' I get an idee. Governor, 'tain't no time till I've bought the outfit just as she stands, them two prospectors has clumb aboard the train an' the train's pulled out, leavin' me an' Billy Boy in Hazen. Then I go over to the general store an' buy some prospectin' duds, an' come dark I retire to the town limits an' shed my store clothes. Then I go back to another general store an' buy some prospectin' duds for Billy Boy, an' Billy Boy he retires and sheds his store clothes, an' then we bring the jacks up to the first general store an' Billy Boy buys a lot o' grub, an' some rolled barley, an' we fill the water kegs an' canteens an' drift. We're a week gettin' to Reno, where Billy Boy's still obstinate, although I been exhortin' him mos' powerful all the way, an' at Reno we go to Billy Boy's safe-deposit box an' get the money an' put it out at interest on United States bonds, which Billy Boy locks up in another safe-deposit box he makes me rent, an' then we have a drink or two together an' take in the sights an' pull out for Carson. We been browsin' along, takin' it easy—an'—well, we're here, an' you got to admit we got here on time."

"But the state has been combed from end to end for you two."

"Couldn't have combed very hard, governor, because we ain't been hidin'."

"But what made you do such a crazy thing, sheriff? Don't you know the Cinnibar County Commissioners have declared your office vacant and appointed your successor? And don't you know there's a warrant out for your arrest?"

"What for, governor?"

"Why, for being false to your oath of office ——"

"Sho, sho!" Toyiabe chuckled; "I've surrendered Billy Boy, ain't I? An' there ain't nothin' in the statute books prohibitin' a sheriff from dawdlin' along the road on his way to prison with his pardner, is there?"

The warden roused from his despair long enough to laugh at this. "But you've lost a good job, sheriff," he warned the old desert rat.

But Toyiabe Tom shook his head. "No, I didn't," he protested. "I'd have quit anyhow as soon as Billy Boy was gone. I couldn't never bear to go back to Cinnibar again an' him not there. I been used to a free range, governor, an' I can't take no pleasure in a job around a jail. When I see Billy Boy at the jail winder, like a bobcat in a cage, my heart mos' busts in two, an' right then an' there I make up my mind that once I git him out o' jail he ain't never a-goin' back. An' you know, governor, that if I'd come here first off with Billy Boy, the warden—not meanin' no offense, warden—would have locked the boy up in the death cell an' put a guard over him, like a coyote watchin' beside a gopher hole, an' poor Billy Boy—well, he'd have died forty deaths before you stretched him. That boy's just got to have fresh air."

"I bet he has," the other replied enthusiastically. "Suppose you go down to the gate and bring Billy Boy up. I'd like to meet that young man. As you say, he is possessed of a totally unnecessary number of—er—I don't like the word, but it's singularly expressive."

Toyiabe Tom needed no second bidding. He was off as fast as his old gnarled legs could carry him.

"Well," the warden queried the instant the door closed behind him, "how do you like the prospect? That's the real Sheriff Jennings of Cinnibar, and by all the gods he's left his prisoner down at the gate to mind the jacks!"

His friend reached for the warden's telephone. "Well," he said musingly, "this old sheriff isn't the only real official in these parts. Thank God, I am the governor of Nevada, and God forbid that I should let that Billy Boy hang in the sacred name of Justice —— Hello. . . . Get me the governor's secretary, please. . . . What I say goes, and if it fails to go in this case I'll find a way to —— . . . Hello. State House? That you, Ross? This is the governor. Take this letter, please. Ready? This is to certify that William King, of Cinnibar County, Nevada, condemned to hang for first degree murder between sunrise and sunset of the twenty-eighth day of October, 191— has this day been pardoned by me, and given back to his old Tom-partner. Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of Nevada this twenty-seventh day of October, etc. Leave a space for my name, Ross, clamp the Great Seal on, smear it up real fancy with sealing wax and a strip of blue ribbon, and put it on the gubernatorial stationery with a fancy backing. I'll give you just five minutes to get that ready, Ross, and then you take my automobile and bust all the speed laws in the state getting down to the warden's office at the penitentiary. If you're a minute late I'll fire you."

He hung up and grinned at the warden. "Happiest day of my life," he declared. "After all, the office is worth something, isn't —— Warden, for heaven's sake, sign that receipt. You got me into this, and you've cost me the Cinnibar vote when I run again, but I've made good. Now you do likewise."

The door opened and in came Toyiabe, dragging Billy Boy by the arm.

"This is Billy Boy!" he shouted.

"Billy Boy," said the governor, "you're as free as any jack rabbit in this great sage-brush commonwealth. Toyiabe, Ol' Timer, I've just telephoned the capitol, and as luck would have it they hadn't locked up the Great Seal, and my secretary will be here in ten minutes with a temporary pardon for you. I'll make it official in a day or two. Shake, Billy Boy."

This was too much. Human nature could stand no more, and Toyiabe Tom Jennings had reached in one day the limit of human joy, as he had plumbed in one day the limit of human misery. Out came his old .45 gun.

"Yahoo!" he howled with a magnificent catamount effect. Bang! And a shower of plaster fell on the warden's desk as a bullet plowed through the ceiling. "Yahoo!" Bang! Six separate and distinct yahoos and bangs!

"Let joy be unconfined!" the warden shouted. "The state pays for the ceiling!" And he pulled his gun and yelled and banged away.

"A gun! A gun! Somebody give me a gun!" the governor shrieked, and ten seconds later the captain of the yard burst into the room with a gun in each hand. He had arrived to quell the wholesale murder and general jail delivery instinct told him was being perpetrated. As he paused, thunderstruck at the tableau, the governor approached, smiling.

"Thank you, captain," he said. "You heard me asking for one, didn't you?" and he took possession quite forcibly of one of the captain's guns. Before they knew it Billy Boy had the other.

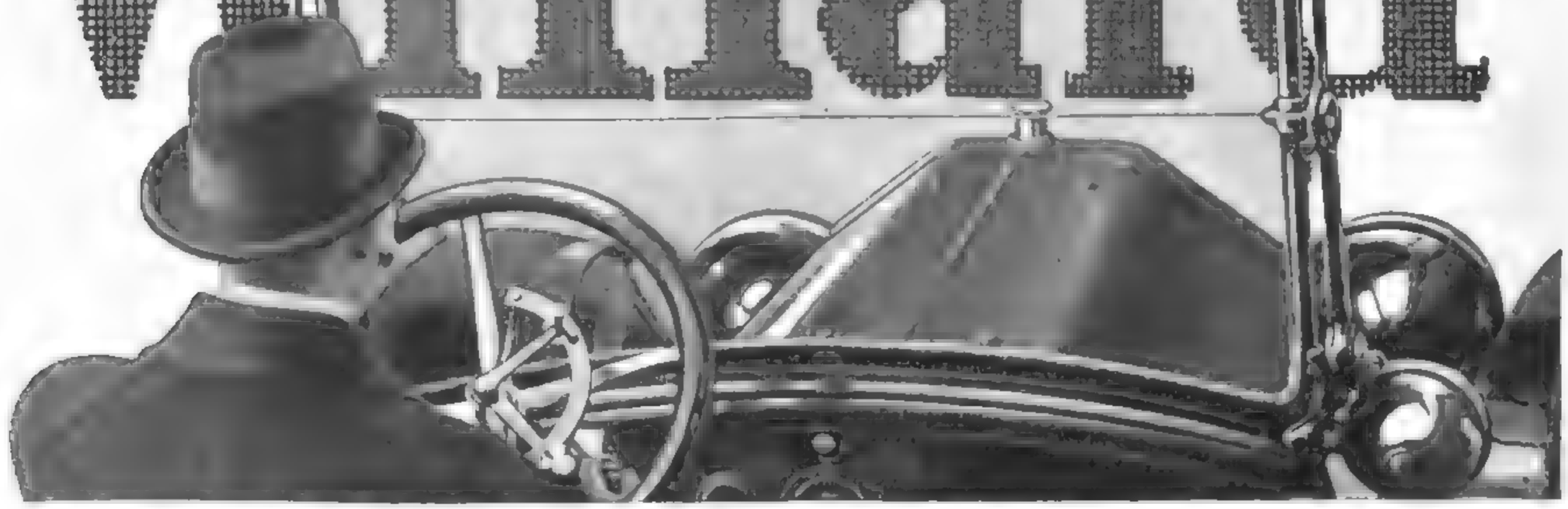
"Yahoo!" yowled the governor. Bang!

"Yahoo!" yowled Billy Boy. Bang!

An hour later, when they parted at the prison gate, the governor drew Toyiabe aside. "Toyiabe," he said, "what are your plans?"

"Well," Toyiabe answered after slight reflection, "I did aim, if you an' the warden won't say nothin', to go back to Cinnibar an' collect that five hundred dollars reward on Billy Boy, dead or alive."

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY



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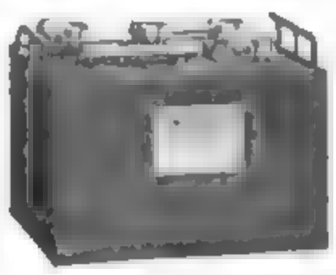

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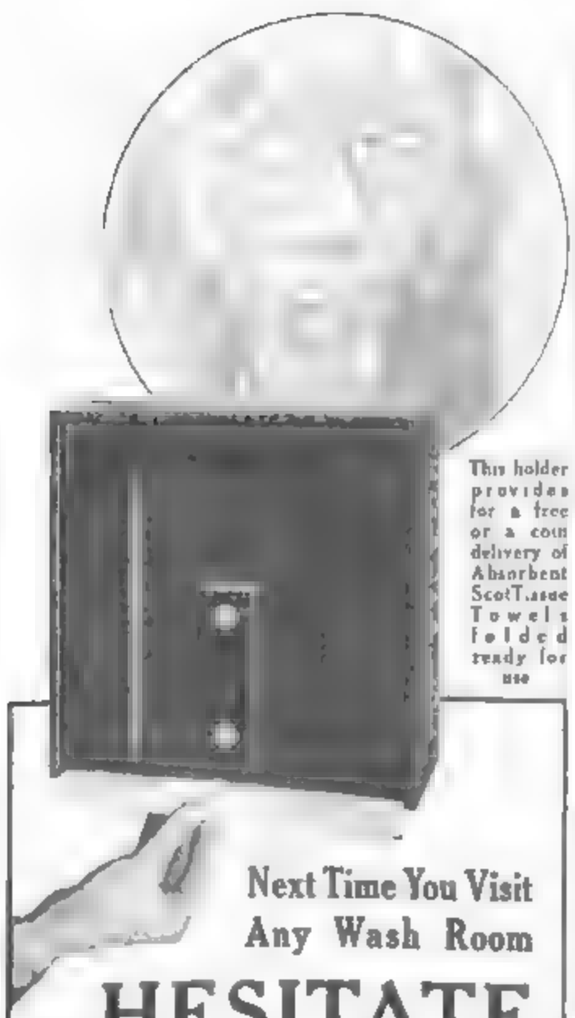

Next Time You Visit Any Wash Room

HESITATE

IF you find, in the next public wash room you go into, a fabric towel—roller or individual—ask yourself these three questions—and then hesitate before you use the towel:

Who used it last? How was their health? Did a mere laundering make the towel contagion-proof?

The importance of this may not have occurred to you, but it is vital to your health and the health of your family, who may depend on you. Why run the risk?

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because ScotTissue has the *absorbent* and fabric qualities essential in a perfect towel. Our new patented holder (see picture above) delivers one Absorbent ScotTissue at a time, already folded and ready for use; either free or coin delivery, as desired. Here is perfect towel service and rigid economy.

Through data collected from numerous Railroads, Steamship Lines, Individual Plants, Offices, Hotels, etc., etc., our Service Department is prepared to offer advice as to the most efficient and economical use of paper towels and toilet paper.

Housewives will find ScotTissue excellent towels, cleaners and polishers in the home—time and labor savers, too.

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For the buyer for large institutions
"WHY YOU SHOULD INSTALL SCOTTISSUE TOWELS" *Free on request.*

For the person who uses towels away from home
"WHY YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE SCOTTISSUE TOWELS AT WORK." *Free on request.*

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USES OF SCOTTISSUE IN THE HOME." *Also free on request.*

For Home Use

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
723 Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Originators of the Absorbent Paper Towel

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Continued from Page 14

to keep in the lead. A pneumatic cleaning system was undreamed of a few years ago. Certain kinds of metal wall covering were unknown. These are mere illustrations of the way the Future Business Committee, under the spell of the Chairman of the Board, projects itself years ahead and suggests to the Executive Committee the shaping of new policies. Fifteen or twenty years ago he saw the modern office building pretty much as it exists to-day—fittings and all. At one of his early dinners he had a model on the table of a fifty-story skyscraper, and the company began shaping its course in that direction. To most people a fifty-story building at that time was a Jules Verne riot of fancy.

There is another investigating body, called the Sales Committee. It was set going by the chairman and its activities are stimulated constantly by his imagination. It conducts its inquiries independently of the company's sales managers, though it invites the coöperation of those executives.

While riding on a train one day the chairman saw an unusually large greenhouse under construction. At the next station he wired the chairman of the Sales Committee to start an investigation of greenhouses. Several subcommittees were created in different sections of the country, and the matter was taken up in a thorough way. It was found that no systematic study of greenhouses had been undertaken by the company—this was one bet the Sales Department had overlooked.

Then the Committee on Inventions was called on to help. The Sales Committee had ideas for improved greenhouse equipment and it was up to the other committee to produce the goods. In less than a year this was done, and a Greenhouse Department was organized. A whole new line of activity was under way.

Pretty much the same thing has been true of many kinds of structures. Committees have studied churches, schools, Government buildings, department stores, office buildings, factories, warehouses, barns and residences. There are committees to-day on Lighthouses and on Garages.

The Chairman's Committee System

If you were to adapt the chairman's scheme of things to the more ordinary lines of business, it might perhaps result in surprising information on the possibilities of markets for shoes, household goods, books—or almost anything; in fact, it does not require a very elastic imagination to see how sales of books, for instance, might be furthered by an organization patterned on the ideas of the chairman. If the chairman were selling books instead of building equipment I have no doubt he would conceive ways of discovering the needs of half a million private libraries; and then he would invent ways of getting to those libraries with his goods.

The Sales Committee and its subcommittees are continually at work gathering information and keeping it up to date. They tabulate it by districts and analyze it for the benefit of the Executive Committee, which alone has power to execute.

In this way the company is kept constantly posted on crop conditions, district by district; on industrial conditions; on special opportunities or special dangers. Occasionally the Sales Committee unearths some new lead, as it did through the study of canning plants.

Virtually, even if not actually, the chairman is the head of the Sales Committee and of the Railroad, Marine, Industrial, and other subdivisions of that committee. He is practically the head of every committee except the executive body. In the latter he merely has a vote; in the others he has the power of appointment, subject to the confirmation of the Executive Committee.

The chairman is thus the very heart of this government by committees. It really is a government by committees, because those bodies, by supplying facts bearing on every phase of the business, do control the Executive Committee.

The chairman is not often present at the meetings of the minor committees, but his aura pervades every gathering. The executives have come to use his suavity, his diplomacy, his optimism, and his show-me policy. In the relentless inside competition

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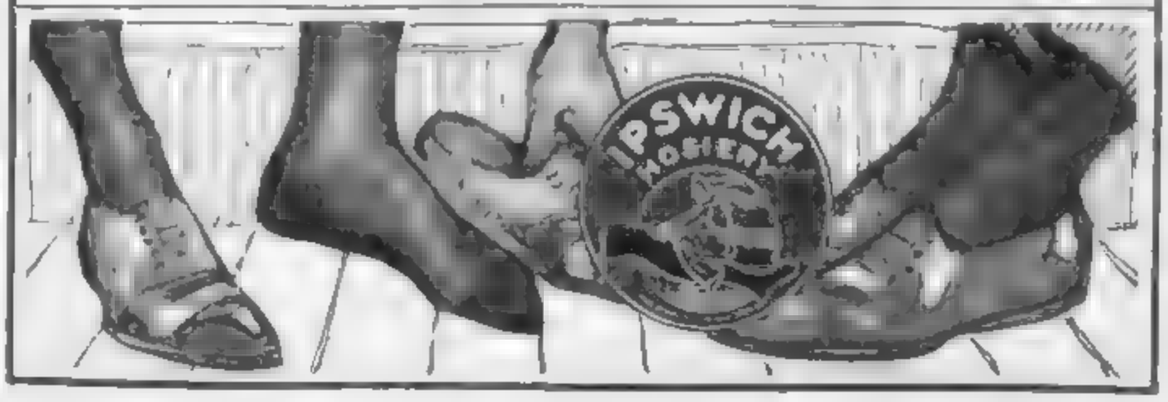

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BOX 707, SALES DIVISION

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

between the different plants and departments to show low costs and high production, the less able men sift automatically to the bottom. It is a government by elimination.

It has often been called a heartless game, and perhaps it is. All competition is a hard game to play; but no man can escape it unless he is beyond the pale of work. After all, however, the company's game is a fascinating one, and the chairman has helped hundreds of executives into high salaries when, except for him, they might have been low-salaried men all their lives. His system of committee work has been responsible for lifting many men out of the slough of routine and showing them their own possibilities. One of the chief directors of the business to-day was for years a clerk in an obscure position in the Middle West.

"I had practically given up hope of ever being anything else," he told me; "but one day, soon after we got the chairman, I was made a member of a little subcommittee appointed to investigate a factory process. We made some trips to other plants and I grew interested. My work had never got hold of me, but now it did. I dug into that subject and pretty soon I was appointed on a more important committee. Then I jumped up fast to the big committees."

That is how the chairman had discovered numerous men. They work hard, but they have a lot of fun out of it too. Recently the chairman gave a dinner to the heads of his principal committees. At each place was a telephone instrument, and scarcely had the little-necks been attacked when a silvery bell tinkled an interruption.

"Hello-o-o!" said the chairman in that mellow, modulated tone of his. "Hello-o-o! . . . . Yes; this is New York. . . . . Denver? . . . You'd like to speak to the gentlemen of the committees? Certainly!"

Then to his guests:

"Gentlemen, our Denver sales manager wishes to say a few words to us."

Thereupon the guests "listened in" while the sales manager in Denver gave them a three-minute jolly which, of course, had been planned by the Chairman of the Board. This Western sales manager was a good jollier too, having taken personal lessons for many years from the chairman himself. That Colorado territory, he said, was certainly planning to skin every other territory the coming year. All the other sales managers and all the other plants would have to hump themselves——

Cutting the Bonus Melon

Just then Boston got the wire and the Denver chap was dumped out there in the Rocky Mountains. With all the guests still listening, the Boston manager delivered a titillating little speech in which he ridiculed Colorado's boasts. Boston, of course, would take the lead!

There was a little rest; and then Chicago rang up to say that Denver and Boston were both two-spots, and so on. Chicago was warming up when Buffalo broke in with a few pertinent remarks.

While the brook trout sauté was being served, Baltimore came along; and when the pheasant *rôti sur canapé* arrived, so did St. Louis. Norfolk, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Grand Rapids came in a bunch together.

It was one of the best stunts the Chairman of the Board had ever put over—and he has been the personal conductor of stunts galore. In the difficult art of manipulating men he has found this sort of thing especially effective; but the most effective stunt of all is the cutting of the annual bonus melon, which takes place at a series of banquets held in New York and other cities. Several hundred executives participate in these affairs.

The Chairman of the Board inaugurated the melon dinner, as they have come to call it, soon after he became chairman. He amazed some of the stockholders by proposing to divide a good many hundred thousand dollars of the earnings among the higher executives who had shown up best in the deadly-parallel records of Costs and Sales.

The directors at that time had not digested the chairman's philosophy of managing a business, and they had a balky time of it for a while. The chairman, however, seems to have a hypnotic power over the directorate, so that the members walk round in a sort of somnambulistic condition.

The first melon dinner resulted in the biggest boom the company ever had, and after that the directors needed no mesmerism to authorize the signing of the checks.

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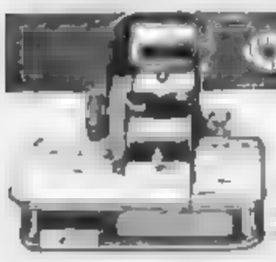

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THE STRANGE BOARDER

(Continued from Page 23

"Of course you know Sam's arrested again; you've read the newspapers," Jane began very gravely. "They won't let me see him; but I'm going to save him, and I've come to you ——"

"See here now!" Kittie interrupted impatiently. "You sit tight. See? You sit tight. I'm goin' to come across, all right. I gotta. See? I gotta! You sit tight now. You gimme time."

The speech surprised her and almost at random she asked solemnly:

"How long?"

"This is Thursday. You gimme till Monday."

"Monday afternoon?" she suggested.

"Make it six o'clock—six o'clock Monday. I'm square, ain't I? A damned sight squarer'n Sam's been, if it comes to that. But what's the use? I gotta come across anyhow. I gotta do it anyhow. I told her. See? I wanted her to know it 'cause what'd 'a' been the use otherwise? I got her scared now; but it won't last forever. I don't want to kill her. So I gotta come across anyhow. See? You can tell Sam that if you want to."

"Six o'clock Monday then?" she said.

"Sure! That's right. You'll hear from me then."

"You know my address?" she asked.

The question seemed to puzzle Kittie.

"Sure. I know your address," he said. "And you sit tight now. Keep away from Sam. Keep away from everybody. Just gimme till six o'clock Monday. See? You'll hear from me, all right. Ain't I told you I gotta do it anyhow?"

"Very well. Six o'clock Monday then?"

"Sure! That's right! You'll hear from me. You can bank on that. And say—lookyhere! I don't hold nothin' against Sam. You can tell him so from me. He means all right. You're goin' to marry him, ain't you?"

Jane thought by this time she could bear any shock without changing countenance, but she felt the red fly into her face and answered confusedly:

"I don't know."

"Cut it out!" Kittie retorted impatiently, evidently referring to her evasion. "Look here! I like that boy, all right. I'm a friend of his. I'm comin' across—ain't I? Sure I am! Well, you come across yourself! See? You come across yourself. You can afford to do as well by him as I'm doin', can't you?"

"I suppose so," she murmured.

"All right then. See 'at you do!" Kittie admonished. "And you sit tight."

"Until six o'clock Monday," she repeated.

"That's right—six o'clock Monday. You'll hear from me, all right."

Jane found her way purblindly to the elevator and from the elevator to the street. Her verbal thoughts were all in a dazed tumult; but there was a dumb inner intelligence that seemed to comprehend. She could extract a rational meaning from hardly anything Kittie Hinch had said. He had taken her into a cloud; but in the cloud, she knew, was the corpse of Jake Bloom. One moment her blood chilled. Another moment she had no feeling of horror at all as though murders were as commonplace as picture puzzles. She brooded over the puzzle and waited. That absorbed her. She could make no plans. Her mind refused to reach beyond six o'clock Monday. She watched the slow clock day after day; went out with Billy and hurried back to see if any word had come. She went to bed thinking one more day had passed—woke from troubled sleep thinking it was so many hours nearer to six o'clock Monday.

On Monday all her nerves were tied to the hands of the clock. In the afternoon she bribed Billy to go and play again with a neighbor's children, for even the small claim on her attention which the boy's prattle made was painful. She moved restlessly about the house—up to her room, out on the porch, through the lower hall—wondering incessantly whether she would hear from Kittie Hinch and in what form the message would come.

She looked once more at the clock on her dresser—five minutes of five now. The hour that had seemed so infinitely far away trembled just over her head. The nervous craving for motion dragged her downstairs again. She was slowly pacing the parlor when she heard the front door open almost noiselessly; she turned swiftly, standing tensely erect, with parted lips, her wide eyes on the doorway. Gardner slid into her view, hat in hand, hesitant, looking toward her with a slight smile. She stretched out her hands and ran forward, crying:

"Sam! Free? Free?" A sob choked her voice.

She had not meant that. At least it seemed to her she had not; but his arms went out, too, and when he said, "Yes, Jane—free!" she was within them.

It seemed to her she had not meant that. It was as though somebody else had thrust them quite abruptly and unexpectedly into that position, or as though a trap had been sprung on them. His arms held her and her hand rested on his shoulder as he looked close into her face, with a faint, happy smile.

"How did it happen? Come; sit down and tell me," she said, also smiling a little, her cheeks rosy.

Gardner still held her and asked:

"About what first—the murder?"

"Yes," said Jane.

At that he released her and they went decorously over to the davenport.

"Of course Kittie Hinch did it," Gardner said soberly as they sat down.

"I knew it! But—Sam, how?" Jane asked in a lower tone, as one speaks of a gruesome thing.

"He'd thought it all out in jail; so he knew just what to do the moment he got out. You remember that piece of bent wire? He used that to pick the lock of Bloom's living quarters early in the evening. He went inside the parlor and broke the catch to the fire-escape window and used a jimmy to make a dent on the windowsill. Then he went out again and locked the door behind him. You see, he wore no coat that evening—so every one who saw him would notice that he was unarmed. But he had strapped a revolver next to his body under his left arm. When his arm was down—with his hand in his trousers pocket, say—the revolver would hardly be noticed. He already had a device for muffling the sound of the revolver."

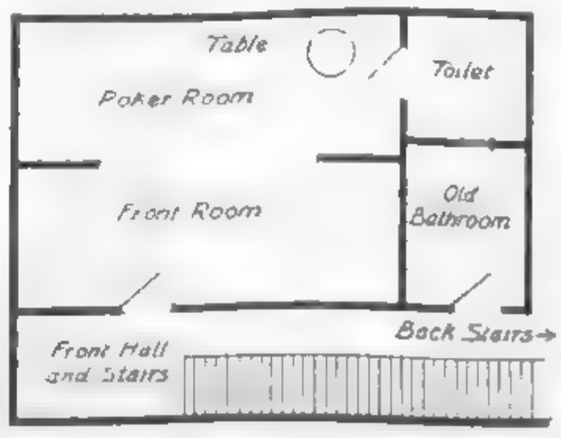
Gardner looked round for a piece of paper; then stepped back to the library and brought a sheet.

"It was a long, narrow loop of wire like this," he explained, drawing it, "with a ring at the end to fit over the muzzle of the weapon. When the loop was fitted on the pistol, you see, it would stick out six or seven inches beyond the muzzle. Then he had a little sack of woolen cloth that went over the loop, with the muzzle of the gun just inside the mouth of the sack. He would fire through the sack, you see, deadening the sound of the shot. Well, he brought that down with him too. I don't know whether you remember the diagrams that were printed in the newspapers."

"I know them by heart!" Jane replied.

"Well, you remember the lower floor—that is, the floor the gambling rooms are on—is like this"—turning the sheet over, he drew a rough diagram.

"It was once used as a cheap hotel, you know. The front room of the gambling establishment was the hotel office; the poker room was the parlor. Now this toilet back of the poker room was still in use; but this old bathroom hadn't been used since the hotel went out. So Kittie picked the lock to the bathroom and went in and hid his revolver and muffler under the tub. Now, there's a glazed window for ventilation between this bathroom and the toilet. It's kept shut, but Kittie saw that it could be thrown up easily. When he had made these preparations he went into the gambling place and pretty soon sat down at this table in the corner to play poker; and there he sat in full view of everybody from nine o'clock until midnight."



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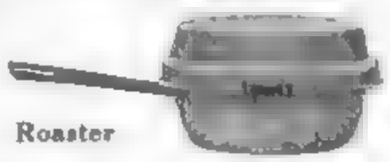

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"Really!" she demanded incredulously.

"Certainly," Gardner replied. "You see, when you step out of the front gambling room into the hall you are at the foot of the stairs that go up to the third floor, where Bloom's living quarters were. But this hall door to the old bathroom is behind the stairs. If one man stepped out of the front room to go upstairs and another man stepped out of the bathroom at the same moment they wouldn't see each other. That's what happened. From his position at this table Kittie could see the front room and watch Bloom.

"He knew, as everybody round there did, that Bloom went to bed just about midnight on the doctor's order; so when Bloom started to leave the front room Kittie laid down his hand and excused himself, and stepped into the toilet, locking the door behind him. Then he threw up the glazed window, jumped through into the bathroom, caught up his revolver and the contrivance for muffling it and went into the hall. Bloom, moving more leisurely, you see, was probably only at the foot of the stairs then, going up."

"I see!" Jane murmured breathlessly.

"Kittie ran down the lower hall and up the back stairs. Just at the head of the back stairs and beside Bloom's parlor door stands an old clothes press. Kittie slipped behind that. Bloom comes leisurely down the hall, takes out his keyring, finds the key and puts it into the lock. Then Kittie steps from behind the clothes press and shoots him."

"There in the hall!"

"There in the hall. Bloom's key is already in the lock, you see. Kittie opens the door and drags the body through to the bed. Then he comes back to the parlor door and puts Bloom's key on the inside of the lock. Next he puts his bent wire through the outside keyhole with the turned-up bit of wire resting against the ward of the key, the key itself being turned as far as it will go without actually throwing the bolt. It's very simple if the lock works easily. By manipulating that piece of bent wire from the outside, you see, you can lock the door while the key is sticking in the lock on the inside. Really, the whole explanation was in that piece of wire."

"I see!" she murmured again.

"Kittie then runs over and throws up the fire-escape window with the broken catch. Then he turns the switch that throws on the light and the other switch that throws on the burglar alarm. Having turned on the burglar alarm he steps outside and closes the door and opens it a little—just enough to touch off the alarm, you see. Then he closes the door again. The alarm is ringing then; but his wire is already in position in the lock and it takes only a quick turn of his wrist to lock the door—Bloom's key being on the inside.

"With that, he runs down the back stairs and along the lower hall into the old bathroom. There he tosses his gun under the bathtub; then jumps through the window, closing it after him, and steps out of the toilet. He slips into his seat at the table, takes up his hand and goes on playing. Really, hardly more than three minutes have passed since he left the table."

"I see!" she gasped once more.

"Well, the police and everybody else get that fire-escape fixed in their minds. They begin looking for somebody who was outside the building; so if anybody did notice Kittie's three-minute absence nobody thought of any possible connection with the murder—and, in fact, it wasn't mentioned at all. Arthur did remember it, you know, when you cross-examined him the other night. I could see that it came into his mind by the way he hesitated for a moment; but he thought it couldn't possibly be relevant to anything you wanted to know, so finally he said Kittie wasn't absent at all. Do you remember that he hesitated a moment before answering?"

"But, Sam!" Jane exclaimed, staring incredulously at him with wide eyes—"did you know then?"

"Oh, yes," Gardner replied soberly. "I knew all along. I told you, if you remember, how I hung round downtown that night because I was anxious to hear what had happened. There's a barroom down that way which a good many sports patronize, and I was lurking on the street near that toward one o'clock when I ran right into Kittie Hinch. Kittie knew well enough that I knew he meant to kill Bloom and was going to try to keep him from it; so he told me he did it—right there on the street. Then we went over into Grant Park and

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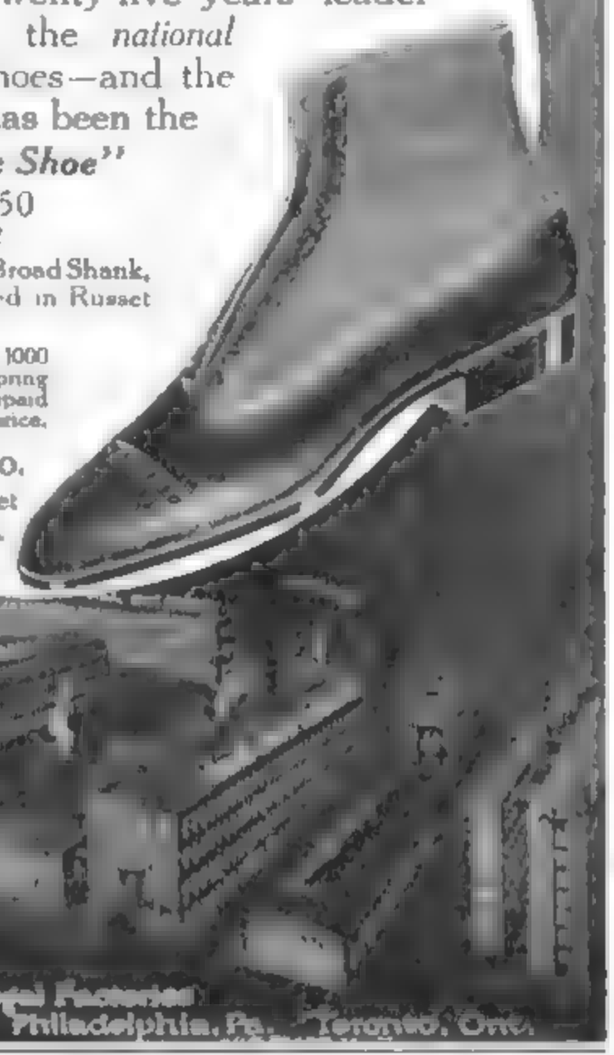

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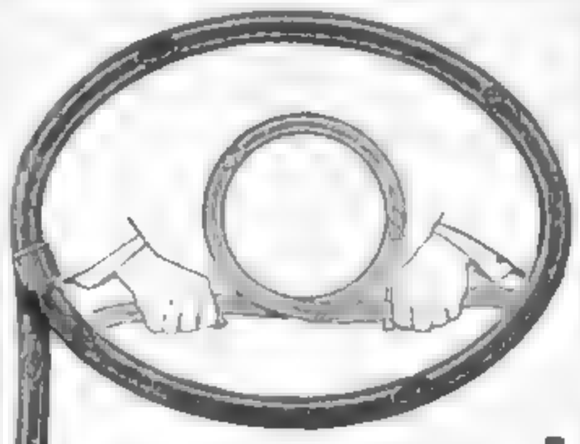

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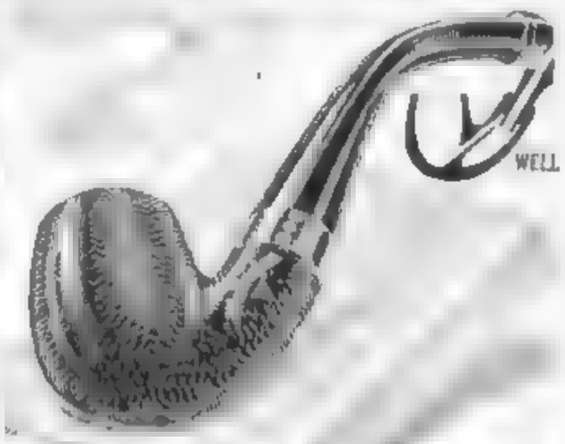

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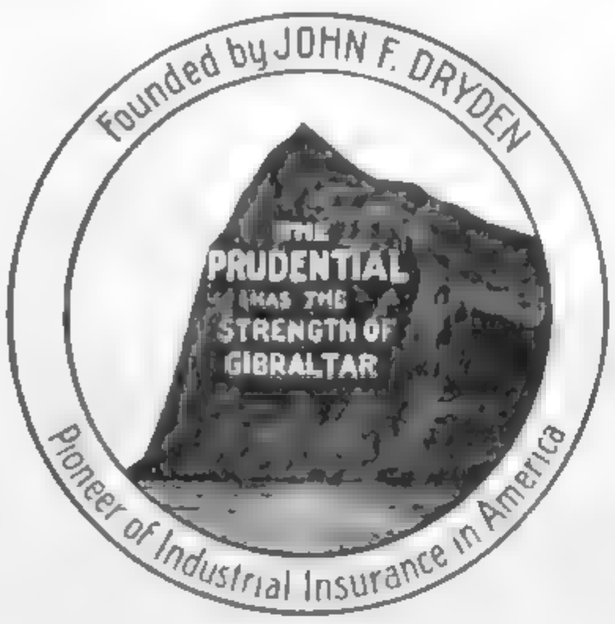

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he gave me all the details. That was the trouble with it, Jane—it was too good; I mean the plan was too clever."

"It was horribly cunning!" she admitted. "I should never have thought that man capable of it."

"Just the monkey in him, Jane," Gardner observed. "I suppose the intensity of his hatred for Bloom sort of inspired him. But it was too cunning, you see. He admired it so much himself that he wanted somebody else to admire it. Probably a monkey has something corresponding to the pride of the artist—if he makes a good shot with a cocoanut he wants the tribe to applaud. Kittie couldn't resist the temptation to tell me, you see. He wanted me to know he had circumvented me; wanted me to admire his masterpiece.

"I felt all along that he'd be bound to tell in time. His triumph wouldn't be complete unless the police knew how he fooled 'em. Wherever he is he'll fairly risk his neck to get hold of a to-morrow morning's Chicago paper and gloat over his enemies, the police, as he reads it."

"But how did the police find out?" Jane asked.

"Why, Kittie had to tell his wife. He had to let her know he had vanquished the man she preferred to him. That would be part of the triumph, you see—to tell her."

"Oh, that's what he meant when he said to me: 'I wanted her to know—because what would have been the use otherwise?' He also said: 'I don't want to kill her.' I didn't know what he meant by it."

"Of course he had to tell her—and no doubt threatened to kill her if she went to the police. Yet he must have known that she hated him and would tell as soon as she felt safe. But what day did you see him, Jane?"

She related the encounter in the poolroom.

"That was it," Gardner said after thinking it over. "You see, he'd told his wife and felt that she'd tell sooner or later; yet, if he removed her fear of him by running away she'd tell immediately. He was half afraid to run and half afraid to stay—and all the while he was really itching for the police to know the truth, so that his masterpiece would be properly applauded. Probably when you appeared he thought I'd told you; and that decided him for running. I suppose he told his wife she could go to the police on Monday. At any rate she came to-day and showed them where the revolver was hidden. Of course it was your appearance that decided him. I wasn't wrong in playing on the queen!" he added, smiling.

She spoke lower, with grave, accusing eyes.

"But you didn't tell me!"

"No," he answered soberly. "I lied an awful lot first and last—to Miss McChesney and the others about being in a cab that was struck by an automobile, and to Inspector Ryan—and even to you, Jane. I don't much mind lying in a good cause," he added thoughtfully. "Of course it's unpleasant—like picking a stick out of the mud to beat off a savage dog. It gets your hands dirty and you'd rather not do that; but beating off the dog is so much more important you don't mind much. You see, I had to lie to you, Jane; it wouldn't have been fair to tell you the truth."

"Not fair!" she exclaimed.

"No; not at all," he replied gravely. "If I had told you I'd have had to ask your promise not to tell. Then, when I was lying in jail and might be convicted of murder you would have been in a very painful situation—to know whether to break your promise or not. It wasn't fair to put you in that position. The only fair way was to lie to you about it."

"You may be sure I shouldn't have debated long!" Jane retorted hotly.

Gardner gave a little laugh.

"No, I thought probably you wouldn't. You see, Kittie Hinch trusted me, Jane; he put his life in my hands. If I'd told you and you'd told the police—how would it have been with us on the day they took that poor, half-made creature out and strangled him to death? Wouldn't there have been something on our hands?"

Jane shivered a little, but retorted:

"He is a murderer!"

"That doesn't mean much," he replied. "I'm a liar, you know. He didn't make himself. He does as well as we could expect, considering what he is and what we are. We allow him to see a fellow like Bloom grow rich and powerful; we let him see a jailful of men whose only known fault is that they haven't any money. Look all round at it yourself. Could you really expect a poor monkey like Kittie Hinch to abstain from killing a man he hated when he felt sure he could do it safely?"

She did look round a moment, and then asked under her breath:

"Sam—you wouldn't have told?"

Gardner's round gray eyes regarded her gravely for a long minute; then he gave a humble little smile and answered in a quiet tone:

"I love you very much, Jane. I'm only a poor fellow, with little enough to offer anybody; but you're so brave and generous—and you love Billy so well—I've thought—maybe—you might take me." As she said nothing he added after a moment, very gravely: "I know it isn't reasonable; it's really absurd—only it was a sort of hunch—do you see?"

He saw her head bend a little lower as she stared at the folded hands in her lap; then he saw a tear shine on her cheek—and she gave a little nod. That was all for a little while.

"That answers, Jane—about whether I'd have saved myself by giving up Kittie Hinch. It doesn't matter much what a man like Kittie Hinch does. He's only a sort of inferior raw material anyway. You couldn't make much of him. He's hardly got a soul in him yet. If he kills it's hardly more than as a horse kicks. It doesn't matter much. But, with me—Alice was as sweet as any flower; and now you come! A man that such a woman as you will love had better be torn to pieces than allow himself to do a base thing.

"If you love me, Jane, I'm the color sergeant. I mustn't lower my flag a handbreadth while there's any breath left in me. As sure as I loved you and hoped you'd love me, Kittie Hinch's confidence was safe with me."

Another tear slipped from Jane's downcast eyelashes. Her head drooped toward his shoulder. His cheek rested against her dark hair. About a minute later she gave a nervous little laugh.

"Another thing Kittie Hinch said to me that I hardly understood then—he said: 'I'm going to come across, all right. . . . Well, you come across yourself!' Well, I have, haven't I?"

She laughed again, lifting her head to look round at him and feeling in her belt for a handkerchief with which to wipe her wet cheeks.

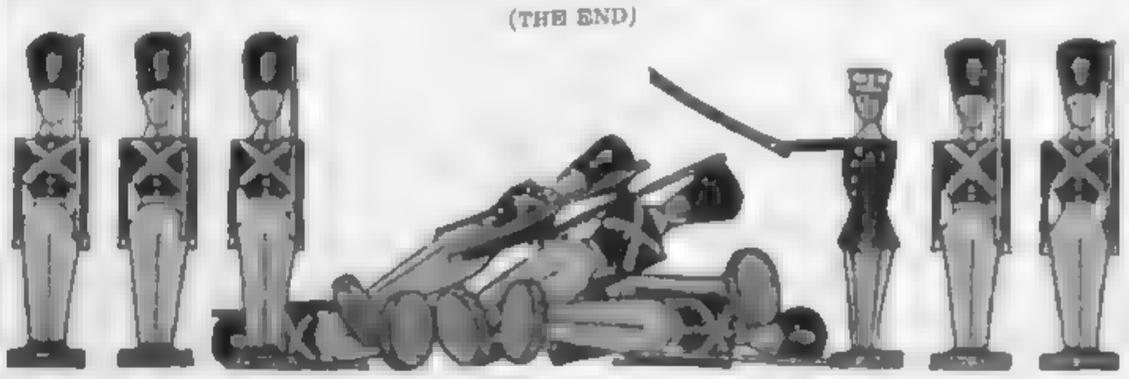
Gardner laughed, too, very happily, and exclaimed with more emphasis than commonly marked his speech:

"Oh, I'm right! I know I'm right! I've proved it right now!" He nodded at her energetically. "Don't hurt any one; don't fight; accept what comes to you. People have said I was a fool for thinking that; but I've proved I'm right. Just go ahead accepting what comes to you—and angels come!"

"Oh, foolish!" Jane reproved, reddening. "You'll find I'm anything but an angel. I'm just a bad-tempered young woman—but strong and willing, as the advertisements say. And, Sam"—she hesitated over it an instant, with a touch of embarrassment, but her eyes sparkled—"you know I've got thirteen hundred dollars of my own. That'll help toward redeeming the ranch, won't it?"

"They can't keep it away from us!" Gardner replied, with an affirmative nod.

(THE END)



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I've just seen the "Devil" for the third time—

Twice—as a play—some years ago. I remember very well what a furor it made in Europe, and how it was actually drawing crowded houses at two leading New York theatres at the same time.

Today—it was as a Moving Picture: the third ***Mutual Master-Picture***—and it was infinitely more real, infinitely stronger, more beautiful, more compelling than either version of the acted play which held two continents in its grip at once.

The smooth, suave, immaculately dressed stranger who appears mysteriously out of nowhere in the studio of the portrait painter, at the beginning, is no less the Devil than when, hoofed and horned and crimson-winged, he leers at you out of the flames in the last tremendous scene.

And if the play has the advantage of words—you miss no whit of the story in the pictures.

And the pictures are so ***real.***

What painted scene could ever hope to carry against the actuality of cliffs and cañons hundreds of feet in depth literally ablaze with leaping fires of brimstone and saltpetre?

You see, this picture was made at the famous Ranch of the New York Motion Picture Corporation in Southern California where Nature made the scenery—and her stage was measured in miles.

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THE DEVIL. ***You can—at any Motion Picture theatre which shows Mutual Master-Pictures.***

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I shouldn't have believed it possible to catch—in a moving picture—all the subtleties of humor and pathos that made our Ambassador to Italy famous. Yet in the Reliance Motion Picture Corporation's production of ***"The Outcast,"*** you have not only the excitement and thrill of big situations (the hour it takes to see the picture is crowded with them), but all of Mr. Page's charm and quiet as well.

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Mr. Harron is a great actor. Miss Marsh is a beautiful genius.

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The theatre you usually go to will be glad to get these wonderful pictures, if you and half a dozen of your friends will

Show the manager this advertisement, and say to him: "I want to see

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MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

They tell me the two for next week are the best yet. I'll write of them here when I've seen them. Sincerely,

H. E. Aitken
President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, *New York*

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 20)

Baring gazed across the room. There was a hard light in his eyes.

"Sounds beastly, I suppose," he muttered, "but I wish it would come! A war would give us all a shaking up; put us in our right places. We all seem to go on drifting any way now. The Services are all right when there's a bit of a scrap going sometimes, but there's a nasty sort of feeling of dry rot about them when year after year all your preparations end in the smoke of a sham fight. Now I am on this beastly land job—— But there! I mustn't bother you with my grumblings."

"I am interested," Norgate assured him. "Did you say you were considering something new?"

Baring nodded.

"Plans of a new submarine," he confided. "There's no harm in telling you as much as that."

Mrs. Benedek, who was dummy for the moment, strolled over to them.

"I am not sure," she murmured, "whether I like the expression you have brought back from Germany with you, Mr. Norgate."

Norgate smiled.

"Have I really acquired the correct diplomatic air?" he asked. "I can assure you that it is an accident—or perhaps I am imitative."

"You have acquired," she complained, "an air of unnatural reserve. You seem as though you had found some problem in life so weighty that you could not lose sight of it even for a moment—ah!"

The glass-topped door had been flung wide open with an unusual flourish. A barely perceptible start escaped Norgate. It was indeed an unexpected sight that met his eyes. Dressed with a perfect regard to the latest London fashion, his hair smoothly brushed and a pearl pin in his black satin tie, Herr Selingman stood upon the threshold beaming upon them.

VIII

SELINGMAN had the air of a man who returns after a long absence to some familiar spot where he expects to find friends and where his welcome is assured. Mrs. Paston Benedek slipped from her place upon the cushioned fender and held out both her hands.

"Ah, it is really you!" she exclaimed. "Welcome, dear friend! For days I have wondered what it was in this place that one missed all the time. Now I know."

Selingman took the little outstretched hands and raised them to his lips.

"Dear lady," he assured her, "you repay me in one moment for all the weariness of my exile."

She turned toward her companions.

"Captain Baring," she begged, "please ring the bell. Mr. Selingman and I always drink a toast together the moment he first arrives to pay us one of his too rare visits. Thank you! You know Captain Baring, don't you, Mr. Selingman? This is another friend of mine whom I think that you have not met—Mr. Francis Norgate, Mr. Selingman. Mr. Norgate has just arrived from Berlin too."

For a single moment the newcomer seemed to lose his Cheerioblelike expression. The glance which he flashed upon Norgate contained elements other than those of polite pleasure. He was himself again, however, almost instantly. He grasped his new acquaintance by the hand.

"Mr. Norgate and I are already old friends," he insisted. "We occupied the same coupé coming from Berlin."

Mrs. Benedek threw back her head and laughed—a familiar gesture which her enemies declared was in some way associated with the dazzling whiteness of her teeth.

"And now," she exclaimed, "you find that you belong to the same bridge club. What a coincidence!"

"It is rather surprising, I must admit," Norgate assented. "Mr. Selingman and I discussed many things last night, but we did not speak of bridge. In fact, from the tone of our conversation I should have imagined that cards were an amusement that scarcely entered into Mr. Selingman's scheme of life."

"One must have one's distractions," Selingman protested. "I confess that auction bridge, as it is played over here, is the one game in the world that attracts me."

"But how about the crockery?" Norgate asked. "Doesn't that come first?"

"First, beyond a doubt," Selingman agreed heartily. "Always, though, my plan of campaign is the same: On the day of my arrival here I take things easily. I spend an hour or so at the office in the morning, and the afternoon I take a holiday. After that I settle down for one week of hard work. London, your great London, takes always first place with me. In the mornings I see my agents and my customers. Perhaps I lunch with one of them. At four o'clock I close my desk and crockery does not exist for me any longer. I get into a taxi and I come here. My first game of bridge is a treat to which I look forward eagerly. See, there are three of us and several sitting out. Let us make another table. So!"

They found a fourth without difficulty and took possession of a table at the far end of the room. Selingman, with a huge cigar in his mouth, played well and had every appearance of thoroughly enjoying the game. Toward the end of their third rubber, Mrs. Benedek, who was dummy, leaned over toward Norgate.

"After all perhaps you are better off here," she murmured in German. "There is nothing like this in Berlin."

"One is at least nearer the things one cherishes," Norgate answered in the same language.

Selingman was playing the hand and held between his fingers a card already drawn to play. For a moment it was suspended in the air. He looked toward Norgate and there was a new quality in his piercing gaze, an instant return in his expression of the shadow which had swept the broad good humor from his face on his first appearance. The change came and went like a flash. He finished playing the hand and scored his points before he spoke. Then he turned to Norgate.

"Your gift of acquiring languages in a short space of time is most extraordinary, my young friend! Since yesterday you have become able to speak German, eh? Prodigious!"

Norgate smiled without embarrassment. The moment was a critical one, portentous to a degree that no one at that table could possibly have realized.

"I am afraid," he confessed, "that when I found that I had a fellow traveler in my coupé I felt most ungracious and unsociable. I was in a thoroughly bad temper and indisposed for conversation with any one. The simplest way to escape from it seemed to be to plead ignorance of any language save my own."

Selingman chuckled audibly. The cloud had passed from his face. To all appearance that momentary suspicion had been strangled.

"So you found me a bore!" he observed. "Then I must admit that your manners were good, for when you found that I spoke English and that you could not escape conversation you allowed me to talk on about my business and you showed few signs of weariness. You should be a diplomatist, Mr. Norgate."

"Mr. Norgate is one, or rather he was," Mrs. Paston Benedek remarked. "He has just left the Embassy at Berlin."

Selingman leaned back in his chair and thrust both hands into his trousers' pockets. He indulged in a few German expletives, bombastic and thunderous, which relieved him so much that he was able to conclude his speech in English.

"I am the densest blockhead in all Europe!" he announced emphatically. "If I had realized your identity I would willingly have let you alone. No wonder you were feeling indisposed for idle conversation! Mr. Francis Norgate, eh? A little affair at the Café de Berlin with a lady and a hot-headed young princeling. Well, well! Young sir, you have become more to me than an ordinary acquaintance. If I had known the cause of your ill humor I would certainly have let you alone, but I would have shaken you first by the hand."

The fourth at the table, who was an elderly lady of somewhat austere appearance, produced a small black cigar from what seemed to be a harmless reticule which she was carrying, and lit it. Selingman stared at her with his mouth open.

"Is this a bridge table or is it not?" she inquired severely. "These little personal reminiscences are very interesting among yourselves, I dare say, but I cut in here with the idea of playing bridge."

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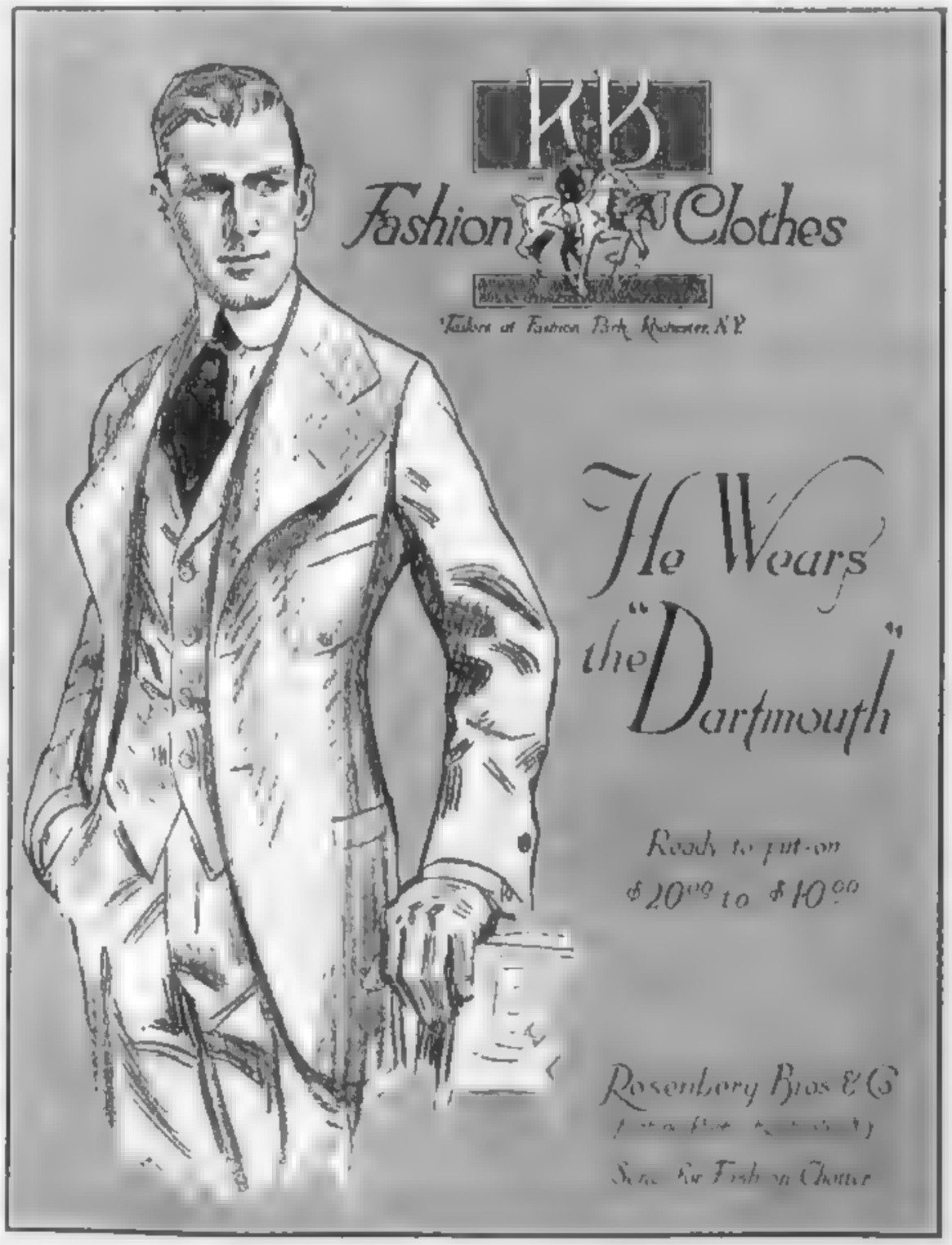

How a Spring Works

The trouble with a spring is that it springs back. There's nothing neutral about a spring under compression. Its tendency is to go back to its normal position altogether too quickly for comfort.

There's enough power in a good spring if it were used as a bow, to shoot you over a tree like an arrow. When four such springs rebound on a country road you suffer the sensation, in a modified degree, of being catapulted into the air.

The New Automatic Hartford Shock Absorber soothes the angry spring. When the spring is subjected to more than normal compression, the Hartford takes hold and eases it firmly but gently back to normal. No jar—no recoil—no stiffness—just an equalizing of spring action into long, undulating waves of motion.

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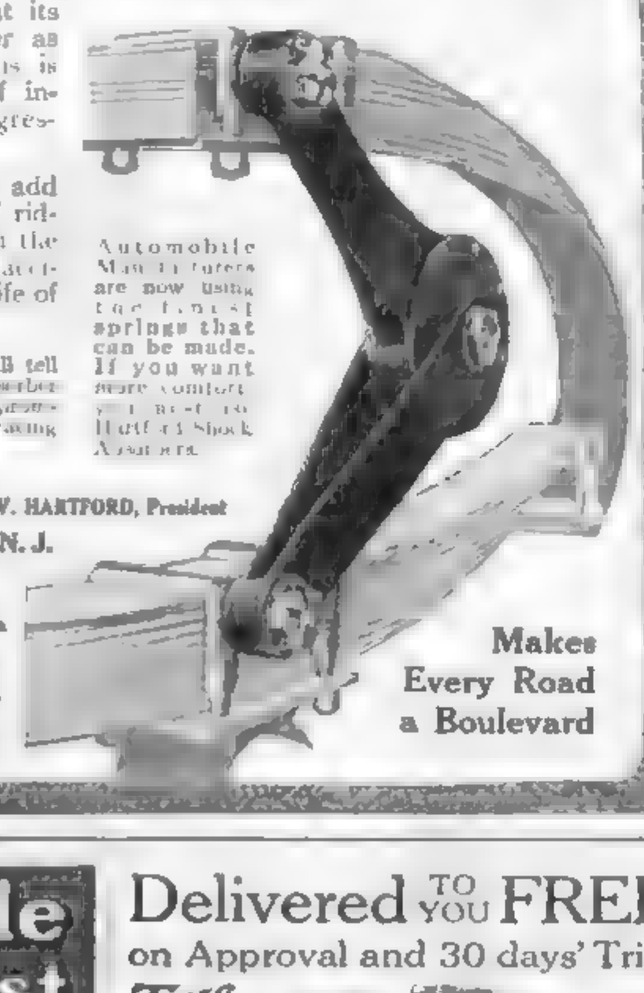
Let us send you a book which will tell you why the Hartford Shock Absorber [illegible] way 95% of the razing drivers use it. The book is free.



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Makes Every Road a Boulevard

Selingman was the first to recover his manners, although his eyes seemed still fascinated by the cigar.

"We owe you apologies, madam," he acknowledged. "Permit me to cut."

The rubber progressed and finished in comparative silence. At its conclusion Selingman glanced at the clock. It was half-past seven.

"I am hungry," he announced.

Mrs. Benedek laughed at him. "Hungry at half past seven! Barbarian!"

"I lunched at half past twelve," he protested. "I ate less than usual too. I did not even leave my office, I was so anxious to finish what was necessary and come here."

Mrs. Benedek played with the cards a moment and then rose to her feet with a little grimace.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to give in," she sighed. "I am taking it for granted, you see, that you are expecting me to dine with you."

"My dear lady," Selingman declared emphatically, "if you were to break through our time-honored custom and deny me the joy of your company on my first evening in London, I think that I should send another to look after my business in this country and retire to the seclusion of my little country home near Potsdam. The inducements of managing one's own affairs in this country, Mr. Norgate," he added, "are, as you may imagine, manifold and magnetic."

"We shall not grudge them to you so long as you don't come too often," Norgate remarked as he bade them good-night. "The man who monopolized Mrs. Benedek would soon make himself unpopular here."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Night Photography

PHOTOGRAPHING by lamplight promises to become greatly simplified as a result of investigations that have been completed by an American research laboratory. The blinding glare of brilliant light, usually combined with ghastly color effects, which has been necessary for taking photographs by night can now be avoided and the photograph taken in a light comparatively mild and pleasant.

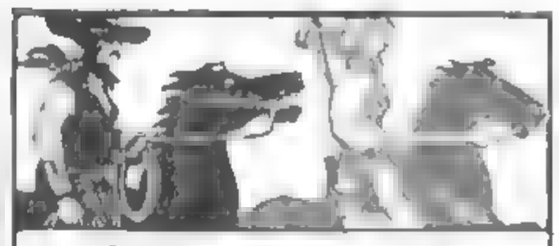
The real marvel of the new night photographing lamps is that, though to the eye they do not seem very strong and seem to have all the normal daylight colors in proper proportion, to the camera the lights seem intensely brilliant and composed largely of violet rays. This is the exact opposite of the effect of most lights; for, though reflected artificial light may seem strong and even blinding to the eye, it is usually not able to make much of an impression on a photographic plate.

As a matter of fact, the eye and a photographic plate do not use the same kinds of light. Sunlight is composed, as every schoolboy now knows, of many kinds of light—all the colors of the rainbow—arranged orderly, as violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. The human eye has most use for the yellow and green rays, and, in comparison, has little use for the red or violet rays, though it will quickly detect the fact if they are missing. It is a shortage of red rays that causes the ghastly complexion effects under mercury-vapor electric lights. A photographic plate, on the other hand, uses the violet rays most of all, and a number of ultra-violet rays that are not visible to the eye.

Accordingly the problem was to make a light that has great strength in the violet rays, for the benefit of the photographic plate, but that would also have the usual daylight proportions of red, orange, yellow and green. The excessive proportion of violet rays would not be detected by the eye and would not cause any great glare, because the eye does not take them in very well. The normal proportions of red, orange, yellow and green, and perhaps a little more than the normal amount of blue, make the lamp appear pleasing to the eye.

The result was accomplished by using one of the new gas-filled tube electric lamps, with a special kind of glass screen. The glass acts as a filter, to strain out some of the rays not wanted and to allow desirable rays to get through.

The glass has been successfully made, both as a screen to be placed between the lamp and the subject and as the actual tube of the lamp. In each case filtered light is obtained, which does not seem glaring and powerful to the eye, but which has power to do photographing.



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Jim Henry, who is selling you

THE boss said the other day, "Jim, I want you to sell Mennen's Shaving Cream to every man who reads the *Post*. You tell our story in a way that sells druggists everywhere. There's no reason why those same facts shouldn't sell the druggist's customers. He put it up to me, so here goes—and all I ask is that you men sink your prejudices for the moment. I have a real story to tell, and you needn't take the statements on faith. You can demonstrate for yourself the accuracy of what I say.

The Chemistry of Shaving

There are differences in chemical composition between "hard" soaps and cream soaps; between other shaving preparations and Mennen's Shaving Cream.

Now, the composition of your shaving preparation determines, more than anything else, whether or not you get the "head barber" shave.

If your skin burns and smarts after shaving and little pin-pricks of blood cover the face; if the lather dries quickly, making you relather several times; if you have to "rub in" to soften the beard—you can blame it all on the soap.

Mr Mennen experimented three years to perfect a formula for a preparation that would eliminate these nuisances. The result was Mennen's Shaving Cream.

Some real dope on lather

Have you ever tried to shave without soap—with water alone? You found it as pleasant as pulling out hairs with pincers. Well, you undergo almost the same torture if your shaving preparation does not give a full, firm, creamy, beard-softening lather.

Now, it is a fact—attested to by all chemists—that "hard" soaps give a different character of lather from a preparation like Mennen's.

The composition of Mennen's is such that it absorbs much more water than "hard" soaps. This gives it the quick, profuse, creamy lathering qualities, and the high percentage of water held in the lather makes it moist and cooling.

Because the lather of Mennen's absorbs so much water, it does not dry quickly on the face. It remains moist at least ten minutes. *No need to be constantly relathering in the middle of a shave.* That's one thing that rings the bell with every man who uses Mennen's.

Again, the peculiar properties of this cream enable it to soften the hair, so that "rubbing in" (which brings the blood to the surface and makes the skin tender) is totally unnecessary.

Here is something so revolutionary that most men balk at believing it. They are so used to shaving the way Father taught them that they persist in "rubbing in" even when they use Mennen's. But take our word for it. You *don't* have to "rub in" when you use Mennen's—save your time and your skin—see whether this isn't a straight tip.

"Hard" Soaps Contain Little or No Glycerin

In making soaps, glycerin is formed—and glycerin, you know, is worth money. So in "hard" soaps it is usually extracted and sold as a profitable by-product. In making Mennen's, we not only leave the glycerin in, *but we add more.*

You know how soothing glycerin is. Your mother used it on your chapped hands when you were a kid. Doctors prescribe it for its skin-softening and emollient properties. It gives the skin that velvety soft "feel."

Mennen's takes the sting out of shaving. Wonderful, you say, but it's a fact, and the main reason is that there is no "free caustic" in it. Those words "free caustic" don't sound very dangerous, but believe me, I know all about it. I stuck my finger in a caustic tank one day, and I don't want any more on my skin, "free" or any other way.

It's the "free caustic" in soaps that causes the thousand stings on your face after shaving, and draws your skin all up. Don't blame this torture on the razor. The razor is second fiddle.

Get a trial tube Now—Prove these facts yourself

You may discount my enthusiasm, you may want to check me up. Well, there's nothing in the world we want more. Let us send you a medium-sized trial tube.

When you get this tube, follow the directions for use in the package. You remember the story of the painter who put on his signs, "Wet paint—believe the painter." Believe *us* when we tell you how much cream to use for every shave—not to "rub in" the lather—simply work it up on the face with the brush. Remember, it took three years to perfect Mennen's and we know *how* it should be used to get the best results. Follow our directions, and you'll boost it as whole-heartedly as I do.

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Notice how big the cap on this regular-sized tube is. It is too big to fall down the drain-pipe, or to be lost on the floor, when you drop it. The tube is sealed when you buy it, so that the cream comes to you absolutely fresh and pure

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Most men like to use a talcum after shaving but object to appearing in public with a "flour-face" The Mennen Talcum for Men avoids this. It's a neutral tint and doesn't show. A trial can of this talcum will be sent free to every *Post* reader who sends for a tube of shaving cream. Mail the coupon.

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Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me a medium sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream, and a trial can of Mennen's Talcum Powder for Men.

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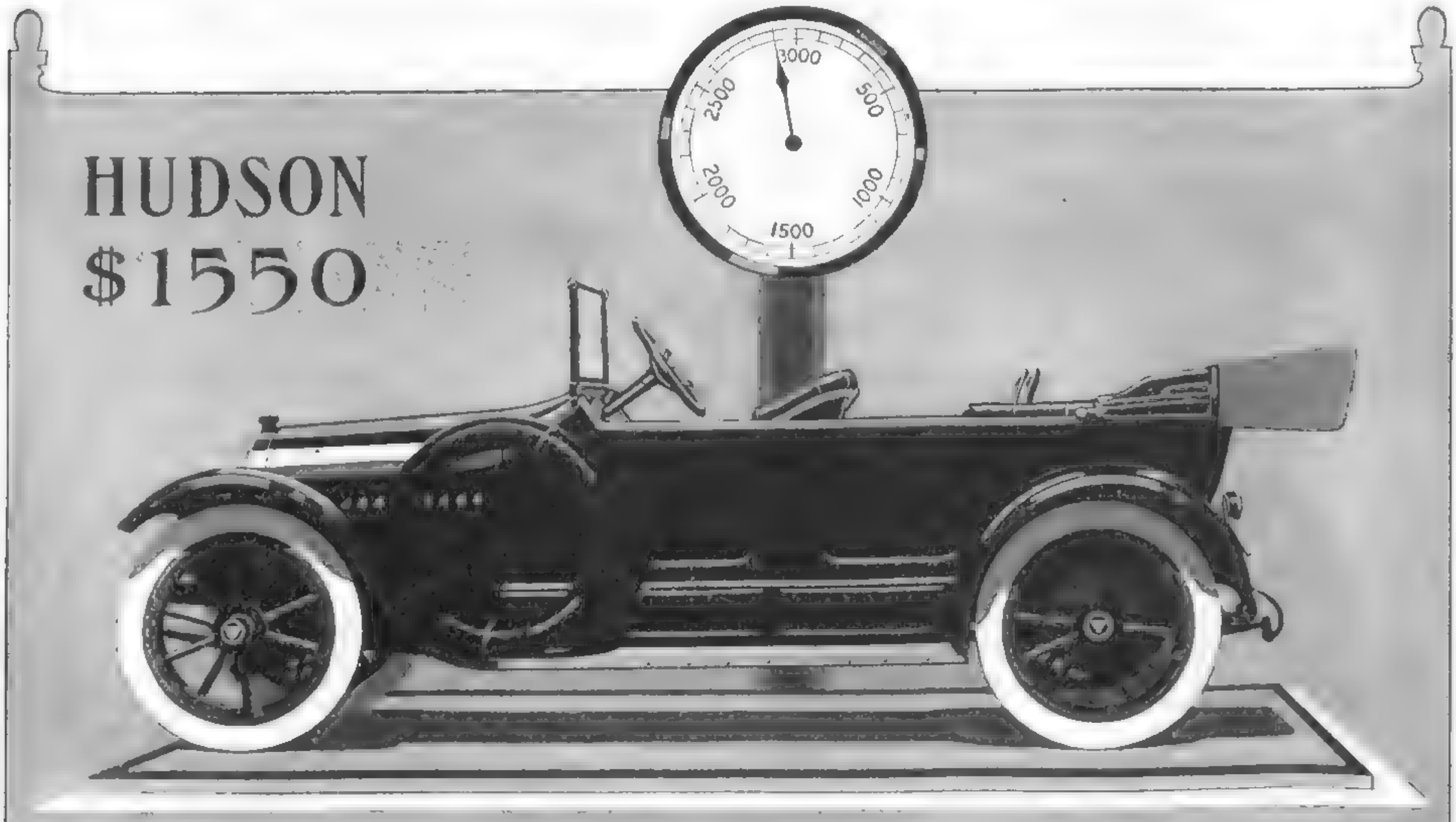
City State



HUDSON LIGHT SIX AS EXHIBITED AT SHOWS

Hudson Weighs 2870 Pounds

At the Shows this year the HUDSON was shown on a certified scale. The dial pointed to 2870 pounds, car ready for the road save for gasoline.

Think of that—2870 pounds for a 7-passenger Six. You can remember when 4500 pounds was about minimum for Sixes. The difference is the weight of some eleven adults. It cuts fuel, tire and upkeep cost in two.

Crudities Taken Out

That's a new demonstration of Howard E. Coffin's genius in designing. It's the result of four years of refinement.

The weight removed was crudity—a weakness, not a strength. It was a needless burden which doubled operative cost.

The aluminum we use is better than the cast iron it displaces. Our pressed steel parts, though lighter, are stronger than cast steel. Our hollow driving shaft is stronger than a solid shaft. And so all through the thousand parts which were lightened in this revision.

Our small-bore, high-speed motor is better than the old type. We used it to lessen engine shocks so motor parts could be lightened. But economy has compelled its adoption in even heavy cars.

10,000 Ample Proofs

At first men wondered if this car was right. Our rivals did not copy it at first. It was so great an innovation that all waited for the proof.

Now all men have it. Over 10,000 of these new-type HUDSONS have proved themselves on millions of miles of road. Half of them have run for two seasons. You find delighted owners now on every road and street.

Now men won't buy the over-heavy cars. Practically every car has been lightened. HUDSON sales have trebled because of this car's popularity. And most men who buy class cars consider only the Light Six type. The day of over-price, over-weight and over-tax is ended.

How to Choose Wisely

Ask your neighbors how the HUDSON served them. Compare it with others in finish, in luxury, beauty and equipment. Compare it in comfort and in flexibility. Scores of engineers have spent years on this HUDSON to get every detail right. They have found the last word in refinement.

Consider our four-year start. Four years on a model, new in countless ways, bring out a good many perfections.

Remember that Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost designer, is the man who created this car. His models have always been right.

Bear in mind that this is the proved Light Six. And this new type, with its many radical changes, has to be proved to be known.

And HUDSON, in all minds, stands for a class car. It signifies high standards. It satisfies one's pride. It retains its value if you ever want to sell.

Do and consider these things and you won't go wrong.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1550, f. o. b. Detroit
Four other body styles

The HUDSON Company never loses interest in the cars it sells. So long as a car is in service we maintain our interest in the character of its service. That's one great reason for HUDSON reputation.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 17)

she received more and more calls for soloist engagements, which field of opportunity finally took her occasionally for substantial visits to New York and Philadelphia.

People in Bodbank saw her picture in the Chicago Sunday papers and tore it out to show to the neighbors. It was whispered, with some truth, that Victoria was not only almost a famous artiste but a society lady as well; that she went to dinners at the houses of Eastern millionaires; and sometimes had to stay at hotels where the rooms were at least three or four dollars a day. For a time she was able, on these absences from Bodbank, to see the people she liked; to forget the tradesmen at home, whose accounts she had not yet been able to settle; and to realize that at bottom she was not primarily a wife or even a woman, but first of all a person—a person who, not in vain, seeks for self-expression.

Of this self-expression, however, Gus, at last wakened to the fact of it, was envious. He began putting on his good clothes again. In them he went forth to tell such persons in Bodbank as would listen to him that he did not wholly approve of a woman's traveling alone, and that he doubted the propriety of a lady of his wife's standing selling her womanly accomplishments in a way that seemed commercial.

"I don't know about my little Vixie knocking about the world alone," he said to me, taking his tower-of-strength attitude and removing the quill toothpick. "She should have a protector."

I looked him squarely in his weak blue eyes, with their brows already turning gray, and I said to him:

"You'd better not interfere with your good fortune. What would you do if she should suddenly lose her voice?"

He turned white. He could not speak without the thick, trembling lips shaking his words.

"My stars!" the parasite said with a mirthless laugh. "You must not take me too seriously. My dear little pal is everything in the world to me. You haven't an idea how close we are! Poor little Vixie!"

At last, however, he convinced Victoria that he should often go with her on her trips. He was her husband, he said. What he wanted was to taste the food of good hotels and to strut about in their lobbies; what he said he wanted was to be sure she did not have too much work or too much worry. He went with her several times; and the persons who had found in her a woman worthy of entertainment found in him an offensive man with a loud laugh, who smelled of hotel barber shops.

At last Victoria found ways of refusing his tower-of-strength escort, though I believe nothing short of damage to her income prompted her to deny him enjoyment in his mouthy boasts of what love and care he was giving her in his lectures to her about what she should do, and what he forbade her to do, and in his proprietorship of her, which he so dearly loved to parade.

At the moment she had succeeded in training him to stay at home, and when she had paid off most of their debts, he seized the opportunity to invite his mother and sister, who were in Dallas, Texas, to come to Bodbank to live with them in their little cottage.

The mother was a silent woman with a mole on her nose. She approved of everything Angus did. The sister was a stout and slovenly person who—you could tell without asking—had never been married, and who was always talking about nothing at all from morning until night. She disapproved of everything Angus did.

The house was ever filled with their arguments about Angus. The silent mother always came out of her silence to talk a stream of abuse; the talkative daughter always took to a gloomy silence and a silent frown, which she would keep for hours. Both were invalids and said that a doctor in Beaumont, Texas, had ordered them to do no housework. The increase in expenses caused by their coming prevented the hiring of a servant, which the wife had planned for; Victoria undertook to do all the work.

So far as I know, the coming of these two brought but one benefit to Gus' little Vixie; she discovered that the prayer book he had given her, with tears in his eyes, had never belonged to his mother—the grim, silent woman with a mole on her nose.

At last there came a concert tour, followed by a return to Bodbank and a period of several weeks during which Victoria, known to Chicago and Buffalo as a tall, graceful, full-blown flower of a woman, became a wife in a Bodbank kitchen, sticking straws into cake, and bringing coal from the shed to save Gus from contracting one of his backaches. The days were filled with the silence of Spalding's mother and the persistent whining outpour of commonplaces from his sister, who always, in the house, dressed in a Mother Hubbard, and always had a cold in her head.

Gus himself had been revived by the new prosperity and had begun again to talk of big deals and propositions. Without asking Victoria, he bought a concert talking machine and forty records from Fales' Music Store on the installment plan. The records were of a kind to offend less sensitive ears than those that projected from his head and, by family characteristic, from the head of his silent, grim mother, with a mole on her nose, and the head of his talkative, whining sister, who used so much petroleum jelly. Cold weather was coming on.

The combination was too much. Victoria went to bed with an attack of bronchitis; and, several weeks after I knew this, Mrs. Adams told me Victoria was up and about again, listening to Angus as he anxiously inquired about her voice, patted her hands, and called her "My little Vixie girl!" But Mrs. Adams said that Doctor Reeve had ordered her away—alone—on a vacation.

"A vacation from Gus is what he meant," said Mrs. Adams. "The doctor knows. He says that the cold has threatened her voice, but that the real danger lies in the wear on her nerves. He talked beautifully to Victoria. He told her how much good she could do with her voice—giving pleasure to people; making 'em a little better than they were yesterday. And he told her that her duty toward all mankind was equal, if not more than equal, to her duty to cook and work and worry. Then he began to get mad and was afraid he would say what he really thought she ought to do; and so he grabbed his hat and hurried off in his automobile."

"Did he say she must choose between her voice and her husband?" I asked.

"No; he didn't," said the widow, stamping her rubbers in the snow; "but that is what he meant."

"He was right," I said.

"I think she knows it," Mrs. Adams answered.

The next week Gus stopped me on the street in front of Goldman's.

"I thought I would let you know I have a project for an interurban road between here and Springfield," he said. "A group of financial men are looking into it preliminary to a big deal. The only trouble is that just now I am so worried about my wonderful, dear little pal. She insists on doing the work at the house and she is not strong."

"If she didn't do it it wouldn't be done, would it?" I snapped at him.

"My stars!" he said, rubbing his unshaved chin. "I know it. That's just it. It wouldn't be done, I suppose. And I am so afraid little Vixie will lose her voice—her beautiful voice, which has been to all of us such a source of pride. It's very distressing; and of course, with worry about dear Vixie, I am not at my best to handle a big proposition of any kind."

He put his quill toothpick back between his thick lips and walked away—a good husband, who never beat his wife nor swore at her, nor failed in his sickening tenderness—a flabby, white person whose girth about his stomach had grown larger than the girth about his lungs.

At the end of the month came a thaw, a sweeping wind dried up the water and the mud; and then, finally, that bitter cold which can creep over these prairies settled down on Bodbank and began to cover the Mississippi with thickening ice.

Dusk came early; my lamp was lit and a coal fire was burning on my hearth one afternoon when my telephone rang. A voice I did not recognize inquired whether I was in, and immediately the connection was cut off. Ten minutes later I saw a powerful motor car, with its two blazing dragon's-eye lights, come up Gray Street over the hard, bare surface and swing round before Mrs. Adams' door. Steps sounded on my private stairs and a fist, heavy as a sledge, pounded on my door.

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Birch Beer
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Root Beer
Is Good for the Kiddies
Clicquot is a deliciously sparkling, joyous ginger ale made of finest Jamaica ginger root, pure juices of lemon and limes, cane sugar and deep, bed-rock spring water, highly carbonated. It is stimulating, thirst-quenching, brain-clearing and taste-pleasing.
The pure ginger stimulus makes it safe to drink when you are overheated.
There is no saccharin in Clicquot—no cheap, harmful, coal-tar coloring matter, no soapy foam producers. It is not sold in five cent bottles on account of the cost of bottling and bottles. Every bottle of Clicquot holds two large glassfuls. You pay no more for Clicquot, but you do get ginger ale that is pure and safe for little children.
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LEWIS MFG. COMPANY

Dept. 913 Bay City, Mich.

LEWIS-BUILT HOMES

"You might have brought an ax," I said as I opened the door.

A few bushels of cold came in, and with them a huge figure clad in a coonskin coat, the collar of which prevented my seeing the face behind it.

"I rode all the way from Chicago," said a clear, ringing, familiar voice; and then, when the man tossed his overcoat aside, I saw that, after nearly fifteen years, Joel Rood had come back to Bodbank.

He had not lost his youth. He had been browned by the Brazilian suns, and the arms he wrapped round me in his hearty greeting were strong with the fiber of activity and health; he was a fine figure of ripe manhood. For half an hour he told of the successes that had made him far richer than he had ever hoped to be.

"And now, dear old man, do you know why I am here?" he said at last.

"Victoria," said I quietly.

"Yes; Victoria. That is the reason."

"You have thought of her of course," I said.

"I have never forgotten her. Somehow that is my way. It has brought me back a second time."

"You know about her?"

"All—all! I know everything. I have had the whole story gathered."

"What will it avail you?" I asked.

Without affectation or dramatic mannerism he said:

"I am going to take her away. I motored down to do it."

"When?"

"To-night."

"You have seen her?" I asked.

"No."

"Then where will you see her?"

"Here—here in your rooms. I have telephoned her to meet me here. I knew you couldn't say 'No' to me."

"And she said ——"

"That she would come. That was all; but you have never heard so much in one word as in her 'Yes.' Poor girl!"

Joel suddenly became silent; he strode up and down before the fireplace, his lips and fingers moving, and his face reddened as though with the anger and indignation pent up within him.

"Great Scott! Think of the life she has led all these years!" he exclaimed with his fists clenched. "No comforts; no pride; no children! Good heavens, Gunn, that is a terrible thing! Do you blame me ——"

"No; I do not blame you," I said quickly, for I heard her step on my stairs.

She came in, freshened by the cold; but the tired look had begun to have a permanency on her face. It was partly the expression of weariness and partly the expression of fright that appears on the countenance of persons who first begin to realize they are losing their foothold. In her voice, as she spoke her first words of greeting to me, there was a little trace of hysteria. The last year had really made her youth recede. Some subtle change had taken place in her figure; it stood now, not as though life was a promise, but as though it was a menace.

When she saw Rood she started quickly toward him, whispering his first name several times; but before he could touch her she had drawn back and had said:

"Well, Joel; how long it has been!"

I saw that neither of them could find words; so I went into my bedroom and closed the door after me. I was wondering what Angus Spalding would do when he had lost her, and the thought gave me satisfaction so complete that it overpowered all other considerations. I reveled in the idea of the justice of that creature's fate, and the fate of his mother, with the mole on her nose, and that of the fat-faced sister who used so much cosmetic.

"Victoria will have her divorce," said I in my glee; "and Gus will have his big deals! What a jurisprudence of mercy and horse sense!"

The minutes passed without a sound from my library; and suddenly there came over me the seriousness of such a meeting—the conventional man in me shuddered.

"But this case is by itself," I reasoned. "Freedom for her means usefulness, fulfillment of the purposes for which she was brought into the world. The slavery under which she has served means distortion and death."

There was no sign coming from beyond the door, on which I had fixed my eyes.

I fell to musing on Victoria's childhood; I remembered the day she had blown the gas out of the pipes in the schoolhouse. She was always falling out of apple trees like

(Continued on Page 65.)

10 Things You Want to Know About Shotgun Shells

There are 10 points to consider in choosing your shot shells. It will be worth your while to try

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Test them thoroughly and then decide for yourself –

- What shell has the quickest, strongest primer
- What shell has the greatest penetration
- What shell is best for damp-weather hunting
- What shell ejects and works smoothest in any type of gun
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- What shell has the best wads
- What shell has the most uniform shot
- What shell has the widest flash passage
- What shell can be reloaded the greatest number of times
- What shell requires the least "lead" in aiming

When you buy shotgun shells, remember there are 10 reasons for telling your dealer that you want the U. S. Black Shells. Send post card for The Black Shell Booklet.

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"I made good money in my regular line of employment, but in proportion to the time invested Curtis work beats any other method of money-making that I have tried."

If you want to turn your spare time into actual money, or if you want to build up a "side line" on which you can depend in time of need, write for particulars.

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If you can secure for as little money anything else in the way of a Toilet or Household preparation as good as that which bears the trade name SAN-TOX, with the Nurse head on each package, your San-Tox druggist will refund the purchase price in full—you to be the judge. That is his agreement with you.

Every San-Tox preparation—there are more than a hundred—is compounded according to scientifically correct, non-secret formulas by expert pharmacists who have won distinction in laboratory work. The ingredients used are the best of the best.

The Nurse Points The Way To The Public Service Drug Stores

Wherever you see the sign of the Nurse in a drug-store window—and there is only one such store in any given locality—you will find a druggist whose reputation for honesty, reliability and trustworthiness is thoroughly established. Moreover he is a broad-gauged business man—a man of progressive ideas of merchandising—one who believes it good policy to give his customers the best service and the best goods at most reasonable prices. Indeed, he was selected to handle the San-Tox line because of those very qualities. Did he not possess them he could not have entered the San-Tox Public Service family. For his part, he has thoroughly investigated the entire San-Tox line, knows the pharmaceutical value of every ingredient in each preparation and he vouches for the goodness, purity and all-around superior excellence of every one of them.

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You cannot imagine the great satisfaction—the real pleasure—that awaits your first trial of any item in the San-Tox line. Every element of chance has been eliminated. Heaped-up values await you at these San-Tox drug stores, where good business men have learned that it pays best to serve best and where your interests are safeguarded to the fullest extent. These druggists know that once a customer uses San-Tox that customer will come back for more. And, since there is only one San-Tox druggist in a neighborhood, he knows his customers cannot obtain these preparations from anyone but himself and, therefore it is to his own interest to see to it that his other items of merchandise measure up to the San-Tox standard of perfection.

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Take immediate advantage of this important public service, learn for yourself its true meaning, and benefit directly thereby. You are probably in need, right now, of one or more of the articles in the San-Tox Public Service Line. Then go to the drug store where you see the sign of the Nurse in the window, where it will pay you always to trade. Ask for any of the hundred or more San-Tox preparations comprising the line. If you are not delighted with the results your San-Tox druggist will cheerfully refund your money on request.

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A special Talcum for baby, of unmatchable quality, purity and fineness, unlike ordinary Baby Talcums. Larger than most packages. Keeps baby's skin like velvet ... delightful fragrance. A trial proves ... SAN-TOX Baby Talcum is compounded of the purest ingredients

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A new creation in a ... back guarantee delightful surprise awaits you ... you'll always keep it in the house

Use SAN-TOX Tooth Powder
Here is really an unusual Tooth Powder—its superb cleansing and whitening qualities and pleasant taste will ... breath, will make you a constant user of SAN-TOX ... Money back if desired.

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... acid mouth and keeps the gums in a healthy condition. A trial tube will delight you or money refunded. Distinctly different from ordinary tooth pastes—made of the purest ingredients by expert ...

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Use SAN-TOX Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic
The just the results in cases of dandruff and falling hair produced by this excellent Hair Tonic ... back guarantee. Do not confuse ... with the different ... Tonic is a scientific ... the hair ... pounded of pure ingredients, to stimulate and ... the scalp ... hair ... ments

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A great boon for men—a Talcum ... should use after shaving. Different from ordinary Talcums and of extra fine-ness and purity—a clean, smooth, velvety ... that ... and protects ... One ... compar... if it doesn't delight you, we guarantee ...

Use SAN-TOX Cold Cream
... delightful surprise ... Cold Cream ... smooth, ... into the pores of the skin and out again, removing all the dirt and leaving the skin clear, soft, clean and healthy. Absolutely non-injurious. Try a jar on our money back ... guarantee

Use SAN-TOX Shaving Lotion
... septic with a delightful ... compounded of pure ... bottle on ... back guarantee. Once you experience the soothing effect of this delightful lotion you will never be satisfied to shave without it. Takes the dread out of shaving

Use SAN-TOX Liquid Green Soap
Absolutely a new creation in Liquid Green Soap, entirely different—its excellence gives a new meaning to Liquid Soap. Its positive purity, combined with exceptional antiseptic and cleansing qualities and exquisite ... winning favor with thousands of people who have never before used Liquid Soap. A trial ...

The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

will, we believe, prove itself to be the most constant and the most enduring car this company has ever produced

THE Eight-Cylinder Cadillac is now in the hands of nearly six thousand users.

The motoring world knows that its performances far surpass the most ardent claims that could be expressed in words.

The consensus of expert opinion is that it is the ultimate in practicability, speed, power, smoothness, flexibility, luxury and ease of operation.

And, in the most essential of all qualities—stability and endurance—there is abundant assurance that it will excel any Cadillac which has preceded it.

We say this knowing full well that the record of the Cadillac Company for producing cars which endure, year after year, stands unapproached.

We say it with full remembrance of the fact that you can go back one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve years and find that the Cadillacs then made are still in service.

Recall, if you can, any other cars that can point to service records of half the maximum period cited.

But we are secure in our conclusions for several reasons.

The factors which are primarily responsible for short life and lack of endurance in a motor car, are:

Un-scientific design
Un-suitable material
Un-workmanlike construction
In-accurate workmanship
Poorly fitting parts
Improper lubrication
Vibration

The foregoing being true, then what would more naturally follow than that scientific design, intelligently selected materials, workmanlike construction, correctly fitting parts, efficient lubrication and absence of vibration will assure long life and lasting service?

The Eight-Cylinder principle, in itself, appears immensely attractive.

But it offers no promise of unusual smoothness and endurance, unless a correct design be supplemented and supported by the most skillful working out of details.

And its details must in turn be supported by a far higher type of workmanship than is demanded in the more conventional types of engines.

During the past year we have achieved much in the perfecting of materials and their various alloys, making it possible to adopt them with more scientific correctness for the specific duties which they must perform and the strains, stresses and wear which they must withstand.

The reputation of the Cadillac Company for producing the highest type and the most accurate workmanship in a motor car is not disputed, yet the workmanship in the "Eight" surpasses anything ever before achieved by this Company.

Accuracy in workmanship and the proper fit of parts which move in contact with one another are vital factors upon which duration of service depends.

In the Cadillac "Eight" there are more than 1000 mechanical operations which are not permitted to deviate to exceed the one-thousandth part of an inch from prescribed limits of measurement. And there are more than 300 other operations in which the limits of permissible variation are held within the half of one one-thousandth of an inch.

When it is remembered that the one-thousandth part of an inch is equal to only one-third to one-half the thickness of a hair from your head, you gain a slight conception of the remarkable accuracy which obtains.

No matter how accurately the moving parts are made to fit, it is absolutely essential that suitable lubricants be introduced to overcome friction, because friction means wear.

The force feed lubricating system used in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac engine has proven itself to be the most competent we have ever seen.

The crankshaft practically floats in a thin film of oil under pressure; the oil is efficiently distributed to all cylinders, and the entire engine, as well as the entire car, is abundantly provided with lubricating facilities.

Vibration is another factor which is largely responsible for short life and lack of endurance.

But, because of its design, its construction, its light reciprocating parts, and its splendid spring suspension, vibration in the Cadillac "Eight" has been reduced practically to the vanishing point.

These arguments, however, mean nothing unless they be supported by evidence.

Experimental cars have for months been driven twenty-four hours a day, under all conditions of weather,—rain and sunshine, in the summer's heat and the winter's cold, over hills and mountains and over the worst roads that could be found.

We were not unmindful of our responsibilities to Cadillac purchasers and to ourselves.

The most priceless asset of the Cadillac Company today is its good name,—the confidence reposed in it by the public.

Upon the maintenance of that confidence there is at stake an investment in plants and equipment which runs into the millions. There is at stake an annual business amounting to more than thirty millions of dollars.

And had the proof fallen short of absolute conclusiveness, the Cadillac Company would never have staked its reputation and its future, because the Cadillac Company has consistently built for permanency above all else.

The experimental cars were not only "tested out." They were grossly abused.

They were subjected to a gruelling such as not one owner in a thousand ever imposes upon his car.

If there were weak points, we wanted to know them.

Yet, after more miles of travel than the average car is driven in five years, the condition of these experimental cars was a revelation, even to us.

Crankshaft and connecting rod bearings required no adjustment, nor were camshaft and bearings perceptibly worn. Pistons and cylinders showed but infinitesimal wear.

Everywhere, from radiator to rear axle, was the evidence of the results of scientific design, intelligent selection of materials, thorough lubrication and Cadillac workmanship.

Everywhere was the evidence that we builded better than we ourselves were aware.

You can learn, in your own way, that the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac neither rides nor drives like any other motor car; that it does more of the things which a motorist wants his car to do; that it performs in ways that you had not thought possible in any car.

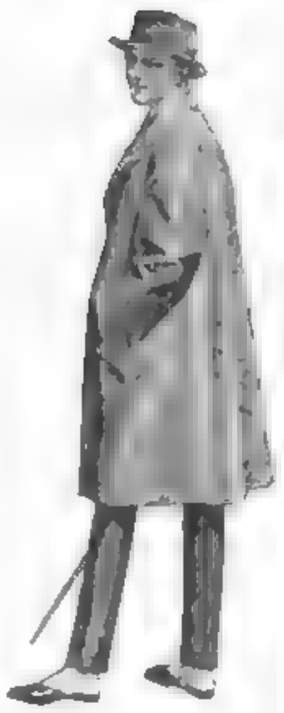
And, even having in mind the remarkable stability of its past product, the Cadillac Company has every assurance that its "Eight" will excel all past achievements in constancy and enduring service.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan, $2800. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

"BALLYMEDE"
Full back, narrow shoulders, roomy arm holes, large sleeves, convertible collar, shower proofed.



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(Continued from Page 62)

a boy. I recalled the mosquitoes which used to gather with the young men of Bodbank on Mrs. Rae's porch.

Not a sound came from my library. At last, however, after an hour, the knob was turned violently; the door was thrown open, and Joel Rood, breathing hard, and with disheveled hair, motioned to me with his open hands.

"What?" said I, somewhat alarmed.

"Come in here!" he said.

"Where is Victoria?"

"She has gone," he replied; "but I have won!"

He would not go on for several minutes; instead, he stood gazing down at my old rug, with his fingers gripping the lapels of his coat.

"That woman," said he suddenly, and pointing to the door through which she had gone, "is the finest woman I ever knew!"

"I am in the dark," I said.

"Listen!" he commanded. "I told her what I would do for her. I told her what I could do. I told her what money I had. I told her where I would take her after she had gained her freedom—round the world—to India. Oh, I told her all that I would do to make her happy. I told her the kind of love I would give her. What do you suppose she said?"

"How should I know?" I answered.

"She said she had begun to think she was at the end of her rope. She did not say a word against that husband of hers; but she said that life had seemed unbearable and that she had sometimes thought of reaching out for her freedom. She said that in the past she had never quite reached the point where she could take some definite step. 'I am fond of you, Joel,' she said; 'but you have come here and made it impossible for me ever to take that step.'"

"You asked her why?" I inquired.

"Yes, I asked her why," he said. "She said it was because she had thought in the past that if she went it would be on account of her duty to give the world the best that was in her—the unclouded expression of her individual self; but that, now I had come, she could never be sure of her own motives."

"I believed her," he went on. "She was like a rock. I've thought of her in silly day-dreams, and in mountain fevers in the Andes, and among the malarias of the Caribbean coast; but I knew when I stood at last looking her in the eyes that all I had planned I must give up forever. I knew I must do it to make her leave him. So I told her that if she would leave him I would go away—to-night—now."

"For good?" I asked.

"Yes—for good," said he. "I thought she was going to faint away; and then I seized the moment to urge her to go away, by herself, while her mind was made up. She plead for time; but I was deaf to it. I said it must be done now. Look there!"

I followed his glance; ink had been spilled from the well all over my papers.

"I wrote her a check for three thousand dollars. I told her she could pay me back through my bankers if she objected to taking it as a gift. She said she thought she owed a duty to the community—the neighbors in Bodbank. She said perhaps it was her duty to fight out life in the conventional way. Divorces were bad examples. I said she must choose; that I had shown my good faith by being willing to give up the only woman I had ever loved. And she took the check! She is going to-night! George Gunn, I've won!"

"Is she going to tell Gus?" I asked.

"No; she is not," replied Rood. "I made her promise not to do it. She is only going to leave a note for him."

"He will be able to stop her, then, if the train is late in coming up the river."

"She will ride from here to Springfield in my car, and with my chauffeur, who can be trusted. I will be out of Bodbank, on my way to New Orleans, by that time," he said. "I have told her you would meet her with the chauffeur and the car on Maple Street at a quarter of eight."

"You mean me!" I exclaimed.

He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Yes; I mean you. There are seven or eight thousand people in Bodbank, George Gunn, who look on you as a timid schoolmaster; but I know that down deep in you there is a good sport—a good, decent, unselfish sport. You will do this not only for me and for her, but because you believe that it ought to be done. At a quarter of eight you will tell her that I have gone on the six-two, south. You will help her into

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JUDGE Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup by your own sense of flavor. That is really the only way to determine if it is worth while for you.

Get a bottle of Beech-Nut from your grocer. Pour a little into a silver spoon and taste it by itself—just as you do your own cooking.

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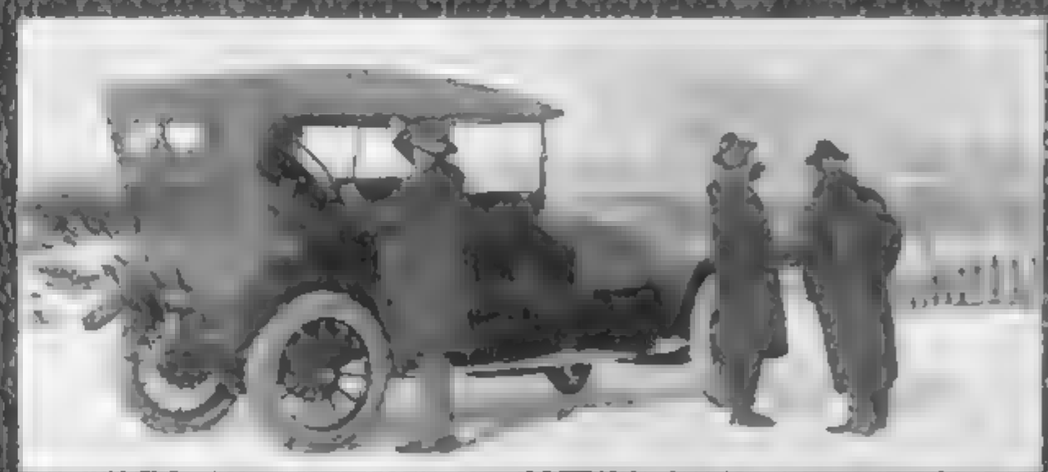

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the car and encourage her to make the break; and you'll say good-by—won't you?"

"Yes, I will," I said.

Only after he had gone, however, did I begin to feel enthusiasm for my assignment. I knew he was right; the only hope for Victoria lay in taking the first step some decisive step, such as going suddenly, without argument, and leaving a statement of her intention behind.

At half past seven I put on my ulster and turned the collar up round my ears, for the wind had begun to howl; and it was the north wind, with a bitter sting of intense cold in it. I walked up Gray Street, past Sanford, to Maple. The car was waiting, the chauffeur cuddled down under the robes, and a fur thrown over the hood to keep the engine warm. I strode back and forth, slapping my hands and rubbing my ears. A few minutes before a quarter of eight I saw Gus and his mother, with the mole on her nose, and the sister with the pasty face, come out of Sanford Street and turn down Gray Street toward the lights from Bodbank's new White Way on Main Street.

"Moving pictures," said I to myself, and my teeth chattered.

Nevertheless, I was glad Gus and his family of parasites were going downtown; it would give Victoria a clear field.

The wind whistled through the telephone wires and the leafless trees and thrust its cold fingers up the legs of my trousers. The lights on the Iowa shore were clear, the sky filled with a peppering of stars; and the white sweep of the Milky Way appeared to have been blown across the blue-black heavens by the same merciless wind that whined round my ears.

At eight o'clock I was still stamping, to keep my feet from freezing, and beating my arms about. I envied the chauffeur, under his robes and doubtless asleep, but I did not have the heart to disturb him.

I began to wonder whether Victoria had not mistaken the hour, thinking perhaps she had said a quarter past eight instead of a quarter of eight; but at last I plucked up courage to dig with my fingers under my coat for my watch, and was not comforted when I found that it was already nearly half past eight. The wind took pleasure in dying down for a moment, and then, rising with a whoop ending in a long wail, it drove the cold through my thick ulster and into my marrow; I never hear the wind without thinking of that night.

At a quarter of nine I walked round into Sanford Street. I knew I must proceed with caution as I approached the little cottage. The house was dark; the only light I could see was in the kitchen, and for a moment I debated whether I should rap on the front door or go round the corner and along the path between the house and the famous fence Gus had built. Finally I decided to do the latter and had proceeded as far as the kitchen window. There I stopped; I never went any farther.

The cold had painted some frosting on the panes; but on the wall I could see the old clock that once had belonged to Mrs. Rae, and the pink glow from the stove, suggestive of a warmth which then seemed to me the dearest of all luxuries. In the sink a great mountain of dinner dishes was crying out to be washed and put away for the many thousandth time; on the table were a woman's heavy coat, and fur cap with hatpins thrust through it, as though somebody had made preparations to go out.

Victoria was there too. She was sitting on a kitchen chair in front of the dishes in the sink—the dishes demanding to be washed. She had a blue apron tied on, and the sleeves had been rolled up on her beautiful arms as though she were about to perform the task. Her head, however, had fallen back, and her lips, which of all her features now were still youthful and untired, had parted. She was asleep!

I was about to utter an exclamation when I saw something else: Her hands were in her lap, palms upward. The light fell on them. I could see them very clearly; and in them, and on her lap, and on the floor, were the fragments of Joel Rood's three-thousand-dollar check—torn to fine bits!

Dame, the Apple King, leaned forward toward George Gunn, ex-superintendent of the Bodbank Schools.

"George, you are an expert in such matters," he said. "What made Victoria stay? Did she stay with Gus from a high sense of duty, or did she stay with Gus because she loved him?"

Gunn shook his head. "Ask a woman," he said. "No man knows!"

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Captain Scott's Hut in the Antarctic, Roofed with RU-BER-OID

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In a recent opinion, the U. S. Court of Appeals in Chicago holds that the public has long recognized the trade name "Ruberoid" or "Ru-ber-oid" as our trade name and as indicating roofing of our manufacture, and it enjoins imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" of their roofing, as unfair competition in busi-

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RU-BER-OID Roofing withstands all extremes of cold, heat and moisture. For 23 years it has demonstrated its weather-resisting qualities under most trying conditions in all parts of the world.

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Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY

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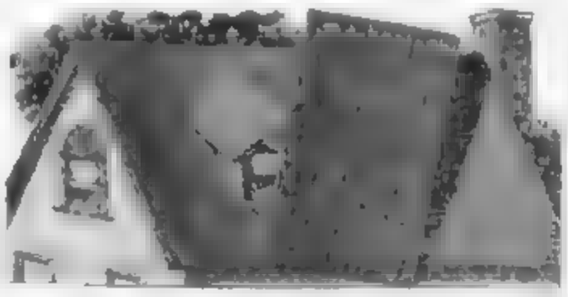

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Easily laid; no exposed nails and therefore no chance of leaks. Can be laid on lath the same as wooden shingles.

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For FORD Cars

$12

OUR TOWN IN WARTIME

(Concluded from Page 7)

"Oh, Belgium! Yes. Of course! And Austria's note to Servia. But if those things hadn't happened there'd have been something else. It had to come."

"Fated?"

"Oh, I don't know about fate. I'm not a theologian or a philosopher. I'm ——"

"If I may guess," I said, "a banker?"

"A plain man anyway," he said. "And the way it strikes me is this: The Germans have one notion of civilization. We've another. You may call theirs a better one. I don't know. It made more for efficiency, I suppose. Look at their army. Look at their social order. Their idea is discipline. The state, you know. Education, organization, efficiency. A man on top, with a head on his shoulders; a nation drilled into doing what they're told. They get things done well because they are told the right way to go about them. But that's not our way."

"I don't know," I said. "We've been on those tracks for some time back. State interference, state inspection, state education, and all the rest of it. The state has been getting more important in England too."

"Oh, yes. We've been imitating Germany; but we didn't like it. It wasn't our way of doing things. We don't really believe in civilization by bureaucracy. We pretended to, but we didn't. That's the meaning of it all. We value men, character, the individual, more than the doing of this or that. They look at things the other way. There are two quite different ideas and they had to clash."

He has finished his dinner. He nods to me and goes away. I am left wondering. Perhaps this man understands. I grasp at the idea he has dangled before me. I try to reduce it to definite form, to inclose it in words, to make it into a phrase. I fail; but it haunts me—troubles my imagination.

Langley is going off to-morrow and will go with a shrug of the shoulders. Mrs. Higgins' man, "'e 'ad to go," being a reservist.

Billy Jackson would not stay behind when the others were going. The squire and the young men from the peaceful countryside are dumbly conscious that they must see the thing through.

Are we all puppets and do mighty spirits pull the strings? Is this a war in heaven, like that when Michael and his angels fought the others? Are we deciding now, not England's future or Germany's—not whether France shall shine and Russia dream great dreams—but the way along which humanity is to go, the path which men are to take to reach what we call civilization—what the apostle spoke of as the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem?

GETTING INTO OIL

(Continued from Page 9)

valley bend out of view, Thomas Means had a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm—not a particularly flourishing proposition—a little fruit and a few head of cattle; in fact, at the time of which I am writing the entire proposition observable from the brow of the bluff was not particularly flourishing.

For example, about twenty-five years ago a citizen of Bakersfield, who ought to rejoice exceedingly—and doubtless does—in the name Sam Blythe, purchased six thousand six hundred and sixty-six acres of land near Thomas Means' farm. Mr Blythe points out that you can combine those numerals in such a way that two thirteens appear, signifying a double cross. The land was purchased from the Southern Pacific Railroad at two dollars and a half an acre—fifty cents down and the remainder in installments. The purchaser thought it might be made to yield some revenue by leasing it to sheep growers; but, as he was busy with other matters and there were no fences, the sheep growers simply used it anyway, and saw no point in paying rent. In the course of time the land became a mere affliction. Other land that looked about as good could be bought for a dollar and a half an acre, while to complete the payment for this would require two dollars an acre.

Mr. Blythe wanted the railroad company to take it off his hands and cancel the contract; but the railroad, with enormous tracts of empty and rather barren land on its hands and few purchasers, insisted that he complete the purchase; in fact, threatened to sue him. At length, with a sigh of relief, the purchaser succeeded in getting the railroad to take the land back. Next year oil was struck on Thomas Means' farm.

Now occasionally, in the leisure moments of a successful business, Mr. Blythe wears out a lead pencil trying to figure how much he would be worth if he had kept that land. One section of it, after paying a great sum in royalties, sold for about two million dollars.

Thomas Means, it appears, was a reclusive and philosophic kind of man. It is recounted that he spoke three languages, the names thereof not being specified. To him, in the last year of the last century, came a Mr. Ellwood, then and for some time before a resident of Bakersfield, but who had been engaged in various small occupations in various places. It had occurred to Mr. Ellwood that quite a stroke of business might be done by setting up a woodyard in Bakersfield. As there was scrub timber along the bank of the river on Thomas Means' farm he proposed to cut some of that timber, haul it to Bakersfield, and thus establish his woodyard. To this proposal Thomas Means assented and Mr. Ellwood began chopping wood.

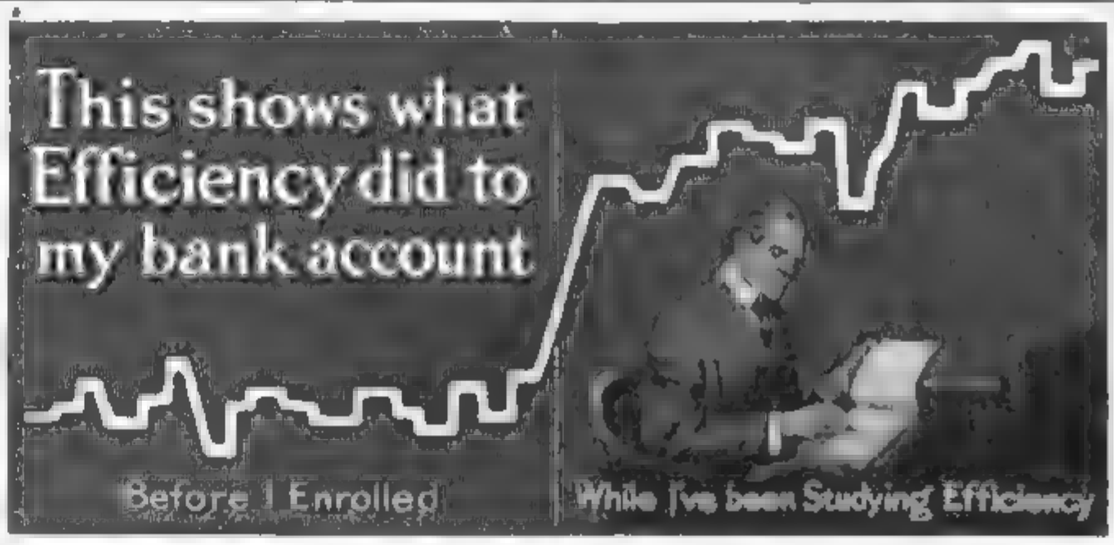
Thomas Means had noticed indications of oil in the river. Being a reflective man he concluded there was oil in the land. He pointed out to Mr. Ellwood that chopping wood and selling it in Bakersfield was an occupation of limited possibilities, and suggested that his labor might be better devoted to prospecting for oil. Mr. Ellwood thereupon dug a forty-foot well and by some rude implement bored twenty feet farther, where he found oil. He realized no great sum from his discovery, however, and Thomas Means left an estate of forty-five thousand dollars—in which, for a pioneer, he was doubtless lucky.

That was the beginning of oil in the Kern River field. At first, development was slow; but presently Doheny, Canfield and a shoal of other prospectors flocked in, making locations, getting options, buying leases. Now, as you overlook the Kern River Valley, the oil derricks on the hills across the river appear as thick as pins in a cushion. There is a well about every hundred and fifty feet, and the number of wells is round nineteen hundred out of near seven thousand in the state.

They say Kern River was a poor man's proposition. At Los Angeles the shallow wells were dug by hand, but even in Kern River they ran only about four hundred feet; so one might be put down at a cost of three thousand dollars or so. Moreover, oil-bearing Government lands were then open to entry under a statute designed to cover location of placer mines. A prospector, having found twenty acres of land that suited him—or a group of eight having found a hundred and sixty acres—simply tacked up a notice claiming the location and filed his claim at the county recorder's office.

True, the statute did not quite fit, for it said the locator must have discovered mineral wealth in the land. This he might do in the case of a placer mine, but he could not actually discover oil except by drilling a well. Thus there was a great opportunity for jumping claims between the time of the location and the actual discovery of oil. Generally speaking, however, the locator's prior lien, though not enforcible at law, was respected. In hundreds of cases locators were paid handsome bonuses to surrender claims to those who would actually drill.

There were some exceptions—notably over at Mount Diablo, in the Midway. There a group of Bakersfield men had made their locations and were going ahead with drilling when a rude and heavily armed band of outsiders moved in on them and proposed to drill also. The Bakersfield men prosecuted an appeal with such firearms as they could muster, with the result that three claim jumpers were shot and the remainder retired in haste. A picturesque



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feature of the oil region in those days was a smart sprinkling of shacks, each having a vigilant person, with a rifle in hand, at the door to discourage claim jumping.

So Kern River was developed, and its big supply of oil brought the railroads into the market; for they then began extensively to discard coal west of the Rockies and burn oil. It is said Mr. Doheny made a contract to supply the Santa Fé with a large amount of oil for a term of years at one dollar a barrel. When the great Midway field came in and oil dropped to twenty cents or lower, the Santa Fé got out of its burdensome contract by purchasing Mr. Doheny's wells for a million and a half dollars.

Oil at a dollar a barrel was undoubtedly profitable and again the industry seemed firmly established. Then the Midway came in and undermined the foundation. To get the proportion between the two fields, Kern River produced last year only a little over seven million barrels, while the Midway yielded nearly fifty million barrels. The Midway is decidedly not a poor man's proposition. By executive order of September, 1907, Government lands supposed to contain oil have been withdrawn from entry. Since then a prospector must buy or lease from private owners the land he intends to exploit. Moreover, the wells in the Midway run over two thousand feet deep and cost forty thousand dollars or more apiece.

In its first stage the Midway, like the Kern River field, was discredited and rejected by experts. Early prospecting there yielded little. Wise persons used to laugh at the suckers who were wasting their money by sinking long, slim holes in the dry earth. A man who has made a fortune in petroleum informs me that once, in an excess of scornful mirth, he offered to sign a bond to drink all the oil ever produced in the Midway.

I could hardly blame anybody for being discouraged about the Midway. Even now, to any eye that is not looking for oil, its appearance is discouraging. Driving some thirty miles south of west from Bakersfield, one passes Buena Vista Lake, a shallow body of water covering a huge area, with no very definite line of demarcation where the water ends and the land begins. A great sandy flat, just a little higher than the water and overgrown with sagebrush, stretches on to the bare hills. At the edge of the oil field stands a neat and silent city of Standard Oil storage tanks, painted white. One begins to pass puddles and ponds of waste oil, with greasy little rivulets trickling down into them.

The Gushers of the Midway

On the left rises a round hill, perhaps seventy feet high, topped by a derrick. The derrick and the whole hill are soaked black with oil; and so is a considerable territory round it. This means that the well there was a gusher and saturated everything in its neighborhood with oil before it was brought under control or ran out. The bare edge of a cut where the road winds through shows the soil dark with oil to a depth of five or six inches.

All through the twenty-mile district you can mark the gushers every little while by their oil-blackened derricks and surroundings. There are derricks, of course, everywhere—though by no means so thick as in Kern River—and shipping tanks and field pipes, and some small towns that sprang up like mushrooms within the last six or seven years, but with no attempt at emulating the mushroom's symmetry.

A main trouble with the Midway was that early explorers did not go deep enough. For example, a syndicate got hold of Section Thirty and arranged to have the Standard drill four wells for them on a royalty basis. The Standard drilled twenty-two hundred feet and quit, having found nothing. The syndicate finally induced it to drill for another fortnight, and at the end of the next week it struck oil—which was virtually the beginning of big production in the Midway.

No such production had then been seen anywhere. The state's output advanced by millions of barrels yearly, and in due course the price of oil fell from a dollar a barrel to twenty cents, or even lower. There were various seesaws between supply and demand, and many fluctuations in price; but, in a general sort of way, when the price got on its feet another big well or group of wells came in and bowled it over.

(Continued on Page 73)

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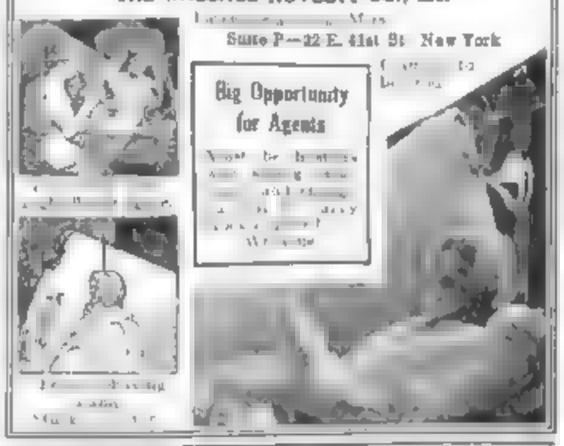

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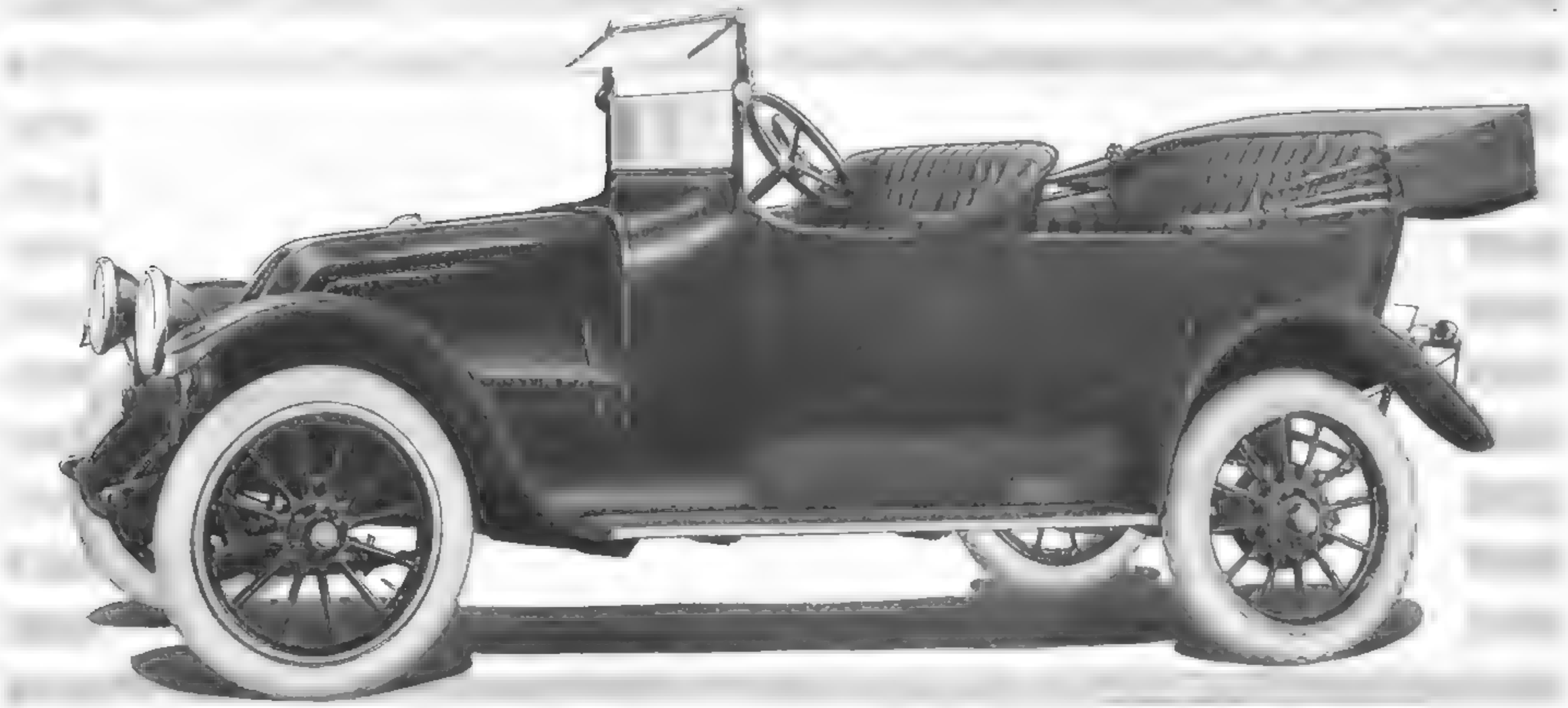

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THERE was a man Bishop Vincent used to tell about who prayed that he might become well enough off so that he could afford to be economical.

When it comes to the basis upon which we maintain either the necessities or the luxuries of life well-to-do people have an unquestioned advantage.

It was the well-to-do man who first began to apply a mental taximeter to his heavy automobile, and found the cost of mileage too high for what he got out of it.

The fact that he could afford the expense better than his neighbor never appealed to him as an argument. *He disliked waste.* That was one reason why he was well-to-do.

Every time he looked at that big, heavy body, with its weight added to rigid construction, he knew it was the cause of perpetual tire troubles and extravagant tire bills.

He said, "What I want is a *fine light car.*"

That explains perhaps why such a large number of Franklin owners are of the well-to-do class of seasoned motorists.

It should mean even more to the buyer of small means—this *ultimate economy* of the Franklin.

As for the new motorist,—it should lead him to stretch a point, if necessary, in the matter of first cost.

The man who best appreciates the Franklin is the man who has owned and operated another car — any car. He has a basis for comparison.

This determination of buyers to face the facts and get the figures has made the Franklin the fastest-selling *fine* automobile in America.

The Franklin today represents the most difficult of all engineering achievements—the attainment of *scientific light weight*, simplicity and easy-riding qualities in a luxurious five-passenger touring car that *costs less to maintain* than the cheapest car made.

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Get the facts. Any Franklin dealer can give them to you. The Franklin Six-Thirty Touring Car weighs 2750 pounds *(scale weight)* and the price is $2150.

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Tarvia

A modern story of good roads at low cost

All over the country there is a strong movement on in favor of better roads.

Taxpayers are beginning to realize that good roads are an *asset;* poor roads a *liability.*

The proper kind of roads in a community means increased property values, more accessible markets, reduced transportation expenses.

The important question now is—"Can *good* roads be built at *low* cost?"

The answer is—"Yes, if Tarvia is used—and here are the facts."

For many years, outside of the heavy traffic zones in large centres, macadam roads were recognized as the most economical and satisfactory.

The advent of the automobile changed this. Macadam roads as then constructed rapidly disintegrated under motor car traffic.

The French engineers were the first to make this discovery. They, also, were the first to find a remedy, namely, *the use of tar preparations instead of water* in building macadam roads.

In this country, the Barrett Manufacturing Company took up the problem in 1902 and developed Tarvia in various grades. This treatment was wonderfully successful, resulting in *better roads at lower cost* than ever before.

Since that date thousands of miles of macadam roadways in this country have been treated with Tarvia, and today a tarviated roadway with its firm, easy traction surface, free from dust and mud, is a blessing to hundreds of communities in various parts of the land.

A tarviated roadway is durable enough to be called permanent, because it is strong enough to endure modern automobile traffic.

The first cost of building a tarviated road is not greatly in excess of the cost of constructing plain macadam.

The saving in maintenance expense, however, is usually greater than the cost of the Tarvia treatment.

In other words, a tarviated road is really less expensive than ordinary dusty, muddy, water-bound macadam.

Most modern engineers and road authorities recognize these facts, but we are afraid they are not generally understood by the public.

If taxpayers realized that at practically *no extra cost* they could secure a firm, waterproof, dustless and mudless road they would be far more strenuous in their demands that tarviated roads be built wherever practicable.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, the Barrett Manufacturing Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

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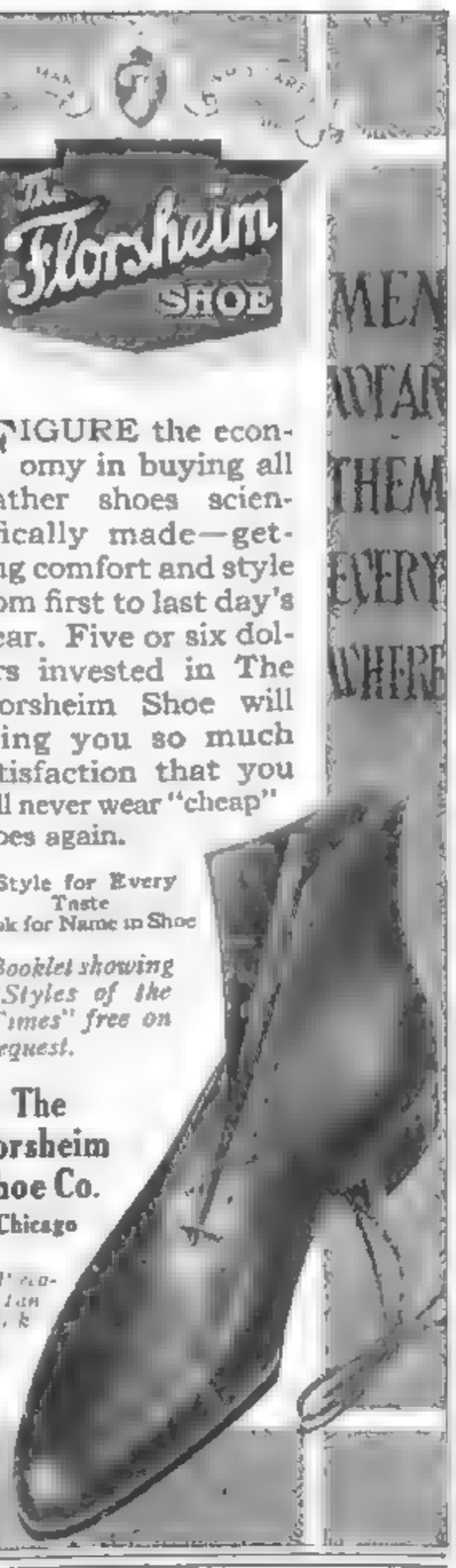

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(Continued from Page 70)

The general character of the Midway is illustrated by the famous case of Lake View. The company that started the well and carried it down many hundred feet ran out of money and into debt; so—in consideration of a financial life line—it turned fifty-one per cent of its stock over to the Union Oil Company. The Union continued drilling until it became discouraged and sent out orders from the Los Angeles headquarters to suspend operations; but the driller had one twenty-foot casing left over. It seemed a pity not to use it; so, on his own responsibility, he went ahead and put down that casing, and struck oil—with astonishing results.

There had been gushers before, but this was a sort of oil volcano. The uprushing column of petroleum threw the heavy string of tools out of the well and promptly wrecked the ponderous hundred-foot-high derrick, spouting into the air to a distance of two or three hundred feet, with an awesome roar. It presently tore out the upper part of the iron well casing and then proceeded to dig itself a crater fifty or sixty feet across, in which the oil boiled round the central fountain. Reports put the early flow as high as ninety thousand barrels a day, but probably sixty thousand is nearer the true figure.

There is no doing anything with a monster of that sort—no way to shut it off or control it. The only practical course consists in trying to prevent it from drowning the surrounding country in oil. For a good while it seemed rather doubtful whether the company would be able to do this. It was feared the runaway oil would overflow Buena Vista Lake, spoiling the usefulness of that body and incidentally letting the company in for heavy damages.

Gushers That Commit Suicide

The company built breastworks of sandbags round the crater, and by employing hundreds of men and teams constructed huge sumps to catch and hold the oil. A sump is an open earthen reservoir, made by digging a bed and throwing up dirt embankments about it, so as to impound the stream of oil. Many wells in the Midway, where the natural-gas pressure is high, come in as gushers. Often, however, they settle down in a few days or weeks, the vent having relieved the gas pressure. Sometimes they commit suicide by choking themselves up with sand. This Lake View gusher, however, flowed a year and a half—from March, 1910, to September, 1911, when it stopped. Two years later the well was recovered for a while as a pumper, yielding about a hundred and twenty barrels a day; but it is now dry.

During the eighteen months' eruption it was said at the time to have yielded ten million barrels of oil. It actually did yield, by the best estimate, about seven and a half million barrels, or nearly twice what the whole production of the state had been in 1900.

These gushers are a chief stock in trade with wild-cat oil-company promoters—one of the best baits they have. On the strength of fanciful tales woven round them, more shares of stock in dubious or worthless oil companies have probably been unloaded on suckers than the gushers ever produced barrels of oil. It looks very alluring when the prospectus or the newspaper advertisement says the company you are invited to embark with is drilling a well only a dozen miles or so from the famous Lake View, which yielded over a million barrels of oil in a month. Figuring the investment in the well and lease at, say, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the price of oil at only forty cents a barrel, you can readily see that it means a dividend of more than a hundred per cent a month.

But, in the first place, a dozen miles may be the same thing as a thousand so far as oil is concerned; and the life of the big gusher is limited—invariably the flow begins to decline after a short period.

At the Lake View the sheer waste of oil was enormous, as it is in every like case. A great deal of it simply smears the surrounding country, to nobody's benefit. Then the loss in the open sumps through seepage into the soil and evaporation is very high. In evaporation, of course, it is the lighter and more valuable portions of the crude stuff that are lost.

Another extraordinary gusher was struck last year by Lake View Number Two Company—which has no connection with

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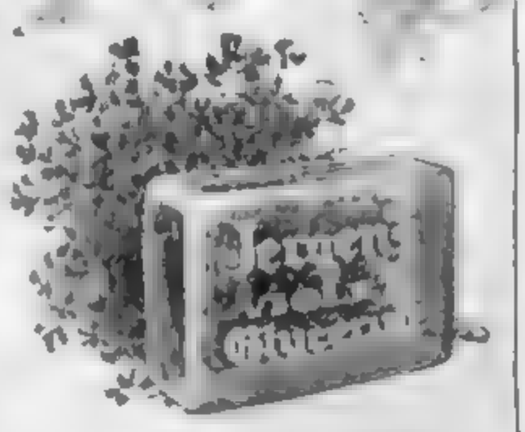

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the company referred to above. This second gusher was started about four years ago by a company that drilled down to the first oil-bearing sand, but did not succeed in shutting off the water—always a vital point. In drilling down to oil you run through strata bearing water; and, unless you can shut out the water, it will spoil the oil.

This is usually done by "cementing in" the well—that is, forcing cement down until it forms a rocky, impervious mass all round the well. Sometimes the operation is unsuccessful, especially if the water happens to lie close above the oil. The company mentioned could not shut off the water, and gave up. Presently the lease was taken over by another company, which did shut off water and drilled to the great depth of three thousand and two feet—at which point it, too, gave up.

Then Lake View Number Two Company was formed, a good deal of the stock, I hear, being sold in and round Grand Rapids, Michigan. It drilled two wells and got no oil, having called on its stockholders for two assessments. At that point, or before it, most companies quit; but this one took over the lease carrying the dry three-thousand-foot well and tried again. At a depth of three thousand and eleven feet, or just nine feet below where the second company quit, it struck the gusher sand. The gas pressure was great enough to throw the tools out of the hole and send oil high over the derrick. The flow was estimated at forty thousand barrels a day. It blew off the top casing and dug a crater sixty feet across and as many deep.

Production Up and Prices Down

This company was more fortunate than the original Lake View, in that the sumps made by the former were available. Having filled them up, the company went back into the hills, where, by deflecting the dry bed of a stream and building a big dam, it made an artificial lake of oil. At one time the lake held about a million barrels and its contents in February was estimated at half that. Occupying an irregular gully surrounded by steep hills and a tall earthen dam, it makes an odd feature of the landscape.

The second Lake View ceased flowing last fall and the company recently paid its first dividend. Time was when striking a gusher was considered synonymous with striking a fortune, and that notion still prevails among the uninitiated; but experienced California oil men now look on gushers with disfavor. If the flow is too large to be effectually controlled there is bound to be much wastage, and the cost of caring for the oil is high. Then there is the market effect. The first Lake View, and some other big wells that came in about the same time, promptly knocked ten cents a barrel off the price.

Besides the Midway, there is the smaller McKittrick field, a little way north of it, and the important Coalinga field, up toward Fresno—both of them developed about the same time.

To give the effect of these various developments at a glance, it is only necessary to say that the state produced four million barrels in 1900, twenty-four million in 1903, fifty-five million in 1909, eighty-one million in 1911, and one hundred and three million in 1914. Also, that oil in the Bakersfield region is selling, at the time that I write this, at thirty-five cents a barrel, which producers declare to be under the average cost of production when a proper allowance for depreciation is made—the supply of oil, like that of any mineral, being strictly limited; so that for every barrel taken out there is a barrel less in the ground.

For many years California oil producers have been wrestling with the same problem that afflicts producers in various other lines—notably fruit and vegetable growers. They find that merely to produce does not get them anywhere at all. The grand question is how to sell the article at a living price after it is produced. They have tried coöperation and it has helped them only temporarily. There are factors in their particular situation that probably make coöperation ineffectual.

At present they are talking of the most radical device that producers who find themselves producing at a loss, or at no profit, have yet put forward.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on Getting Into Oil. The second will appear in an early issue.

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TESTBESTOS is the product of years of asbestos research applied to brake lining. Every conceivable test—of friction, durability, disintegration, contact with gases, greases and liquids—has been studied. Manufactured from long fibre crude Canadian Asbestos, reinforced with brass wire. TESTBESTOS grips instantly, wears twice as long as ordinary, fits any make of car. Sold by leading dealers and garages throughout the world.

SPECIAL FORD OUTFIT—ready to apply—sent direct for $2.00 if your dealer cannot supply you. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

We will consider a few more active salesmen for open territories. Send for a written report of a $5,000 a year TESTBESTOS Salesman.

American Asbestos Company, Norristown, Pa., U.S.A.
Sole makers of TESTBESTOS

Asbestos [illegible] theater curtains, tapes, [illegible] gaskets, etc.

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Cards, circulars, book, newspaper &c. PRESS $5. Job size $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others. Big profit. Easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, samples, &c. **THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.**

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Let us show you how one executive personally handles 10,000 live papers, and does it more quickly than he could with assistance. You can do the same with 300 or more. Write us.

Webster Co., Box 376, Newark, N. J.

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FOR SIDE WALLS

Use Creosoted Shingles That Come Already Stained

Look Better Last a Lifetime

We select Cedar shingles, preserve them with creosote and stain them any color desired. You get shingles already stained, easy to handle and ready to lay. You get no bad or wedge-shaped shingles. They last longer than brush-coated shingles. Cost less than shingles stained on the job. You save money, time and worry

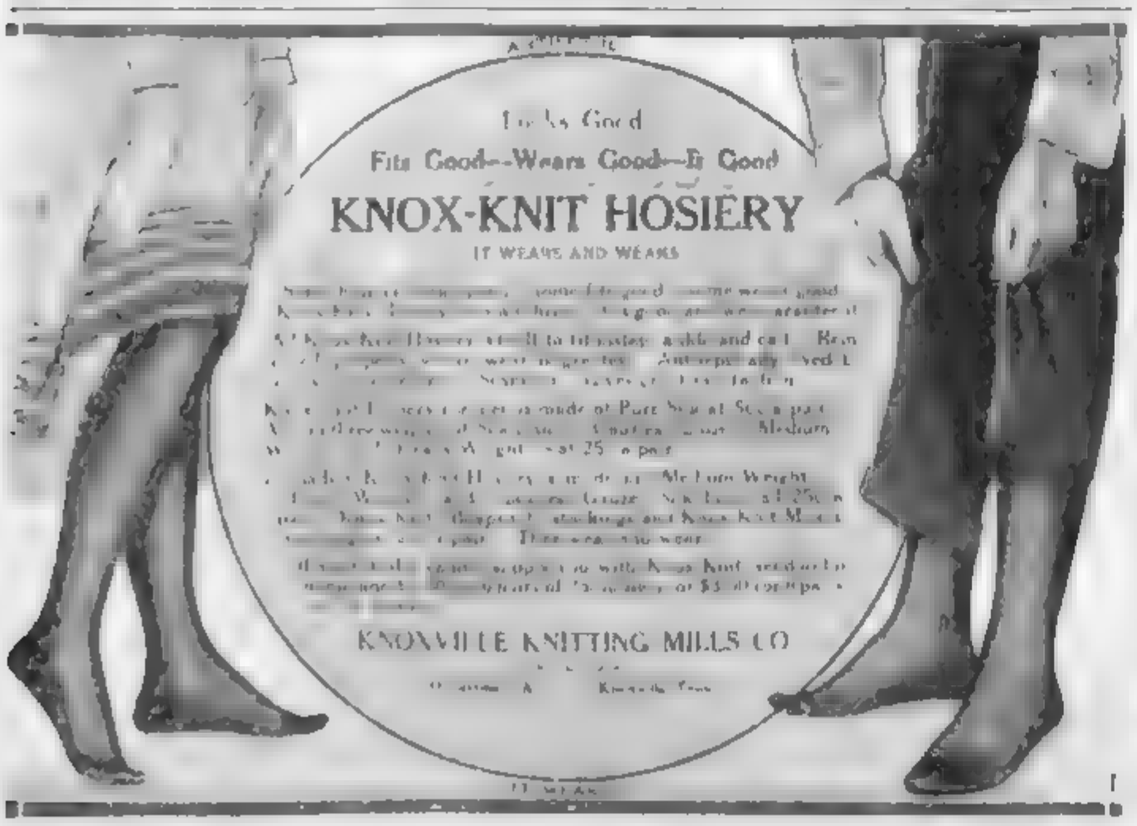
"CREO-DIPT" STAINED SHINGLES

17 Grades, 16-18-24-inch. 30 Different Colors

Write for free sample pad of colors on wood and booklet. Give dimensions of your walls and we will give you special information. Give us name of your lumber dealer and architect. If you are going to remodel, "CREO-DIPT" will save painting and keep buildings looking fresh and clean.

Standard Stained Shingle Co. 1000 Oliver St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
(Factory for Western Trade in Chicago)

Residence of R. J. Mebane, Greensboro, N. C. Architect, A. Raymond Ellis, Hartford, Conn. One color tone on side walls, darker [illegible]



$1 DOWN FREE TRIAL

BURROWES

Home Billiard Table

$[illegible] and [illegible] according to size and style. Small [illegible] as low as from $15 up. Full [illegible] Sizes range up [illegible] for expert play [illegible] home table or on its own legs or folding [illegible] Quickly set aside—requires almost no room when not in use.

Send for Illustrated Catalog

explaining free trial offer with prices, terms of payment and testimonials from thousands of owners.

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DOGS' Diseases

simply explained in this valuable FREE Booklet

"About Dogs"

Learn to improve the [illegible] and keep them healthy, [illegible] etc. Sent with free sample of Austin's Dog Bread. Give your dealer's name.

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
250 Marginal Street, Chelsea, Mass.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.

E. E. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Forty-eight free trips to the California Fairs as guests of Runaway June!

Think of spending a happy, care-free week in lovely California—seeing the wonderful sights of the two great Fairs—not as the usual visitor will see them, but with all the privileges that come to special guests. Think of being taken, if you wish, in a special moving picture with Runaway June herself. And all this without a penny of expense—without a thought or a worry about traveling.

Forty-eight young women—one from each state—will be chosen by their friends who vote for them at showings of

Runaway June

George Randolph Chester's thrilling motion picture serial now running at moving picture theatres throughout the country.

YOU, yourself, may be the lucky one—you never realize how many friends you have till they begin gathering coupons for you. Or, why not get your friends together and select one among your number as your candidate—then all try to win for her?

Quite aside from the enjoyment of the California trip—made in Pullman cars with all the luxuries you can imagine—the contest itself is no end of fun. For there's excitement at every showing of the film as to which young women will win the three votes for *that* installment.

Remember, this is not a contest of actresses or other well-known women; it's a friendly neighborhood competition among your *own friends*.

We are going to the great expense of the Runaway June California Trip Contest for good business reasons:

We want every woman to see this fascinating serial, in which George Randolph Chester's genius for interesting situations and exciting incidents is concentrated on the money problem between man and wife. The struggle begins before the rice has been shaken from the traveling dress of the lovely bride, and carries through scene after daring scene—from the fashionable suburbs of New York to the mysteriously beautiful sea caves of Bermuda. Sometimes you find yourself in Rector's famous restaurant, amid the real crowds of real people who, more than chefs and orchestras, make the fame of restaurants; again, slipping quietly and swiftly between the little islands of the bay, you see a sleek white motorboat, manned only by a frightened girl, eluding the pursuit of the powerful racer which drags a great wave in its wake by its speed.

No description of the stirring drama that unfolds itself in episode after episode could possibly bring you to realize the fascination of this pictured story as you will realize it when you have seen even one installment. So our first business reason for the *Runaway June California Trip Contest* is to make acquaintances for Runaway June—which will ripen into friendships that will make this the most popular motion picture serial ever shown.

Let us repeat—every motion picture theatre which shows a Runaway June film can enter the Runaway June California Trip Contest and cast its votes according to the wishes of its patrons.

If the theatre which you attend is not showing the film, ask the manager to get it, so that you may see this most interesting serial. If the theatre is not entered in the Runaway June contest, ask the manager to enter his theatre so that you or one of your friends may go to the California Fairs as a guest of Runaway June.

Watch the newspapers for announcements showing where and when the film appears. Also for further particulars as to the distinguished people who will accompany the party, dates of the trips, and the like.

Theatres entered in the Runaway June contest are supplied with pamphlets giving complete rules under which the contest is conducted, or, we shall be glad to send a booklet with a portrait of Runaway June and full particulars about her California Trip Contest if you will ask us for it.

Do not delay—every installment of Runaway June counts for three votes. Speak to the manager of your theatre the day you see this advertisement.

How to Vote

Theatres entered in this contest will each have *three votes* for each installment of the picture. Coupons will be given out at the box office—one with every ticket; at every installment after the first, these coupons will be collected and counted for the candidate indicated by persons turning them in; the three ladies receiving the highest number of coupons during each installment will each have one vote in the contest. The lady who receives the greatest number of votes in each state will go to the Fairs free as the guest of Runaway June.

In case of a tie, the candidate whose votes represent the greatest number of coupons will win. If there still be a tie, *all* candidates receiving the same number of votes and the same number of coupons will be declared winners and shall go to the Fairs.

No matter how small the theatre—its votes count for as much as those of the largest.

The contest will close at midnight, September 30th, 1915. Votes will be counted by Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery, New York, certified public accountants. The decision will be announced through moving picture theatres and daily papers by October 10th. The forty-eight lucky winners will start immediately thereafter for beautiful California as the guests of Runaway June.

Runaway June may be booked by any theatre through any one of the fifty-six branch offices of the *Mutual Film Corporation*.

Produced by

RELIANCE MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION

Executive Offices: 29 Union Square, New York

What's the answer?

To put it briefly—you will find *your answer* in the GMC line. Not that we claim to make the only good motor trucks, but our position is peculiarly fortunate in that we build both gasoline and electric trucks in a wide range of sizes—and therefore can advise you without prejudice as to the size and kind of truck that will serve you most profitably.

To be profitable a motor truck installation must fit the service. Experience has proved that for some situations gasoline trucks are best—for others electric trucks. Often—both are needed to economically solve the problem.

Our New 1¼ Ton Worm Drive is the right answer in some cases

There is a demand for a light truck with worm drive for Ambulances, Busses, Fire Apparatus, etc. To meet this demand we have produced a new 1¼ ton worm drive truck which we believe is the last word in motor truck construction. We court a comparison with any other truck made.

Operating the largest exclusive truck factory in the world, making both *gasoline* and *electric* trucks covering a range of sizes from 1000 lbs. to 6 tons, making both worm and chain drive, offering you the service of experienced transportation men to help you analyze your haulage problem and give you absolutely unprejudiced advice—that's our position and *that's* the answer to the truck question when it confronts *you*.

"A Truck To Fit Your Business"

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of General Motors Co.

Pontiac, Michigan

Direct Factory Branches

New York Detroit Boston Chicago
Philadelphia St. Louis Kansas City San Francisco

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS
Gasoline

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS
Electric

Actual Size 3-inch "Plain Tread" Firestone

Fig. 1. 4 plies of fabric in Firestone —3 plies in the ordinary.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. 1-16 inch finest rubber cushion layer in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 4. 1-16 inch breaker strip of high-grade fabric and high-grade rubber in Firestone —same quantity in the ordinary.

Fig. 5. ¼ inch tread, tough, resilient, in Firestone —3-16 inch in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. 1-16 inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —same quantity in the ordinary.

Fig. 7. Bead of extra cohesive strength in the Firestone —same size bead in others.

Yet you pay only $9.40 for this 30x3 Firestone—less than 5% more than four widely advertised makes.

Actual Size 5-inch "Non-Skid" FIRESTONE

Fig. 1. 7 plies of Sea-Island fabric in Firestone —some are satisfied with 6.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. ⅛ inch Pure Para Rubber cushion layer in Firestone —none in the ordinary.

Fig. 4. 3-32 inch Breaker Strip of Sea-Island fabric and high-grade rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 5. ½ inch Tread, tough, resilient, gripping in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. ⅛ inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 7. Firestone Bead, built into tire specially for clincher rims in Firestone.

In the ordinary tire the clincher part of bead is only a patch applied to straight side type to fill "clincher" space.

Yet you pay only $39.80 for this 37 x 5 inch Firestone NON-SKID—20% below the average of four widely advertised makes.

Firestone

Has Done Better than Meet Popular Prices

HERE are two examples: a small size, 30x3 plain tread, and a large size, 37x5 Non-Skid. Each shown actual size. The same relative values apply in all sizes. Note the detailed specifications of sections as outlined above. Then ask any neutral repair man which manufacturer gives the most in quality. He cuts into all makes of tires. He knows.

You want that extra layer of fabric in the Firestones—4 plies instead of 3 in the small—7 plies instead of 6 in the large size.

You want that cushion stock in the Firestone. There is none of it in the ordinary tire. Yet to build a full service tire a cushion layer under the breaker strip is necessary. You must have it to prevent bruising and overstraining the fabric.

Firestone Tires have never been built down to a price. You will find everything in a Firestone that ought to be there.

Firestone Tires are vulcanized by the "two-cure" process. This is more expensive than the "one-cure," but it allows rigid inspection in the making and eliminates fabric buckles and other defects.

And you want the Firestone bead on that big tire for your safety as well as economy. Designed, built and cured into the tire specially for a clincher rim. Some have clincher beads that are merely patched onto straight side types.

The Sections Show These Things—The Wear, the Mileage, Prove Them

Yet you pay only 40 cents more for this small Firestone than the ordinary. And only a trifle more in proportion for the larger sizes. Because the much greater surface of the big tires demands so much more of this most expensive rubber and fabric.

And remember the little more you pay for the Firestone Non-Skid gives you a lot more tread. Ordinary anti-skids contain no extra rubber. You are asked to pay more just for a pattern. No extra rubber, no real skid protection, such as Firestones offer.

Take the word of the specialists of the industry—take the record of the Firestone Tires for 15 years—as your authority that these extras of quality are necessary for real service and true economy.

Less material and lower grades are traps to make sales on prices.

The Firestone organization, the largest in the world specializing on tires, can make and market tires and tubes at the lowest possible cost to you, the user.

The tires and prices prove it beyond argument.

Firestone Net Price List to Car-Owners

	Case Round Tread	Case Non-Skid	Grey Tube	Red Tube
30x3	$ 9.40	$10.55	$2.20	$2.50
30x3½	11.90	13.35	2.60	2.90
32x3½	13.75	15.40	2.70	3.05
34x4	19.90	22.30	3.90	4.40
34x4½	27.30	30.55	4.80	5.40
36x4½	28.70	32.15	5.00	5.65
37x5	35.55	39.80	5.95	6.70
38x5½	46.00	51.50	6.75	7.55

Firestone Tube Prices Give Added Proof of Firestone Savings to You

Firestone is below them all on tubes. WHY?

A tube is good or bad to the eye and the touch. Quality can and does vary, weight can be and is skimped, but not so radically as in tires. The buyer won't have it. Having to come near meeting Firestone quality in tubes others must go above Firestone in price.

Because, as stated, Firestone manufactures and markets at the minimum cost to you.

But we are no more proud of giving you the best tube below the others than we are of giving you the best tire for so little more.

And the proof of appreciation among car owners lies in the fact that their demand for Firestones last year established 50 per cent more dealers for us and increased our output 78 per cent.

So compare the tires inside. Compare the prices. Compare the service records among your acquaintances—then get Firestones from your dealer and enjoy

Most Miles per Dollar

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio **Branches and Dealers Everywhere**

Eventually

This Flour and Better Baking
This Flour and Better Health
This Flour and Easier Baking
This Flour and Better Nature

WHY NOT NOW?

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR